



J. H. JUNG STALLING.

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Jung Stilling, Johann  
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# SEQUEL

TO

## HEINRICH STILLING,

CONTAINING

STILLING'S OLD AGE, A FRAGMENT; HIS LAST HOURS;  
A SUPPLEMENT, BY HIS SON-IN-LAW; AND

### LETTERS TO STILLING,

FROM LAVATER, OBERLIN, MOSER, THE BARONESS VON  
KRUDENER, PRINCE CHARLES OF HESSE CASSEL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY

SAMUEL JACKSON.

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## P R E F A C E.

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THERE are probably few who have perused “Heinrich Stilling,” and who have accompanied him from his childhood through the various stages of his remarkable and eventful life, to that period of it with which the second volume terminates, but would also gladly learn the sequel of his history, and the closing scenes of his earthly career. The Translator is happy to have it in his power to meet this desire in the following pages, so far as his German authorities enable him. He must, however, lament with his readers, the chasm which occurs from the period at which the venerable author dropped his pen, to the account of his decease, which no surviving member of the family considered himself competent to supply.

The principal features of the period alluded to are indeed indicated in the sketch of his character, furnished us by his son-in-law, the excellent Professor

Schwarz; but the reader will probably feel with the Translator, that Stilling himself, had he lived to continue the work, would doubtless have added much that would have been both interesting and instructive; of which the valuable fragment from his own hand, with which the present volume commences, is a sufficient proof. Let us hope, that from the documents still existing, perhaps ere long, a work may appear, which will in a great measure supply the deficiency at present experienced.

To compensate in a measure for this deficiency, Stilling's worthy son, the present Counsellor Jung, has favoured the public with a selection of highly interesting letters from eminent and pious individuals, which likewise form a part of this volume, and which bear a striking testimony to the general estimation in which Stilling was held by the good and the great in his own and other countries, and to the extensive usefulness of his writings.

Full thirty years ago, Stilling, in addressing the Directors of the London Religious Tract Society—who had remitted to him a sum of money for the purpose of publishing and disseminating religious tracts—gave an epitome of his

whole life, which appeared at the time, with other letters from him, in the Evangelical Magazine, and in which he expresses the wish that his life might be translated into English, “having reason to think that it would produce as good effects in England as it had done in Germany.” But though he himself did not live to see this wish fulfilled—yet his worthy family rejoice at the circumstance; and from the favourable manner in which Heinrich Stilling has been received by English readers, and its increasing circulation—it may reasonably be inferred that his expectations of the good which might result from it, will, with the Divine blessing, also be verified.





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HEINRICH STILLING'S

OLD AGE.

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## CHAP I.

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WITH the prospect of soon arriving at the end of my pilgrimage—at the commencement of my seventy-seventh year; and after having struggled through a year of bodily suffering occasioned by spasmodic affections and debility, a feeling of sacred awe, as it were, thrills through me. The long series of the years of my previous life, pass before my soul like shadows on the wall, and the present appears to me like a great and solemn picture, covered with a veil, which I shall draw aside only when my earthly tabernacle reposes in the grave, and ripens for the resurrection. Grace, and mercy, and salvation, through the atoning grace of my heavenly guide will then shine through my whole being from this picture. Hallelujah.

The aspect of things around me is very different now, to that which it presented when I described Heinrich Stilling's youth. My old age, and my

youth are two very different points of view. I no longer sit between sun-dials, in the dark little room, at the oaken table, working at a doublet for neighbour Jacob, or sewing buttons upon shoemaker Peter's Sunday coat. Eberhard Stilling no longer walks about, in his linen frock, with powerful step; and Margaret no longer comes busily to fetch salt for the soup from the parti-colored box behind the stove. The wheels of my blooming aunt no longer whirl about the lamp, and the voice of her song has long been mute.

Uncle Johann Stilling no longer comes to relate to his wondering auditory his new discoveries in electricity, mechanics, optics, mathematics and the like. No! the aspect of things around me is now very different.

I now sit in my convenient easy chair, before my much used desk, and on the walls around me hang pledges to remind me of near and distant friends. My sorely-trying and long and heavily afflicted Eliza totters about me, and cares for the present and the future; whilst my youngest daughter, Christina, attends upon her and executes her commands. She is the only one of my children who is still with me, and who often cheers and revives me by her performance on the harpsichord.

My daughter Hannah lives happily at Heidelberg with her beloved Schwarz, and ten children. Her eldest daughter is married to Professor Vömel in Hanau, and has presented me with a great-grandson, whose godfather I am. Her eldest son

Wilhelm was head-master of the school at Weinheim on the Berg-road, and also assistant preacher there ; but he is now here as governor and tutor of the only son of Mr. Von Berckheim, our worthy minister of state. The university of Heidelberg, gave him the diploma of doctor of philosophy, on account of his diligence, knowledge, and good conduct ; he also visits me almost daily. My son lives in Rastadt with his wife and six children, in the enjoyment of the divine blessing. The Lord leads him through painful paths, but he passes through them with his family, as becomes a christian. His eldest daughter Augusta is also with me, for the purpose of being trained up, in Madame Von Grainberg's seminary, to become a modest, pious, and accomplished young female. She likewise contributes to cheer my old and gloomy age.

The worthy lady, who founded the institution above mentioned, Madame Von Grainberg, having undertaken the education of the two grand ducal princesses, and taken my third daughter Amalia, with her to the palace, in the character of an assistant ; my eldest daughter Caroline has now entered upon the management of the Seminary. Her desirable sphere of action cheers the evening of my life, and both the daughters visit us, their parents, almost daily. Lastly, my second son Frederick also spent the last half-year with us, before commencing his career in Russia, as financier and agriculturist ; his guitar and his fine

manly song dispel many of my gloomy hours. But it just occurs to me, that grandfathers and grandmothers grow very loquacious when the conversation turns upon their family. In order therefore not to fall into the commission of this fault, I will now return to the subject, and take up the thread of the history, my life from "Stilling's Years of Tuition."

On my arrival at Heidelberg, in September 1803, I learnt that the grand duke, at that time still Elector of Baden, was at Mannheim. I therefore rode thither the next day, in order to announce my arrival to him in person, and to pay my respects to him. He received me very graciously, and said, "I rejoice at having you in my territories. From my youth up I have had the desire to devote all my powers to religion and christianity; but God having confided to me the office of ruler, I am obliged to yield myself up to it entirely. You are the man whom God has prepared for this object. I therefore free you from all earthly obligations, and commission you by your correspondence and authorship to promote religion and practical christianity in my place; for this I call you and take you into my pay."

This was therefore my *political* and legal calling to my future vocation, which wanted nothing but a written confirmation, which however, I did not deem necessary, well knowing, that no one would have any claim upon me on that account.

I returned therefore with great inward peace of mind to Heidelberg; for the great and radical impulse, which I had felt within me from the cradle, was now satisfied. A material point, however still disturbed my repose, notwithstanding my unshaken confidence in my heavenly guide: I found every thing quite different in Heidelberg to what I had left it ten years and a half previous. Every thing was dear, and by no means cheaper than at Marburg; many things even still dearer. Our friends had written to us to sell our household furniture, for we could replace it in a superior manner, at Heidelberg; but we found it just the reverse. Our handsome furniture was sold in Marburg, at a low price, and we were obliged to procure in its stead inferior articles at a higher rate. In short, the removal from Marburg to Heidelberg, with the whole arrangements at the latter place, cost me nearly a thousand guilders. I was able to meet this heavy expence from what remained over from my journies; but there was nothing left as a resource for any future occasion.

In Marburg, my yearly income was about two thousand five hundred guilders, of which nothing remained over, notwithstanding the strictest economy. Circumstances, which I cannot disclose or explain to the public, considerably increased my expenditure. These circumstances continued almost entirely the same, and to meet them, I had scarcely the half of my Marburg income to receive. When at the close of the year 1803, my wife and

I gradually discovered and experienced this, and found that we could not keep house in Heidelberg by any means for less than in Marburg, gloomy melancholy lay like a mountain on my soul; my reason spoke very lively and loudly, "Thou hast never before taken a step towards arbitrarily removing thyself out of the situation in which providence had placed thee; therefore thy Heavenly Guide helped thee powerfully through. But is this now the case? Hast thou neither mediately nor immediately contributed to the call, which the Elector of Baden has given thee to come hither? Was thy impulse to work for the Lord and his kingdom pure? Did not the vain desire also lie hidden in the bottom of thy soul, to shine as a great light in the church of God, and by thy writings to become famous throughout the world? And finally, are there any duties superior to that of taking care that thy wife and children do not fall into poverty? And canst thou answer for exchanging the means, which providence had given into thy hands for this purpose, for a situation, which, with all thy good intentions and good will, is still enveloped in the obscurity of the future? &c. All these questions stood like reproving judges before my soul, and I could not bring forward a single word in my defence. Good God! what were my feelings! I now found no other way of escape than that of the severest, strictest, and most impartial self-examination, how it stood with me in reference to all these points.



In the course of this examination, I found what all the children of Adam find in similar circumstances, that whatever they undertake, and in whatever they co-operate, sin is intermingled; but in the material part of my guidance I found nothing with which I could reproach myself; for all the circumstances, which decided my sphere of action, and my connexion and situation in Marburg, unanimously gave me the hint to withdraw from that station. But that which completely impressed the seal of divine vocation, upon this hint, was, that there was a prince who was just in want of a man, whose predominating impulse was to be active for the Lord and his kingdom, and that this prince knew and loved this man; a case, which is probably singular in its kind.

Even the summer before, when the Elector wrote to me, that he was then able to offer me twelve hundred gilders, that I might come, and that he would by degrees improve my circumstance, I informed him that I could not live and exist upon it. But as nothing further transpired I reconsidered every thing minutely, and felt that it was my duty to obey the call; for I was convinced, that it was the only one I could expect during the remainder of my life.

On examining whether my impulse to work for the Lord was pure, or whether the vain desire did not secretly mingle with it to become celebrated by my writings; I found, that all our best works cannot stand the test in the divine light; but I

found, likewise, that if vanity had been my motive, I certainly should not have chosen that particular vocation, which is the most exposed to the contempt and opposition of the great men of the present age. After all this had become clear to me, providing for my family was no longer a question with me ; for I was convinced that I had followed the will of my Heavenly Guide, and therefore that troubled me no longer. How gloriously the Lord legitimated my confidence, will be shewn in the sequel.

I employed the close of the year 1803, in arranging my library, and with the complete regulation of my escrutoire, and my study ; but this occupation was almost daily interrupted by a multitude of letters and visits, as well as by opthalmic patients. Thus I concluded the year 1803, which had been such an important one for me, and began the next by continuing the history of my life, under the title of " Heinrich Stilling's Years of Tuition." This work, together with the preparation of the fifteenth number of the " Grey Man," and a couple of tales in Aschenberg's Annual, occupied me during the winter, which was, on the whole, a very painful one for me and my family ; for our Caroline fell dangerously ill, and our youngest daughter Christina, suffered from an abscess in the left arm, which gave reason to fear a caries in the bone, lameness, and even death itself. Caroline at length recovered, but Christina, who was then in her fifth year, seemed gradually to

waste away, and become consumptive. My stock of money, besides this, began also to decline, and assistance was therefore requisite from a higher quarter. Nor was this assistance delayed; for towards the end of the month of March, I received a letter from a very estimable lady, in Upper Lusatia, in which she called upon me to go thither, since there were many poor blind people and such as suffered in their eyes, who required my presence; the travelling expences would be repaid, and I should find on the way, two hundred dollars (three hundred and sixty gilders) for my expences.

We thanked the Lord for this continuance of his gracious guidance, and began to prepare for this long journey; for Herrnhut or rather Görlitz, whither I was invited, is eighty German miles, or one hundred and sixty leagues distant from Heidelberg.

The first incumbent duty upon me was to inform the Elector of my intended journey. I therefore rode to Carlsruhe, where I spent some agreeable days in his society.

On this occasion he commissioned me to speak with the members of the Moravian Conference, at Bertholdsdorf, for he was very desirous of having a settlement of the brethren in his territories. I then took leave of him, and returned to Heidelberg.

Although our friend Julia Richerz undertook, with true maternal fidelity, the care of our two little girls; yet it was painful to us both, and

particularly to my wife, to leave the little sufferer, Christina, for so many weeks. However, it could not be avoided ; for on account of my age and my frequent spasmodic attacks, I could not travel alone.

We commenced our journey on the 3rd of April 1804, in our own carriage with post-horses. The weather was extremely agreeable ; at Heidelberg and along the Berg-road, the almond and peach trees were arrayed in the richest bloom ; all nature seemed to smile upon us, and announce a pleasant journey. But we were deceived ; for in beholding, in the afternoon, the distant Feldberg, between Darmstadt and Frankfort, I saw it was still covered half the way down with snow, and that the Wetterau mountains were still enveloped in this wintry garb ; I consequently began to be apprehensive, for I was acquainted with the road to Herrnhut from having travelled thither before. We arrived in the evening at Frankfort.

It must be a matter of great indifference to the reader of the evening of my life, what befell us at each posting-house from one day to another. In short, it was a wearisome journey ; spasms in the stomach within, and continual danger from the weather and bad roads from without, were the order of the day. There were however, occasionally, days of cheering and vernal weather ; seldom indeed, but so much the more agreeable and invigorating. It follows, of course, that the two hundred dollars were waiting for us in the way.

During this journey, we spent a few days at Cassel, one at Eisenach, and one and a half at Erfurth, at length we arrived in the evening of the 19th of April, at Kleinwelke, a Moravian settlement, near Bautzen, in Upper Lusatia.

The sphere of operation to which I was called by this journey, commenced here; a crowd of blind people, and such as were diseased in the eye, came about me, and I attended to them in weakness, as much and as well as I was able.

On the 23rd, we left Kleinwelke for Herrnhut, where we fixed our quarters at the Congregational lodging-house, and were immediately visited by various dear friends. We enjoyed, at Herrnhut, the fruits of brotherly love in all their plenitude, and the Lord also gave me the opportunity of effecting much, and of being of service to many sufferers.

I also laid before the Moravian conference at Bertholdsdorf, the wish of the Elector of Baden, to have a Moravian settlement in his dominions; but as they were just on the point of establishing a settlement at Königsfeld in the Black Forest, in Würtemberg, near the borders of Baden, the Elector's wish could not be granted for two reasons;—first, because the establishment of such a settlement is very expensive; and secondly, because Königsfeld being situated near the borders of Baden, a second station in the vicinity would therefore be superfluous. It is, however, pleasing to notice, that some years afterwards, by an ex-

change of territory, Königsfeld came under the dominion of Baden, and thus Charles Frederick's pious wish was eventually fulfilled.

We remained at Herrnhut till the 9th of May, and then rode five leagues further to Görlitz, whither I was called by various ophthalmic patients.

Görlitz is an extremely agreeable and very flourishing town. It lies on a beautiful and fertile plain, which is terminated towards the East by a rocky declivity, adjoining the little river Neisse. On this rock stands the sumptuous church of St. Peter and St. Paul, which is celebrated for its large and astonishing organ, its great bell, and its subterranean church. It is a glorious sight to see the sun rising over the giant mountains, from this place. Towards the south-west, at some little distance, stands the hill called the Landskrone, quite isolated. From this point of view, it does not appear very high, and yet it is visible from every part of Lusatia, as soon as one ascends a little. The reason is, because the whole land is high in this part.

Görlitz was also interesting to me from another quarter. The celebrated Jacob Böhme was a master shoemaker and citizen of this place, and it was extremely affecting to me, to find his memory still so much cherished, and its influence so beneficial. The inhabitants of Görlitz esteem it an honour that Böhme was a townsman of theirs, although it is now two hundred years ago since he

lived there, and was undeservedly and basely ill-treated by the clergy of those times, especially by Gregorious Richter, one of the chief preachers. Böhme inculcates nothing in his writings contrary to the Augsburg Confession ; he went diligently to church, and frequently received the sacrament. In his manner of life he was blameless ; a faithful subject, an exemplary husband and father, and a kind neighbour ; this was well known in Görlitz, and yet the proud priesthood treated him as an arch heretic. One morning, Böhme went on some errand to the Rev. Mr. Richter ; but scarcely had he entered the door, when Richter seized a slipper, and threw it at the head of the good shoemaker ; the latter quietly picked it up and laid it again at the clergyman's feet. On Böhme's decease in 1624, the clergy would not suffer him to be buried in the churchyard. The case was referred to the high consistory court at Dresden, and the corpse was obliged to be kept until the decision returned, which ordered that Böhme's corpse should be interred with all the honors due to a good christian, and that the whole of the clergy should attend the funeral. This was done, but only as far as the gate of the town, when their worships turned about again. The churchyard lies on the north side of the town. I had Bohme's grave pointed out to me ; it is covered with a small square hewn stone, on which is inscribed the year in which Bohme was born, his name, and the year in which he died. A private teacher of

respectability, in Gorlitz, related to me, that taking a walk one day, he had seen two Englishmen at this tomb, emptying their snuff-boxes, and filling them with earth, from Bohme's grave. This had induced him to lay a new stone upon it, in place of the old one, of which scarcely anything more was to be seen.

We enjoyed much friendship in this agreeable town, and I had opportunity enough of rendering service to the afflicted. After a six days' residence we left Gorlitz for Niesky, a considerable Moravian settlement, in which is the seminary where young people are prepared and formed for the ministry. Here I became acquainted with several excellent and learned men, and also with other interesting members of the Moravian church, who shewed us much affection and friendship.

The day following, I rode a few leagues into the country, to perform the operation for the cataract on a blind person of rank. I saw the mountain called the Schneekuppe, the highest peak of the giant range, at a distance before me. I think, however, that the Blauen at the upper end of the Black Forest, is still higher than either the Brocken or the Schneekuppe; and yet these mountains are but hills, compared with the Alps of Switzerland.

In the afternoon I returned to Niesky, where we lodged at the Congregational hotel as is customary in all the Moravian settlements. I am unwilling to detain the reader with all the visits paid and received, and with all the operations and



ophthalmic cures performed here ; it would only be a reiteration of what occurred at every place I came to ; I must insert only one remark. Lusatia has a very peculiar constitution of its own. It consists entirely of large manorial estates, which are called state properties, and their noble possessors states-men. Bertholdsdorf is a manor of this kind ; but it now belongs to the Moravian community, which chooses its states-man out of its own members, amongst whom there are always several noblemen. There are six towns which belong to Lusatia, the principal of which are Bautzen and Gorlitz ; and these six towns have also their peculiar liberties and privileges.

The subjects of all these manors are all of them Wends ; that is, descendants from the ancient Vandals, who, at the migration of the northern tribes, acted such a conspicuous part. They all profess the christian religion, but still retain their original language, although they almost all speak and understand German. There are also still churches, in which the Wend language is used in preaching. Vassalage prevails throughout the country.

The day following, we received an invitation from the lord and lady of a neighbouring manor, to spend a few days with them, in order that I might operate upon an old blind woman in their own house. We therefore rode in the afternoon to this paradisaical mansion. In the evening, the countess took me by the arm, and led me through

hilly nurseries, at the end of the village, into a little, mean, but cleanly and well-kept peasant's cottage, where we found in the darkened room, an old blind woman sitting upon a chair.

"Good evening, aged mother," said the countess, "God has here sent you a friend, through whom he will restore you to sight."

The woman started up from her chair, strove to come towards us, stretched out her hands, and exclaimed with tears, "Where are you, divine angel?" The countess kissed her cheek, and said, "Sit down, good mother! I have brought you something you must take to-morrow, and the day after I will bring you this friend, who will open your eyes." I also spoke some friendly and consoling words to the old woman, and then we returned home. On the morning of the day appointed, I again went thither with the countess, and performed the operation on the woman. I then presented her, with her eyes re-opened, to the countess; but such like scenes are altogether indescribable. It was a faint image of that interview I shall soon experience, when I shall appear before HIM, as a poor sinner, naked and bare, and shall then behold Him, with open face, as he is. The countess embraced the delighted woman with tears of joy, after which, we again set off for Niesky. It may easily be supposed that the patient enjoyed all due attention. But the good countess had now another affair at heart, which was, how she could put into my hands, in a tender

and feeling manner, the two hundred dollars she had destined for me as a reward for the operation, and this also she accomplished in a masterly manner.

Blessed art thou now, thou sorely tried and glorified friend, who wast perfected through suffering ! Rest sweetly in the arms of thy Redeemer, till we again see each other.

It is a very correct remark, that subjects can never be happier, than when they are vassals of such excellent masters.

We continued nine days at Niesky, and when my business was ended, we travelled back again to Kleinwelke, where we arrived in the evening of the 24th of May.

I again found much to do there, so that I was obliged to remain there until the 19th. On that day we returned to Herrnhut, in order to be present at the conference of the preachers, to which I had been invited.

It is worth the while that I furnish my readers with a few particulars of this remarkable convocation.

It was just fifty years since Bishop Reichel had instituted this meeting, and the venerable old man was still living, so that he was also able to join in the celebration of the jubilee of this preachers' conference. On the 30th of May, a great number of preachers belonging to both the protestant confessions from all the neighbouring provinces, assemble at Herrnhut. On this occasion, there

were about seventy of them. No preacher is rejected, and it is of no importance whether he is in connexion with the Moravian church or not. Persons of other ranks are not admitted unless by particular favor, except the Statesmen, for it is necessary that the latter be acquainted with what their preachers undertake or conclude upon, in order if needful, to render them their advice or assistance. Admission is also granted to a few students of divinity. They assemble at eight o'clock in the morning, open the sitting with singing and prayer, and then consult together, not so much upon scientific subjects, as upon their official duties, the life and walk of the preachers and members of the church, and especially upon the maintaining of the pure doctrine of practical christianity.

Letters are received at this conference of preachers, not only from every province in Europe, but also from all parts of the world. It being impossible to read all these in one day, the most important of them are selected, read aloud, consulted upon, and afterwards answered. The transactions of the day are committed to paper, and these Minutes are then communicated to the foreign members and friends of the Moravian church.

The jubilee rendered the conference that year particularly interesting. The two bishops, Reichel and Rissler, who had labored many years with Zingendorf, and had travelled in Asia, Africa,

and America, in the service of the Lord, were present. The first, as the peculiar founder of the Institution, and the Rev. Mr. Baumeister of Herrnhut, opened the sitting with brief addresses full of unction.

It is necessary to have heard such men, in order to pronounce a judgment upon religious eloquence.

At noon, the whole company is decorously, moderately, but abundantly entertained at the Congregational hotel, at the expence of the community; and the next morning, all the gentlemen take their departure.

This was also the case with us ; we travelled by way of Kleinwelke, Ponnwitz, Königsbrück, and Herrnsdorf, to Dresden, in consequence of having been very kindly invited by the Lords of the manor, at those places. We passed the night at each of them, and arrived on the 4th of June, at nine o'clock in the morning, at Dresden. There we spent the day, visited our friends, and then continued our route the next morning. I was detained in Wurzen and Leipzig, by cataract and ophthalmic patients, which was likewise the case in Erfurth and Cassel. There I learnt with astonishment, that the Elector had given a vocation to my Son-in-law Schwarz, to become Professor of Divinity, at Heidelberg, and that he had accepted the call. To this I had not contributed in the smallest degree ; for I had made it a most inviolable law never to make use of the influence I

might have in my present connexion with the Elector, to recommend any one, and least of all my own children and relatives. However it was to me a subject of infinite importance and adoration, that a gracious Providence should conduct my two eldest married children, with their families into my immediate vicinity, and provide for them so reputably.

At Marburg, where I was likewise obliged to remain a few days, I was visited by Schwarz, in order to relate to me the circumstances of his nomination, on which occasion we conversed with great earnestness upon his important vocation. From this place, we continued our journey, without stopping, till we reached Heidelberg, where we arrived in the evening of the 4th of July, in health, as it respects the body, and blessed in our souls. We were met at Weinheim, by our children from Mannheim and Heidelberg, where we also found our daughter Christina recovered, and in health. All this incited in us the most lively thanksgivings to our Heavenly Guide.

During the whole of this tedious and dangerous journey, which lasted a quarter of a year, Providence had so graciously guided and preserved us, that not the smallest accident had befallen us; and were I fully to relate all the benefits and blessings which we had enjoyed, and could relate all the edifying conversations and the heavenly intercourse with so many favoured children of God, of all ranks; it might serve as a matter of

edification to many readers ; but modesty on my part, and pitiful censure on the other, make it my duty to be silent upon the subject. This I can however assert, that this journey was extremely conducive to the instruction and restoration of us both.

Our residence at Heidelberg, was not this time of long duration. The Elector, who was still at Schwetzingen, sent for me from time to time, in the court equipage, to dine with him. One day he said, during dinner ; “ Dear friend, I shall now soon go to Baden ; you must accompany me thither for a few weeks, for I gladly have you near me.” I replied, “ As your Electoral Highness commands.” But in reality, I was alarmed, for where should I find the money to reside for several weeks, at such a much frequented bathing place ? The journey had certainly produced me a few hundred gilders, but these I required for the time to come, and the following winter. However, I immediately took courage, and my old motto, which has been so often my rod and my staff ; “ The Lord will provide ;” tranquillized my mind. After dinner, the Prince took me into his cabinet, and gave three hundred gilders, with the words, “ This is for your residence at Baden.”

My occupation now consisted in carrying on my extensive correspondence ; in writing “ The Grey Man,” and “ The Christian Philanthropist,” as also in attending to many cataract and ophthalmic patients, who daily came to me for aid.

The 21st of July was the time fixed for my departure for Baden. I therefore took with me our friend Julia, my wife, the little Christina, and my niece Maria to wait upon us ; for the baths were very salutary to my wife, to Julia, and the delicate Christina. We fixed our quarters at the lodging and bathing house, whilst our daughter Caroline, continued the house-keeping in Heidelberg, with the two little ones, Frederick and Amalia, and the servants.

Baden is a very ancient place, and very much frequented, even during the times of the Romans, for its baths. It lies in a paradisiacal valley, and is an extremely agreeable abode. It is seven leagues distant from Karlsruhe, and two from Rastadt. The valley takes its direction from the south-east, and runs towards the north-west ; through it flows the little river Ohss, which is of importance, particularly for floating wood. The horizon is bounded by the lofty indented mountains of the Black Forest, at whose feet, on both sides of the valley, fruitful hills covered from the top to the bottom with fields, vineyards, and gardens delight the eye. On one of these hills towards the north, the town extends itself downwards on the southern side ; upon its summit stands the castle, which, before the building of Rastadt, was inhabited by the Margrave of Baden.

Through the wide opening of the valley towards the north-west, the eye surveys the paradisiacal plains of the Grand Duchy of Baden and the luxu-



riant Alsace, whilst in the blue distance, the romantic Vogesen mountains rise to view, and the majestic river Schein, winds through this spacious valley, like a broad silver ribbon, which is thrown over a variegated flowery meadow. When in the height of summer, the sun goes down behind the Vogesen, and illumines the valley of Baden as far as the lofty mountains in the background, it presents a sight which belongs to the greatest beauties of nature. It must be seen ; for it is impossible to describe it. In other respects, the air is here so balmy and pure, that even many come hither merely to breathe it, without using the baths.

My readers will easily believe me upon my word, that I was not one of the customary visitors of the baths, who only come thither to make themselves merry once a year, for every description of sensual taste finds there opportunity enough to indulge itself.

I occupied myself, just as at home, with writing letters, literary labors, and ophthalmic cures ; but did not neglect daily, when the weather permitted, to ramble out into this garden of God, in order to listen to the perambulating voice of eternal love, which is not obvious to every one. By degrees a circle of good men formed itself, in which we felt at ease, and who shared with us in the pure enjoyment of nature.

I here wrote the first " Pocket-book Annual," for 1805, which contains the totally unlike portrait of the Elector. The latter mostly resided about

two leagues from this place, at the "Favorite," a very pretty country seat, where I visited him from time to time.

Towards the end of the month of August, there was again occasion for another journey. The old blind clergyman Faber, at Gaissburg, in the vicinity of Stuttgard desired me to perform the operation upon him \* \* \* \* \*

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STILLING'S LAST HOURS.

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BY HIS GRANDSON, W. H. E. SCHWARZ.

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## CHAP I.

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THE life of Johann Heinrich Jung, surnamed Stilling, private Aulic Counsellor to the Grand Duke of Baden, Doctor of Philosophy and Medicine, and member of many learned societies, which was so abundantly blessed in its manifold labors, has, by his own account of it, been long made known to the public, and is regarded by every believer as a striking instance of the paternal guidance of Divine Providence. In the following pages, we propose giving only the principal features of the last scenes of his life, which terminated on the 2nd of April, 1817, in order to give the world a new proof how a christian may glorify God by his faith, even unto death.

The venerable old man, whose eldest grandson I have the honor to be, and in whose vicinity circumstances had fortunately placed me for a year previous to his death, began, at the commence-

ment of 1816, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, sensibly to feel the diminution of his constitutional powers, which had been previously so strong and healthy.

It was with mournful anxiety that his children, grandchildren, friends, and admirers, observed the increasing debility of their beloved friend and parent; and many a prayer ascended from far and near, to heaven, for the prolongation of his mortal life. God answered them in his wisdom; for he suffered him to remain as a blessing for a longer season on earth, than we could have expected from existing circumstances.

An excursion of pleasure to visit his children at Heidelberg and the neighbouring places, and later on in the summer, a similar one to Baden and his children in Rastadt, appeared to have restored strength to his constitution, and in the course of that summer, he was still able to restore sight to seventeen blind persons; but as he was incessantly troubled with painful spasmodic attacks, along with his general debility, and suffered beside this from a pain in the side, which he himself ascribed to a fall he had experienced some time before from a coach, and an organic defect which had been thereby produced, he was under the necessity of keeping his bed during the whole winter of 1816—1817. Notwithstanding the most invigorating remedies, which were administered in order to alleviate his sufferings, his strength decayed more and more. From that time, he was no

longer able to continue his correspondence ; he merely gave instructions for replying to those letters which were of the most importance ; but at length, even dictating became too difficult for him in his illness, and no more answers could be given.

Yet this was not the only thing that troubled him, since he was well persuaded of the indulgence of those who addressed him by letter ; he had the pain of seeing his consort, who had suffered for a series of years from jugular contractions, attacked by a violent pectoral disorder and ulcers in the lungs. The venerable couple bore their afflictions with the most cheerful resignation to the will of divine providence, but whilst the view of their painful sufferings rent the hearts of their children and their friends, their example inspired them at the same time with fortitude.

Father Stilling's vital powers seemed occasionally to recover themselves, and at such times he endeavoured to proceed with his principal labors ; but his hand soon succumbed under bodily weakness. It was in these more vigorous hours, that he began to write his " Old Age," and was able to prepare it for the press as far as the preceding fragment extends.

His strength did not suffer him to write more, and he forbade the writing of the continuation of it. That which he relates in it of his old age, is indeed sufficient to make the reader acquainted with his final outward circumstances, and cause

him, at the same time, to admire the strength of mind, which continued his constant attendant upon his sick bed, and bore his soul, even at his last breath, towards heaven. The little, which we shall here notice of the remainder of his life, must not be considered as a continuation of his biography, but as a testimony to the truth of the christian faith, and at the same time as a fulfilment of the wishes of many friends, who desire to know the particulars of his last hours.

He said, with joy, at the beginning of the winter, on receiving the last volume of his "Scripture Narratives" and his "Casket" from the press, "I have still been able to complete my 'Scripture History!'" Towards Christmas, our honored father's weakness, and the illness of his dear consort, increased to such a degree, that we could no longer entertain hopes of retaining either of them for any length of time. They both now divested themselves of every earthly care, which they might still have had upon their hearts for those they were about to leave, and were ready for their departure. However, Heaven was still willing to grant us their presence for some months longer; for at the commencement of the year 1817, they again attained more strength, so that they were occasionally able to continue out of bed for a time.

The venerable old man had previously often said to his consort, who was concerned for him even on her dying bed, "It is all the same to me



how it comes, whether I am able to continue my labors or not; I am prepared for every thing." And this entire submission to the will of his heavenly Father he continually manifested, and hence he exclaimed in a fit of pain, occasioned by his violent spasmodic attacks, "*God has guided me from my youth up, by a particular Providence; I will not be dissatisfied now, but glorify him also in my sufferings.*"

During the whole period of his confinement to his bed, his thoughts were incessantly directed to subjects connected with the kingdom of God. These were his favorite topics of conversation with his partner, his children, and his friends; and hence he read, with indescribable satisfaction, Kanne's work, entitled "*Lives, and Extracts from the Lives of Awakened Christians,*" and Schubert's "*Antiquities and Novelties of superior Psychology,*" and observed on one occasion, "These men are selected by Providence to be important instruments in the present century," and after having finished the perusal of Blumhardt's Magazine of the most recent intelligence of the Protestant Bible and Missionary Societies, Basle, 1817, on our conversing together upon the pleasing progress of the kingdom of God in modern times, he said, "See, my dears; it is a pleasure and recreation to me in my old age, whilst I am lying thus, to hear of the further extension of the christian religion."

In this kind of occupation, in the perusal of

other religious books, and in edifying himself from the Holy Scriptures, which always lay near him, and from spiritual poetical compositions, he passed his time, which as he said, was never long to him.

It was only occasionally that his strength permitted him to converse with us; and if friends came at such favorable moments, who were desirous of speaking with him, he was able to attend to their wishes. At each time he always conversed in the same cheerful manner, as had rendered him at all times so amiable in social life. On these occasions, he was fond of speaking of his youthful life, and frequently spoke, with peculiar pleasure, to a female friend, of his relatives in the provinces of the Lower Rhine. But if any one expressed satisfaction at his improving state of health, he would not listen to it; and when a young friend once said to him, she hoped that the more favorable weather in the spring would impart new vital strength to him, he replied, "O do not tell me anything of the kind; for I do not wish my friends to deceive themselves." And he often mentioned to his physician, that he felt his end approaching.

His recreation was, as it had always been, song and music, and whilst young friends sang in accordance with his feelings, tears of pleasure would escape him. Having been for some weeks unable to lie any longer in the same apartment with his suffering consort, because her disorders

required an opposite temperature ; he visited her daily for some time, on which occasions, he was led to the bed-side of the sufferer, and at last rolled thither in an arm-chair. It was then delightful to listen to their edifying discourse.

Even as from his youth up, by his life and conversation, and his numerous writings, as well as in the astonishing acquaintance and knowledge, which he had acquired with so much industry in every department of science, he at all times proved what the Apostle Paul says, that the knowledge of Jesus Christ surpasses all other knowledge ; he confirmed this, as we were speaking with each other upon the effects of his writings, and said to us, “ Yes, all knowledge, all ability for writing, “ all reputation and the like, is obtained merely “ through circumstances, according to the will of “ God, and no man will be either interrogated or “ judged according to them, when he stands before “ the throne of God. But it is the application of “ them, and the little portion of humility and “ faith, which the individual possesses, which the “ grace of God will regard as acceptable.” He likewise said on one occasion to his youngest son, that “ He was grieved that he had not devoted more time in his life to drawing and manual occupations ; for in such like things he possessed particular ability.

We might have adduced many expressions, which had reference to his love of activity and his faith in Jesus Christ, did we not fear being too

prolix. It is also universally known that our venerable father Stilling praised and glorified, in his life and writings, the Redeemer alone, and was chosen, as a distinguished instrument of divine grace, together with many other able men, to be a great support of the church, in the age of a falsely enlightened infidelity. His company was always cheering, instructive, and edifying, and continued so till the hour of his departure.

However, as the vernal season approached ; the illness of the venerable couple increased. But both of them, in their willingness to suffer, and in their confidence in the Lord, sought with great self-denial, to hide from their family, their sufferings and decay. We perceived, nevertheless, the approach of the mournful period that soon followed. After his faithful companion's ulcerated lungs, in defiance of all the remedies which had been administered, had attained to complete suppuration, and oppression and debility had increased to the highest degree ; she gently and blissfully fell asleep in the Lord, on the 22nd of March, 1817. Two days previous, the venerable old man, clearly perceiving in his medical capacity, that her end was approaching, after having repeated to her some beautiful verses out of Gellert's hymns, and Paul Gerhard's, " Unto the Lord commend thy way." &c., took leave of her, with the words, " The Lord bless thee, thou suffering angel ! The Lord be with thee !" And when he heard of her decease, he calmly folded his hands, lifted

up his eyes to heaven, sighed and ejaculated, "Thank God she has finished her course!" After this, he likewise lived more in the other world, and preferred being left to himself more than before, clearly conscious, that the departure of his consort was also for him the first step of transition. Hence he said to us, when we were lamenting her decease in his presence, "This cannot be as painful to me, as it is to you; since I hope so soon to see her again." And that was fulfilled for which he prayed many years before, on the 19th November, 1790; in the ode he composed on his third nuptials, and which both had foreboded, namely,

Father, until our journey's end  
Conduct us hand in hand.

His debility increased, although his spirit always remained animated, like that of a young man as he himself expressed it, and as the lively look of his eye testified, which continued open and bright to his last breath. Hence he was able, only a few days before his end, to speak a few words of encouragement to the noble daughter of an illustrious female friend, previous to her confirmation, and also to discourse briefly with her illustrious son, and noble sister. He also spoke upon several subjects with other acquaintances, and said once to an old friend, and to his second daughter, amongst other things, "Listen, I have something  
" of importance to tell you, relating to Psychology ;

“ I have completely the feeling as if I possessed a  
“ two-fold personality ; one spiritual, the other  
“ corporal. The spiritual hovers over the animal.  
“ Both are in a state of warfare in man, and it is  
“ only by the mortification of all sensual desire,  
“ that he can attain to their entire separation ;  
“ not indeed by his own power, but by denying  
“ himself, with the divine assistance.”

All other discourse but such as had reference to God and his plan of salvation was onerous to him, and therefore he said, “ that he had not spent a weary moment on his sick bed, until after the death of his wife ; since which, time seemed long to him.” For the deceased by her self sacrificing love and anxiety for him, as well as by her sympathy, even in the smallest things which concerned him, had become indispensable to him as the partner of his life and the friend of his soul. She overflowed with tenderness even towards the children of his former marriage, and was, generally speaking, a pattern of human kindness and gentleness, of self denial and humility, and was therefore so invaluable to him. Hence he longed so much the more to reach his home, and to be elevated above all earthly thoughts and cares. His debility daily increased, and having had for the last half-year, an invincible repugnance to substantial food of every kind, of which the efforts of the most able physicians and all the care of his friends were unable to divest him, and as the water now rose in his chest, it was easy to foresee that the dear man

would only continue a few days longer as a living pattern amongst us. In this situation he said to a female friend, "It will now soon be over!" And on her replying, "Ah, how happy you are, in being able to say this!" he answered in a friendly tone, "Well, I am glad, that you acknowledge it."

When we learned that his end was so near, we took courage in our affliction, and sought to take advantage of every moment of his remaining with us, for our edification and establishment in faith. For if ever his society produced this blissful influence, it was so on his dying bed, where, with the most astonishing consideration and calmness, he awaited the moment of his departure, which he probably perceived before hand to the very hour, and in which, by his filial resignation to the divine disposal, as a true hero of the faith, he glorified God in the mortal conflict, who strengthened him for it, and afterwards beatified him. His end was an obvious proof of the truth of the christian faith; for no mere deist or rationalist, but the christian alone, is able to resign his breath with that spiritual fortitude, and all that consciousness, which the departed saint retained with every recollection to his latest breath, and with that seriousness, with which, although so far advanced in the divine life, he represented to himself his near dismissal, with the tranquillity and cheerfulness consequent upon it, which irradiated his dignified countenance.

Hence the honor of his life and sentiments, and the cause of the Kingdom of God calls upon me publicly to state to the world the particulars of his last hours, together with the most important expressions he made use of in the full possession of his consciousness, according to the testimony of all present, as well as that of his estimable physician, in order that all the glory may be given to God.

When he saw that his dissolution was no longer at a distance, he desired that all his children should assemble around him ; and the latter were able to arrange their affairs in such a manner, as to afford themselves this last pleasure. Yet still the idea troubled him, lest their official duties should be forgotten for his sake, and hence he said to them, on seeing them remain longer with him than usual, " You are staying too long ; you are neglecting too much ; attend to your incumbent duties." For however gladly he had them about him, he could not endure it, when it seemed to him that they neglected the business of their vocation. After they had pacified him on this point, he suffered one of his children to be continually with him at his bed side. He had previously always used a bell in order to call those of his family who were in attendance in the anti-room, since he was fond of being alone ; he also spoke with each of them of things which, on that account, were still at his heart. His frequent inquiries after the time, proves that during the last two



days, in the frequent attacks of disease, the time seemed long to him, and that he longed for his heavenly habitation. In the night between Palm Sunday and the Monday following, he spoke much to his youngest son, who was watching by him, respecting his approaching dissolution, which he had not done before, and believing his end to be near, even at that time, he said to him towards day-break, "Now go and call the family." However, his strength returned in some measure, and he smoked a pipe, as he did also the day before his decease. But the water in the pleura caused him much uneasiness, after the pain in his side and the spasmodic attacks had for some weeks disappeared ; he was therefore obliged to breathe and groan aloud, and with difficulty ; and cough frequently ; but all this passed away the day preceding his dissolution. He spoke very little, and only in broken sentences, but always in perfect consciousness ; he also slept little, although he frequently closed his eyes ; for he immediately opened them, when any one moved, or the door opened.

On that day, and even previously, as well as on the following day, he was probably much occupied in thought, with proofs, objections, counter-proofs, and refutations of the doctrine of immortality, and of the christian faith ; this was apparent from his uneasiness in sleeping and waking, and from the broken words and sentences which he uttered on these subjects. For he constantly saw near him

in a dream—as is also related of St. Martin—a black man, who harassed him, and occupied and disturbed his active spirit; seemingly as if evil spirits sought still to trouble him upon his dying bed, and even to cause him to swerve from the faith; for he said, while asleep, “Tell me, my dear children, who is that black man there, who is continually tormenting me? Do not you see him?” He had dreamed some days before, as he told his daughter the day following, that the black man said to him, “Come with me;” but that he had answered, “No, I will not: go away:” but all these temptations were overcome the day before his end, on which his uneasiness was succeeded by a profound tranquillity and solemnity. He also expressed himself on this subject to his third daughter, “I believe I have fought the mortal conflict; for I feel as much alone as if I were in a desert, and yet inwardly so comfortable.” But on their expressing their opinion, that he would have no further struggle with death, and on asking him respecting it, he replied, “No, there is many a little trial to sustain.” And that the christian contemplates the near approach of death neither with levity nor presumption, is evident from what he expressed on the subject to his second daughter, when she was conversing with him during this period on the subject of death, he said “Dying is an important affair, and no trifle;” and on another occasion, “Futurity is a wonderful thing.” From whence it appears that, even to the man who has

labored with all his powers, and in every direction in the world, for the honor of the Most High, and to whom futurity was able to present itself in the fairest colors—that even to him, the transition into the life to come, and the account so soon to be rendered, appeared supremely solemn and important. Being wont to speak aloud in his sleep during the whole of his life—it was also now the case; and as he awoke occasionally between, he said to his second daughter, “Since the death of my wife, I do not feel at home, and talk nonsense in my sleep.” But on her replying “No, on the contrary, what you say is only edifying;” he said, “Indeed! that is truly a divine favor!” He frequently expressed his anxiety, lest he should say any thing improper during his slumbers; for he wished only to speak and suffer for the glory of his Lord. Thus I heard him make use of no other than devotional expressions when asleep, such as “God has guided me with unspeakable kindness,” “The Lord bless you!” “We must be very cautious in examining into the meaning of a subject, lest we fall into error;” and such like.

When his weakness increased, his frequent talking in his sleep ceased; and when awake, he spoke less by words than by friendly looks. When he observed how every one vied in waiting upon him, he frequently said, “Dear angels, I cause you so much trouble.” Thus he said also, “O children, I am so affected by your unexampled love; however, I could wish for your sakes, not

to die in the paroxysm of my complaint ;” for he experienced a frequent repetition of violent attacks of his disorder, which was occasioned by water in the pleura, his disease having terminated in that painful disorder ; and hence he said to us more than once, “ There is something melancholy in being suffocated, but there is perhaps a necessity for it.” Near his bed, which was fixed in his study, from whence so many blessings for the world had emanated, and which, being adorned with sublime paintings, engravings, and memorials, resembled a sanctuary, he had constantly beautiful flowers standing in pots. His looks lingered with particular pleasure upon these, and upon Müller’s engraving of Raphael’s Madonna, which hung upon the wall opposite him.

He said also, whilst conversing with his youngest son, who had the care of his flowers, “ See, dear boy, the pretty flowers ;” they were hyacinths, narcissusses and violets ; and round about them the pretty children’s heads. In the night between the last day of March, and the first of April, he said many things to me respecting my dear parents, brothers, and sisters, in Heidelberg, as well as upon other topics, and my office as a preacher. He then requested a glass of fresh water, which he drank with particular pleasure ; his parched gums languishing more and more for refreshing liquids ; and praised this draught of water the next day to his two youngest daughters, saying, “ No one can form an idea of the pleasure I

had, last night, when drinking a glass of fresh water. When nature returns to her pure state, and partakes of water and wine, it is the best thing the individual can take, if the spasms will permit it." And hence he said, soon after, "The most simple food is requisite for man in his first and last days; water and milk is the beginning and the end."

Towards day break, he called to his youngest son, to fill his pipe, which he seemed to relish. The same morning, being the first of April, whilst his children were with him, and another of my brothers was with us, of whom the evening before he had enquired, on his arrival, after the welfare of the family; he exhorted us as follows: "Dear children, be diligent in the true fear of God! People often think they do enough if they only occasionally attend church and sacrament; but true religion consists in entire resignation to the will of God, and in continual intercourse with him, and in prayer!"

Hereupon, as his second daughter requested him to intercede in heaven with his beatified consort for his family; he answered in his simple way, "We must first see what the usage is in yonder world; we will then pray for you."\*

\* Amongst the pious protestants in Germany, the idea of the intercession of saints in heaven is rather prevalent, as appears from other parts of this work. The general opinion in this country, that intercession does not correspond with a state of blessedness, and therefore cannot exist in heaven, stands on a

He then repeated the following verse from the Halle hymn Book. Hymn xi, v. 22.

“ Those bleeding wounds which Jesus bore,  
My refuge are, my only boast;  
Through these with joy to heaven I'll soar,  
And mingle with the heavenly host.”

And on hearing his third daughter ask her sister where these words were to be found ; he gave the Halle collection of spiritual songs, which was lying near him to his second daughter, directed her to search and mark out some of the most beautiful hymns, and enjoined her to let her children in the seminary learn to sing them well in choir, and said, “ Learn plenty of texts and verses by heart ; they will be found to be of service.” At the same time he recommended her always to let the church hymns be sung in the genuine and simple church melodies, without anything of an artificial nature ; for he loved that which was simple and sublime, even in church matters. He afterwards said to her, as the conversation turned upon certain friends ; “ Write to the dear people, and say that

very superficial basis ; for in that case, the felicity of Him “ Who ever liveth to make intercession for for us,” could not be complete. If His Spirit, which is a spirit of intercession (Romans viii. 26.) pervade the hearts of his people, and if they are *one* with him ; if they are *priests*, as well as kings unto God, and participate in all the love and affection which he bears towards his people in this lower world, it may naturally be inferred, that they share in his intercessory, as well as his kingly glory.—*Note of the translator.*

I thought much about them in my last days, that I loved them, and that we should eventually find sufficient subjects for conversation." He also subsequently said concerning them, "They are beloved of the Lord."

That day, which was Tuesday the 1st of April, many friends still came to see him, and to be witnesses of the cheerfulness and solemnity, with which the venerable old man endured his sufferings through the power of faith. And every heart was elevated to heaven at the sight; and the wish eventually to die a similar christian death, produced many new and noble resolves to glorify God upon earth by a life well-pleasing to him.

And then when father Stilling saw his friends looking, or coming in through the half open door, which stood immediately opposite his eye; he testified his love for them, by a friendly nod, and if at the moment he felt a little accession of strength, he spoke a few words to one and another of them. At the same time, his cheerfulness, which had been an invariable attraction to every one, never forsook him. On observing a female friend looking through the door, he said jocosely, "Madame Von R—is peeping through the key hole." Another female friend came towards noon, and grateful for the acquaintance she with others had made with him by the grace of God, she spoke of the beautifully pure mind which the Lord had given him, on which he answered, "O you must not praise me!" He afterwards mentioned to the

same individual, that whilst reflecting upon the whole period of his life, which as he himself said, was long, but appeared to him as a dream, "I had once in my youth a little flute, which fell upon the ground, and was broken; on which I wept for two days together; and it cost only sixpence; but money was scarce in those days;" and then continued; "Tell me, what have the critics been able to effect against me? Whatever they wrote, availed nothing!" about this time, he sent to call me, and inquired whether the Jubilee of the Reformation festival would be celebrated that year; on my telling him I was convinced that no solemnity would be neglected as regarded that important festival, he replied, "Yes, I have, in fact, heard something of it," and was satisfied respecting it.

At dinner time he wished to be again left alone, and spoke little or nothing; his distressing sensations had also at that time passed away, and cheerful repose glistened in his large and intelligent eyes.

The watches which hung near him, he had wound up himself, up to this time, and had also counted his jewels, &c. in the drawer of the little table, which stood near him, for his love of order, which had been of such service to him, in his numerous occupations, did not leave him to the last moment, for even then, he was anxious to take the mixtures and medicines, for which he always asked himself, with decorum, which he frequently



refused, when presented to him earlier. He also directed the faded flowers to be exchanged for fresh ones, which he was able to call by their proper names, and had them placed on his table. In the afternoon, he again asked for his pipe, and was calm and cheerful. His lips being swollen, he requested a glass pipe to drink out of, and directed where it was to be shortened, in consequence of being found too long. He was well pleased with this mode of drinking, and said jocosely, "When using the glass tube, the douaniers in the neck do not perceive it."

Towards evening he again fell asleep, on which account it was impossible to gratify the wishes of many of his friends to see him whom they so much esteemed, once more, because the frequent moving of the door disturbed him.

Once, on awaking, he said to his daughters who were present, "I always think it is morning. In the next world there will be an eternal day."

On his second daughter's presenting him with a nosegay from her pupils, all of whom he loved inexpressibly, with the words, "Dear father, the children send you these flowers;" he replied in his usual cordial tone, "The dear children! They are also like the tender flowers, which voluntarily unfold themselves to the rays of the sun."

Towards six o'clock, he stated to his friendly physician all his complaints, and even began a conversation with him, upon the goodness of the water of the Herrnbrunnen in Baden-Baden. His eldest

son from Rastadt soon afterward arrived, in order to see his venerable parent once more. He could not immediately receive him on account of the paroxysm under which he was suffering; as soon as it was over, he called him to him, and as the former was speaking of the happy exit of his deceased mother, he replied, "Observe we cannot exactly say how it is with her; she has endured to the end, and I must still either labor on, or suffer on!" Of a friend who had seen him only the day before, he spoke with much respect and affection, and said, "I have had frequent opportunities of seeing him, and have spoken much with him on theosophical subjects, the whole extent of which he had investigated, on which occasions I learnt to know his heart." Later on, I said to him, "These May-flowers," which stood upon his table, "are much too beautiful;" on which he replied in his cheerful way, "Nothing is too beautiful for me!" and on his second daughter's saying to him afterwards, "Yes, dear father, you will soon see much more beautiful things than these!" he rejoined, "That cannot be known, it must be felt." He subsequently said, "I love you all so dearly, and yet it is so easy to part with you." On his eldest son's replying, "The reason is, because you love the Lord so much;" he answered, "Yes, that is it." He also said afterwards to the former, "Be steadfast in faith, it has never misled me; it will also guide thee faithfully, and by it we will all abide." He then said, "Continue in love, you dear angels!"

And on his third daughter's replying, "You are our angel, dear father!" he answered, "We will be so reciprocally!" Meanwhile the night approached, and he frequently laid himself in a sleeping posture, and, generally speaking, his whole frame was tranquil. As soon as he awoke, and found occasion and power to speak, he did so. Thus he said once, "If our Redeemer had only had that to drink which I have, it would have done him good; but they gave him vinegar to drink, stretched out their tongues at him, and mocked him, and yet he said, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!' This was the mightiest prayer that ever was uttered." And on this he prayed, "Father, if it be thy holy will, that I should longer remain here, give me strength, and I will gladly still labor and suffer." His third daughter afterwards said, "How it grieves me to see you lie there and suffer so much." To which he replied, "Do not always speak so; our Lord was stretched out in a very different manner." Later, on observing us all about him, and mournful looks fixed upon him, he said "If you still wish to say anything to me, do so."

When the watch-light was brought, which he generally sent for about the time of falling asleep, he said, "I do not require it; I travel the whole night." He subsequently continued, "When a person belongs to the christian church; not only must man and wife, but all the children also agree in one point; and that is dreadfully difficult."

Towards morning, he had the following dream, which he related, on awaking, to his eldest son, and his third daughter. "I felt myself actively engaged; said he, with my late consort in domestic affairs; the "Grey Man" afterwards appeared to me; but not the one in the Nostalgia, and conducted me into heaven, and said to me, that I need not trouble myself in the least about my wife, with whom it went well; he himself had conducted her from one stage of perfection to another; but that I must still wait." He afterwards expressed himself as follows: "O I feel such an indescribable peace of soul, which you cannot perceive, in consequence of my bodily wretchedness." Meanwhile his weakness increased, and it was difficult for him to speak in continuance, his voice having already lost its power; hence he made frequent use of broken expressions, such as "A complete resignation to the Lord," &c. and would often have gladly continued, if his weakness had permitted him.

But his serenity and solemnity of feeling rose to a still higher degree, and we could only pray in his presence. It was then, on feeling himself sufficiently strong, that he uttered an intercessory prayer, in which he besought God, "to preserve all his children in the faith of Jesus Christ, and to keep them as branches in the vine, that he might find them after thousands of years bound together as in one bundle."

Soon after, on the same day, being Ash-wednes-

day, the 2nd of April, in the morning, towards four o'clock, on feeling that his end was approaching, and that he was going to the Father, and in the consciousness that he was sufficiently strong for a last and solemn act; he collected us all around him, and after inquiring with his wonted kindness, whether we had anything against his present intention of partaking of the sacrament with us; and after his eldest son had removed his scruples respecting it, since at that time of the night, the only clergyman of the Reformed Church (there being at that time no evangelical church-union existing) who was also a venerable old man, could not be sent for, and having received our heartfelt consent and our thanks for his patriarchal intention, he made us kneel down, uncovered his head, folded his hands and prayed with all the power of the spirit and of faith, which even still expressed itself in his voice, to the following effect. "Thou, who didst shed thy blood for us on the cross, and didst overcome death and hell; who didst even there forgive thy enemies; thou divine Mediator, forgive us also now, whilst venturing in our weakness upon this solemn act, which we otherwise would not have undertaken."

He then took the plate, on which he had broken in pieces the bread, held his hands cross-wise over it, pronounced the usual form of benediction, and continued, "And thou O Lord, bless this element of bread." On which he said, "Take, eat! this is his body, which was given up to death for our sins."

Inwardly affected by the dignified action of the pious old man, thus celebrating, even on his dying bed, the bond of love, the sacred supper with his family ; we partook of the consecrated food. And after he had expressed the wish that his Heidelberg children had also been with us, he took his ordinary goblet instead of the cup, crossed his hands over it in the same manner, gave thanks, and said, according to the words of the institution, " Drink ye all of it ; this is the cup of the new covenant in his blood, which was shed for you and for many, and in the end for all, for the forgiveness of sins !" and having himself partaken of it the last, he stretched out his hands to bless us, and exclaimed " The Lord be with you."

And after having terminated this solemn and exalted act, as a christian patriarch on his dying bed, and according to pure evangelical principles, which he would not have undertaken without there being a necessity for it, because he honored and followed order, usage, and custom in all things, he laid himself down to sleep, and sublime peace of soul evidenced itself in the already transfigured countenance of the hero in the faith. He might also have doubted as well as we, whether he should live to see the dawning of the following Wednesday.

His weakness from this time increased more and more, and convulsive feelings manifested themselves, so that we frequently thought the moment of suffocation had arrived. Heart-rending was the

sight of the venerable old man, when his breath failed him, he folded his hands, lifted up his eyes towards heaven, supposing he would now never again enjoy the vital air. We had frequently to witness this distressing and, to us, terrific appearance of suffocation; and we could only pray that God would alleviate his passage home. When the severe attacks were reiterated, he exclaimed, "Lord receive me into thy everlasting habitations." And once, when it was difficult for him to struggle for breath, in consequence of the water in his chest, he stretched out his arms upwards, and exclaimed, "Away, away." Meanwhile his dry and languishing gums were constantly refreshed by reviving liquids, and his love for cleanliness and order was perceptible, even till his end. At another time he exclaimed during the tormenting spasm, "Strength, O thou conqueror of death!" All this he uttered with a weak but affecting tone of voice, whilst his looks lingered upon the various members of his family, who surrounded his bed, and whom his exalted example of patience and fortitude in this continuous mortal conflict could not but incite to prayer. And whenever one or the other of us found himself obliged to leave the room in the course of waiting upon him, and in the anxiety to present their dying parent with every refreshing and strengthening remedy, he looked anxiously after him, and occasionally said, "Let no one go away."

Thus did the venerable old man struggle for

several hours with dissolving nature, and it seemed as if distant rays from the kingdom of light encircled his dignified countenance, and imparted to him strength for the conflict. Then, when he saw us standing mournfully around him, and perceived our sorrow for him, he said, "Have patience." Later in the forenoon, he saw one of his friends, who was a clergyman, looking in at the door, whom he greeted with a friendly look; and when the latter stepped up to his bed side, and expressed his thoughts, saying "He who suffered on the cross, enables you to overcome," he replied, "Certainly, I do not doubt of it." And when the former pronounced the following words—

"How shall I feel, O God of grace!  
When I ascend to worlds unknown,  
And see thee with unveiled face,  
And worship at thy glorious throne!"

he assented to them with a "Yea and Amen!"

But the solemn and mournful moment now gradually approached. The far advanced christian, like his Redeemer, was to drink the cup of tribulation to the very dregs, as a glorious testimony of faith to the world. And it was the middle of the holy week. He went, with his Saviour, to meet death and victory. On beholding his countenance beaming with affection and dignity, one could have exclaimed, "O Death, where is thy sting! O Hades, where is thy victory! But thanks be unto God, who hath



given him the victory, through his Lord Jesus Christ."

He continually sought us out, one after the other, with his benign and solemn look, and once exclaimed, "Continue in prayer;" and we ceased not.

He refreshed his languishing lips a few times more with cooling drinks, until at length he said, "It is enough ; no more will go down !" Several times he stammered forth supplicating expressions, when suffering from convulsive attacks, to the great consummator, such as, "Lord, cut short the thread of life !" and "Father, receive my spirit !" and then we thought we heard him breathe his last. However, his vigorous constitution recovered itself a little ; he prepared himself for the approaching mortal blow, by stretching himself out at full length, and what he otherwise regarded as necessary, then fixed his eyes on the picture of the infant Jesus, which hung opposite to him, and now his eyes broke, and he closed them with all the power of bodily and mental strength. We stood breathless, and continued in prayer, and convulsion fearfully distorted the features of the sufferer—once—and a second time it seemed as if evil spirits sought to discompose his noble mien ; but behold ! the dignified traits of his sublime countenance returned in their dignity and benignity, and heavenly purity perfectly presented itself to our gazing eyes ; and when at noon-tide the sun shone the most cheeringly, his breath departed,

and the christian had overcome ; faith was his victory.

The departing soul left the bodily tenement all its kind expressions, purity, and dignity ; the latter continued as if transfigured by celestial radiance. Christians of the lowest to the highest ranks of society, wept tears of the deepest sorrow over the beloved corpse, and besought God that they might make a similar advancement in the faith.

There is sorrow on earth for the departed benefactor, counsellor, friend, and incomparable father. Father Stilling is lamented, even in the most distant countries ; but in heaven there is joy amongst the blest, and an unceasing song of praise before God ascends from his beatified spirit.

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# SUPPLEMENT.

BY JUNG-STILLING's SON-IN-LAW,

DR. SCHWARZ, OF HEIDELBERG.

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## CHAP I.

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WE present our friends and the public with Stilling's last work, the beginning of the sixth part of his life ; which alas ! remained only a beginning, entirely as he wrote it down, without any alteration. We conceive ourselves under obligation to do this, both to the author and his readers, and in so doing, feel compelled to do violence to a certain feeling of propriety, inasmuch as mention is made of us in the book. Stilling must present himself in all his openness and candour both at the beginning of his life, and till it reaches its termination. Who would wish to alter anything in his work ?

The same reason decides us upon shewing him in his last days, and in the last hours of his life, so as he lived, thought, and spoke, until his transition into a better world ; and we were gratified on seeing his eldest grandson faithfully noticing

every thing that occurred, and inditing it with those feelings which became him, in the relationship which he bore. The childlike mind, in this respect, also naturally related every thing as it was.

We thought it would thus best please Stilling's readers and his friends, and thus we regarded it also as most consonant with the character of the dear deceased, and his mode of acting. He presents himself, from the commencement of his life to its termination, in his true form. He justly forbade his history to be written further than his own account of it reaches, and the thing itself forbids it. Nothing of a foreign nature ought to be added to a narrative of this description; and Stilling was in himself so original, that whatever his most intimate friends might write, by way of continuation, would only appear heterogeneous; or, as his daughter Caroline expressed herself upon the desire to make such an attempt, "None of us can do it; he alone was able to continue writing in that childlike manner, and he alone could, with such filial eyes, develope the divine guidance; I at least am unable to contribute anything towards it. The whole history of his later years lies like a beautiful and celestial picture, immediately before my inward eye; but as soon as I wish to step closer to it, in order to select something from it, it flows together into one, and I draw back reverentially."

We may, however, chronologically detail the prin-

cial events from the time when his narrative ceases.

The residence of our parents in Baden-Baden, with which the fragment terminates, occurs in the summer of the year 1805.

In the spring of 1806, they removed from Heidelberg to Carlsruhe. For several years after, they generally spent the summer months in Baden, where the court also was wont to reside during the watering season. They likewise occasionally passed the summer with friends at Bar, in Alsace, in the neighbourhood of the Vogesen, where the mild air was beneficial to their health.\*

On the 10th of June, in the year 1811, died the Grand Duke, Charles Frederick of Baden, of most blessed memory, that never-to-be forgotten prince, just as our father was absent on a journey. The distinguished favor of the immortalized prince towards his faithfully devoted admirer and friend, was inherited by his illustrious successor to the throne, and our father never thought of the latter also, without profound gratitude, and wishing blessings upon him.

\* In a letter from Stilling's eldest son, the present counsellor Jung, dated in July of this present year, is the following paragraph:—

“His personal intercourse, which was instructive and entertaining, from his knowledge in every department of science, and from his abundant experience, induced the late Grand-duke, Charles Frederick, in the last years of his life, to make him his companion. My father therefore lived—who would have ever imagined it!—at court, from 1807 to 1811, and also resided at the palace, until the death of the Grand Duke.”

The bodily indisposition of our parents became every year more manifest; however, the exalted christian fortitude, and with it the cheerfulness with which they courageously regarded the future, even in war times, of a frequently serious nature, and which caused their circle to be sought both by high and low, never forsook them.

In the year 1813, they visited their children at Heidelberg, and afforded them, as well as not a few of the inhabitants of that city which they loved as their home, some festive hours and days.

They repeated this visit in the spring of 1816; but their health, which, even at that time, had completely given way, and to which the unfavorable weather denied any restoration, did not permit us to hope for any more of such family festivals. It was only a few hours in the day, that the venerable old man felt himself strong enough for conversation; but at such times, he was, with his excellent talents, the pleasing and instructive companion for all present, and particularly so for the children; whoever was privileged with the enjoyment of his society, felt exalted into a superior state of being. When our dear and pious parents left us, we looked sorrowfully after them, but thanked God that this happy season had been afforded us. Some hopes were again excited on their being able, during the summer, to visit their children at Rastadt, and to spend some weeks at Baden. But towards winter, their complaints returned with redoubled violence, so that even at



Christmas we were apprehensive of the departure of the excellent couple. However, they recovered a little, but only for a short time. The preceding narrative furnishes the further particulars.

His journeys in his latter years, which are not all noticed here, were always beneficial for those that were diseased in their eyes. Even during the summer preceding his dissolution, his weak hand succeeded in performing several cataract operations, being held firm, however, as it had always been, by the strength of his faith. He had ceased taking account of them for several years, after having been able to reckon up above two thousand of such as had proved successful, and there were few that had not succeeded. A considerable number of such as had been born blind also were indebted to him for their sight.

May I now be permitted to mention how Jung Stilling's religious character appeared to me, during our nearly thirty years' acquaintance. And I could almost comprehend it in the few scriptural words, "Christ was found within him."

This might be very peculiarly said of Stilling. His whole life expresses it in his writings, and still more so in his mode of acting and being. Religion, which had been very pointedly and powerfully imparted to his soul in his childhood, had grown up with him; had entered into his active life, as well as into his mode of thinking, and had ripened with his age. It had itself become the object of his active life; he thought of nothing

with greater pleasure, spoke of nothing more cordially, and felt himself called to devote himself to nothing so inwardly as religion. He was intimately acquainted with the divine nature of this religion, since its spirit had penetrated into his inmost soul ; and manifested itself in every purpose, however inconsiderable in other respects ; so that his mind received, by this means, that depth, fulness, and power, which rendered his life so edifying and admirable to many. This was the power, that gave to his eloquence that fire, which shone from his eyes ; beamed from his dignified and beautiful manly countenance, shed propriety and grace, from his noble head downwards, into every gesture of his imposing figure ; which cheered and elevated the circle of his hearers with an unlimited vivacity, and attracted them ever closer to him ; which won every heart, both far and near, and showed, both to high and low, a man of the most amiable integrity, and we might also say originality.

He had a strong constitution and a great flow of spirits. This exposed him to many severe trials in his youthful years. In him the power of worldly mindedness was great ; but much greater the power of religion, which was wont to conquer, even in his boyish age. His purity of soul continued unblemished and therefore even his corporal cleanliness sprang from his religious feeling ; even his regulated diet and his habitual moderation were connected with it. There lay, in some respects,

something oriental in his whole being. In nothing was he a weakling; every word was powerful, every thought a vigorous child of his soul, every image of his lively imagination presented itself in strongly defined outlines, and was dipped in glowing colours; even the drawings, which he frequently attempted in his hours of recreation, had hence something dazzling. He regarded nothing lightly. His natural disposition inclined, on the contrary to a certain species of melancholy. Hence his solemnity of manner, and the seriousness with which he took up things, which might have been more easily overlooked, and which was therefore often rather oppressive to others; all that he undertook, immediately presented itself to him as having reference to religion. This solemn seriousness was the strictest conscientiousness, a sincerity both inward and outward, such as is seldom to be met with. With this was also connected his humourousness, which, as is well known, is frequently observed in great and feeling souls. If that which is important and sacred, stand fast with respect to them and their immediate circle, liberty is given with their conscious purity to a slight joke, and the spirit can depend upon the heart, even at the boldest contrast. But on the other hand, he took up every thing very seriously, that menaced religion and decorum, even in minor things. He could not bear to hear either an unfavorable judgment or a dangerous jest concerning any one, who was known to him from a favorable

side, much less concerning friends, without a repelling remonstrance, and when he was unable to say anything against it, he listened to it with a sigh.

Nothing irritated him more than jeering and ridicule, even when it was not immediately directed against that which is sacred ; and on the contrary, what gentleness he manifested in enduring offensive behaviour, even when it broke out into rudeness against himself ! This deep seriousness was exhibited from his youth up, in his love of the truth when anything of a doubtful nature occurred to him in religion. His whole mind was then set in motion ; he often strove even unto blood, in order to attain light and certainty. Nay, it seemed as if some inward foe disputed with him, from the commencement, every truth which was sacred to him, and all the good in which he lived, assailing him continually with raillery, and it appeared as if he was compelled to struggle for every step he took, in order to possess that for which he had so faithfully striven. His biography proves most truly and loudly how firm his faith stood from the beginning. In the same manner his vigorous and powerful constitution, placed him in a continual, yet victorious, virtuous conflict, and thus the divine power of the gospel rendered him a hero in the faith, such as might have endured a tenfold martyrdom. He placed himself, as it were, in the primitive ages of christianity, in which the public confession of the Lord, and the reproach

endured for the Lord, would have rendered him an apostolic warrior; on which account also he so gladly dwelt upon the Apocalypse, as the history of the triumph of the christian religion. And, generally speaking, it was evident in one of his powerful mental abilities, that the opinion that christianity is a religion for *the weak*, is very unfounded, unless there be added to this, and consequently still better suited for the strong.

Thus inwardly constituted, and with such an eventful life; for both of these stand in a similar connection, in persons of great talents, as the inward nature of a planet to its history; religion necessarily shone upon him chiefly from that side, in which it had manifested itself, on his entrance into the world, in conflict. In this point of view, he constantly contemplated the position of the world, and expressed much respecting the future, which ten or twenty years afterwards, like a word of prophecy, was but too truly fulfilled. But this was still more powerfully the case in reference to his own interior. He that from a knowledge of himself, the result of religion, obtains an insight into human sinfulness, cannot possibly ascribe to himself the victory; he knows too well, that the power comes from on high. Thus Stilling invoked, on all occasions, the help of God, and felt with gratitude the nearness of his Lord. We might have compared him with an Augustine, if he had had, like the latter, to tear himself loose from a

vicious corruption in his later years ; and if the *tolle, lege !* had not been spared him by the piety which had grown up with him from his childhood. I often expressed to him my idea, that that inward struggle, with which we enter into the Kingdom of God, and which is termed regeneration, might be occasionally found developing itself gradually, so that from childhood upwards the inward life might amiably burst forth ; and as this very thing seemed to me the aim of christianity, and of christian education, I was gratified in receiving on this point, his assent on the whole. He by no means favored the well known pietistic ideas of regeneration, although he allowed such brighter moments in the conversion of certain individuals. Yet he never entirely entered into my views of the subject ; his was always inclined to a more severe than pleasing commencement of the divine life. It is already evident from his writings, and even from the persecutions which he suffered on that account in his earlier years, that he was in other respects a declared enemy to Pharisaism, and especially to sectarian bigotry. This was a thing too deeply opposed to the truth of his whole being. No one was further from every species of affectation than he. The conviction that an individual is only pious through the severest humility, stood firm in his inmost soul, and manifested itself, even without his knowledge, in all his expressions. He was less severe in his demands towards every one, than he was to

himself, and if his delicate sense of propriety reproached him in the least, it was able to disturb him so much as even to cause him corporal sufferings.

Such was his sincerity and his purity. His confident prayers, his unwearied labors, his exhaustless beneficence, his social converse, his friendly deportment, were all the effusion of a mind devoted to God. It might be clearly seen in him, how religion penetrates the man's whole nature, and searches out all that is peculiar to him to ennoble him entirely. In individuals of other abilities, different education, and other connections, piety, where it really dwells in the heart, will and ought to present a very different appearance to what it did in Jung Stilling. It had sprung up in his inmost soul, and from thence had pervaded his whole being; he was perfectly one with it. Thus all that he wrote and spoke concerning it, proceeded freely from his heart, and his spirit gave to it all its peculiar impression. That which is called naivete, originality, or geneality, and for which a foreign term is frequently employed,—I could wish to express, in reference to him, in my native tongue, because it was exhibited in such a German manner, even in his religious conversation. This power of his exuberant spirit afforded him that uncommon eloquence, which rendered his company so pleasing, even in brief conversations, and really captivated every heart. For piety, formed in philanthropy, possesses an almost irresistible attraction. It has been more than once the case, that people

who approached him under the influence of prejudice, and even with a secret scorn, left him with entirely different feelings. Many a one received light from him on such occasions, and pressed his hand, on parting, with a silent request for forgiveness, and with obvious esteem. High and low, men of every rank and every stage of culture found pleasure in his society. He was a powerful man, and religion had attained that excellent form in him, which corresponded with him.

Jung had also a very peculiar personal affection for the Redeemer. I am convinced that there was depicted in his imagination a strongly defined and lively portrayed image of Christ, which had proceeded forth from his inmost being, as his supreme idea of divine and moral excellence and beauty, in which he beheld the Divinity, and to which he applied himself in prayer;—his heavenly friend, with whom he stood in daily and most confidential intercourse. Even as the Evangelist John carried within him the image of Christ from clear reality, so that he well knew what he meant by the words, “And we beheld his glory; the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,” and as the Apostle Paul beheld him in such a manner in the spirit as to be able to say, “Now I live, yet not *I*, but Christ liveth in me;” so stood his image also in the soul of this genuine christian, who had become matured in pious meditations during the last half of the eighteenth century; it



stood depicted in him, according to his peculiar character. It was the crucified Saviour, unto whom his soul continually looked.

These strongly defined conceptions rendered him in a particular manner, friendly to the Moravian Church, irrespective of the common basis of deeply rooted religious sentiments ; yet still it only rendered him friendly to it, and he belonged neither outwardly nor inwardly to their society, which he nevertheless justly esteemed and loved. *His* Christ was the Redeemer of the world, for whom he would at any moment have faced death ; even as for a father, a friend, or a master ; but he stood before him, not precisely in the same manner as he would have done before a disciple of Christ, and thus it may be also said with reference to this, that Christ had become formed within him.

If any one was fitted for becoming the founder of a sect, it was Stilling ; and enthusiasts have imagined something of the kind respecting him, because they hoped much for themselves from his superior abilities. But it was only in reference to the latter that they were in the right, for he rejected them all as soon as he perceived that they were enthusiasts, nor were they able to deceive the unsuspecting Stilling, except for a season. He often unmasked them, and on this account drew down enmity, and even persecution upon himself, particularly in his younger years. One of his earlier works, intitled “ Theobald, or the Enthusiasts,” which is of importance with reference to

the church history of the second half of the eighteenth century, proves this very decidedly. Astonishment pervades us on contemplating the energy with which he struggled through those dangers, and that he continued faithful both to his own Lord and Saviour, as well as to the church of his forefathers, and all this with the most unfettered self-decision. His work entitled "Nostalgia," is also an evidence of this. But it is much to be lamented that, in this very point, the talented author has been so grossly misunderstood. Evil report, even in later times, sought to charge him with sectarianism; but he was infinitely far from anything of the kind.

He might have been accused with equal justice, or rather injustice, of indifference in religion. For every believing christian, though not belonging to the reformed confession of which he professed himself a member, was a good christian to him, and he attached himself to such a one, even to fraternity, as soon as he felt himself allied to him in the love of Jesus Christ. How many a worthy soul of the Roman Catholic and Greek church stood in religious union of heart with him! There were even Jews, whom he regarded as devout, and as not excluded from salvation, and whom he did not once urge to become proselytes. In short, in liberality of sentiment towards those of other persuasions, Stilling might serve as a pattern to many orthodox and even to not a few heterodox and tolerance professing theologians.

Many narrow-minded individuals and pietists were therefore ready enough to calumniate him. Some years ago, when an allusion was made in a work, to his becoming a Catholic, it excited his utmost displeasure, which he expressed in a reply to it. He stood too deeply rooted in the essence of christianity to attribute more value to the outward form than it deserves. Judging in a friendly manner of the religious sentiments of others, is commonly a sign of genuine piety.

It was only against opinions, which, according to his views, threatened the spiritual doctrines of christianity, that he was inflexibly severe, when they openly presented themselves. He also frequently formed, in such cases, a much too strongly coloured picture of his opponent, so as even to exceed the bounds of justice. I therefore frequently regarded it as a duty to point this out to him, and this occasionally inclined him to milder sentiments; but I was compelled to esteem his views, even when we continued to differ in opinion, for they were connected with that sacred seriousness, with which he strove for the truth, as it was once established in him; and I knew also the self-denial with which he gave up his own opinion, as soon as he saw the truth really on the other side. In general, admonitions of this nature had their effect afterwards, when he had compared with it every thing in his firmly connected system. In other respects he was always ready philanthropically to assist even the bitterest opponents, when-

ever he was able. In personal intercourse he easily became friendly with him, whom at a distance he had regarded with an unfavorable eye, all which proceeded from the same source. He required, with inflexible strictness of the teacher of religion, that he should preach the gospel, and that he should himself believe it; the former because he was called to it, and the latter because he would otherwise be a hypocrite.

Jung-Stilling was by no means a bigot, and could well bear that others thought differently as to doctrine, if they were but evangelical and sincere. Many divines belonged to the list of his friends, and it was not possible that every one should accord with his peculiar sentiments. Yet still he had a great regard for them, and occasionally attended their preaching with pleasure. My connexion with him from the commencement was of this nature. I was only twenty-three years old when I first became acquainted with him; I was then still in some degree entangled in Wolff's, but still more in Kant's philosophy, and did not willingly yield to him. We spoke freely to each other, and it was at such a season that he made me his friend; circumstances were at that time of such a nature, that not a thought could have occurred to either of us of our subsequent family connexion. I had also my prejudices against him, and could not easily overcome them, and he was aware that in many doctrinal sentiments we should not agree; yet notwithstanding this, our friend-

ship increased both in heart and spirit. He did not seek, by any means, to draw me over to his views, after having so far convinced himself, that scriptural and evangelical religion lay near my heart, and I found in him, from the years of his most active labors until his old age, more and more, the magnanimous, talented, and pious individual, who unfolded a new and glorious world to my view. I thank God for his acquaintance, which has been a blessing to me all my life. For there are many who became acquainted with him, that have well experienced what it was to look into such a mind. That which had appeared to me, even in earlier years, as the essence of genuine piety in the lives of eminent individuals, and the idea of which, reading and study enabled me to perfect, I found presented to me in Stilling in such an obvious manner, that the image I had formed of it was infinitely improved, and even his human weaknesses always vanished from me in a moment when compared with that real and sublime power. Therefore my thanks follow him into eternity; and such is certainly the case with not a few of his friends. Hence on becoming really acquainted with the noble-minded man, the individual felt grieved at first at the narrow-minded and hostile judgment passed upon him in public papers; but this soon ceased to be a cause of vexation, and such people only excited pity, who presumed to judge of one whose altitude they were certainly of themselves unable to appreciate.

He had, it is true, his frailties, for he was a man, and even great men have their failings. It does not become the son to censure the father ; but were I a stranger, I should perhaps hold forth to view that which seemed to me blameable in him, and yet I am convinced that his excellencies would only burst forth the more above them all. However, it may be allowed me to mention some of them, in order to shew how easily such censure may be carried too far. He conceived a favorable opinion of people, if they only presented themselves in a religious light. But finding himself so often deceived in them, he felt it deeply ; yet still he would not on any account become suspicious of any one, and would rather, like our Saviour, have accepted a Judas-like kiss, than have given up his confidence, not in the individual himself, but in the good that was in him. I never saw him in a more painful conflict, than when any one at length compelled him to withdraw this confidence from him. “Beware of judging !” was generally the expression with which he replied to warnings of this kind from his friends. I must at the same time confess, that he was frequently in the right, and often shewed me a good side in an individual, which in my displeasure I had overlooked. The man of the world certainly does not easily let himself be deceived ; for he is well aware of the duplicity and craftiness of mankind. But he that beholds with pleasure the child of God in the noble simplicity of an individual, must be elevated above all that is

frivolous if he would possess that sublime trait of religion in its highest perfection ; that of seeing through men, without losing the belief of something that is good in them ; he must be nearly allied to the holy character of the gospel. If at length he found any one incontestibly worse than he had imagined him to be, and if his unwearied attempts to instruct him better were unavailing, the latter indeed then no longer belonged to the circle of his friends, and his charity lamented over him, as if he had been dead.

Stilling's domestic life is known from his own account of it ; but only his familiar friends saw it in the manner in which it fully deserved to be known. For the spirit of the devout but conflicting head of the family pervaded his whole household ; and not merely his study might be compared to a quiet temple ; but every individual that belonged to his domestic circle, felt themselves united to each other, by a superior species of affection. There was nothing in it of hypocritical gloom, or the mere semblance of piety ; on the contrary, Stilling took pleasure in seeing every one cheerful around him, and was easily incited to hilarity, notwithstanding his fits of melancholy ; nay, he was often able to excite others to merriment. Thus it was at his table, and thus it was in the numerous evening societies, which were held at his house, and where the most pleasing social hilarity pervaded young and old. Even in his old age, he was as inwardly happy, when he

contemplated the dancing rows of his grandchildren and other young people, as he was when listening to the melody of any of his family, when joining with them in singing a hymn tune at the harpsichord. It was a loving spirit, which pervaded every one that entered the house, and captivated those who resided in it, and which therefore extended itself also to the domestics. No unfriendly word was ever heard there, and the women servants performed their duties with as much affection and fidelity, as if they were the daughters of the family. It was very obvious, that a religious household alone is requisite, to meet the many complaints respecting servants ; not by making too much of them, but by ennobling them in its service.

It was also the same pious disposition which so happily guided our late parent in the choice of his consorts, so that he lived with each of them in a truly christian marriage-state. His first wife, the pious Christina, who fell an early sacrifice to her domestic activity, in his grievous circumstances, called him only "her angel and her all." His second spouse, the intellectual Selma, who unfolded to him a new world in her excellent mind, whilst at the same time she was able to improve his domestic circumstances, introduced his religious mind, as it were, into the world, and enriched and beautified his whole life ; honoring in him at the same time a friend for heaven ; and finally, Eliza, his companion in life and death, placed,



during their long marriage, the crown in Stilling's domestic life. How much was she indebted to him, the pious sufferer! how much he to her! Both had become entirely one in their religious sentiments; her husband's strength of soul had become hers; by her infinitely lovely deportment she shone in his house, as a mild sun; she undertook that part of the children's education, of which he, according to his own confession, felt himself constitutionally incapable; and the children of the three marriages were about their mother, as if they all belonged to one; the word stepchild had no meaning to any of them. And thus their children could say many things from an overflowing heart, which would show in every respect what is meant by a religious couple. There is profound truth in the words, "The man is sanctified through the woman, and the woman through the man." But power and animation in religion ought to proceed from the father of the family, in such a manner, as was the case in this instance.

We must here mention another point, respecting which, loud and silent reproofs were probably frequently bestowed upon our dear parent; and that is, the principle which induced him to resign his outward pecuniary circumstances so entirely to Providence. For they termed it, enthusiasm! or else asserted that it was acting unjustly towards his family. We should regard every word as lost, were we to reply to such moralizing slaves of the

letter, who weary themselves with what are called universal maxims, because they are not in a state to ascend to the principle exhibited throughout the whole course of such a life as Stilling's. We will only say to friends, who are not entirely clear in the matter, that Stilling bore very vividly within him the consciousness of his destiny, in order that they also may be able to pass such a judgment as universally belongs to great men. For such individuals have their peculiar course, and where did it ever occur to any great historian to call such men enthusiasts, because they carried within them a profound conviction of the mysterious promise of outward success to their inward vocation. Justice is done to a Julius Cæsar, when braving the storm in a boat. Stilling, as a believing christian, was well aware why he believed in answers to his prayers, and with reference to this, he alone understood himself, and the conditions under which he could believe in them. His situation may be also compared to that of a preacher, who in a time of necessity is applied to on every side for help, and who like a true christian, is willing himself to starve, rather than shut his heart and his hand.

Mercenary thoughts ! the poison of intellectual life, which banefully flows into the fairest ideas, were the furthest of all from Stilling's mind. He that knows the secret martyrdom which those suffer, who devote themselves to intellectual pursuits, and are interrupted by the cares of this

life, will give Stilling the more credit, for elevating himself with his religious strength above the *plus* and *minus*, and the pitiful conceptions of calculation, and for laboring on undisturbed in his greater vocation. Hence providence did not forsake him. It awakened him friends, who also thought magnanimously, and who existed in a higher and more affluent sphere, who rendered it possible for him to devote himself cheerfully and entirely to his vocation, and to be the manifold benefactor of many. Although he might receive nothing for a hundred ophthalmic cures ; yet there were many amongst the grateful souls, whose bodily eyes he had been successful in re-opening, who were blessed with earthly property, and who by their voluntary presents, placed him in a situation to assist others in various ways. Thanks be to you, ye noble souls, both near and at a distance, who enjoy either here below, or in the world above, the fruits of your labors.

Stilling's consorts also entirely agreed with him in his benevolent intentions ; and therefore it was no trifle for the latter of them, that in his augmented occupations, the needy frequently first applied to her. Her heart knew no bounds in doing good, but domestic circumstances imperatively opposed themselves. To this was added her natural carefulness, and this caused herself, as well as her husband, no little trouble ; until at length, by his serious discourse, and her tender regard for him, she carried it to such a length in her pious

resignation, that the view of her religious strength, strengthened him also in return. Thus it was that she escaped a rock, on which otherwise females of similarly tender feelings easily founder, by sinking into melancholy, or even indulging a morose disposition; or what often operates still more painfully, when they only torment themselves and their families by silent complaints. Only consider what would have been the result, if Stilling had had such a consort! He would at least have died before the time. But he had not only rendered her a faithful helpmate to him in a spiritual point of view; not by yielding too indulgently to her weaknesses, but by strengthening her, during her bodily sufferings, which lasted above twenty years, with religious motives, supporting her in her self-denial, and being able to ennoble her in such a manner, that she was acknowledged to be one of the noblest of women. The internal friendship of this married couple was an union for eternity: and it could not terminate more beautifully, as it respects the earth, than it did, when, at their only seeming separation, they passed over hand in hand, to their home above, as he himself had expressed the idea, in prescient song, twenty-seven years before, on his wedding-day. Nor shall I ever forget how both, a quarter of a year before their decease, conversed together upon their mutual passage into eternity. They spoke of it with a joyfulness, as they would otherwise have spoken respecting a journey to be undertaken. We, their children, could scarcely feel

sorrowful at it ; our dear parents rejoiced in anticipation of the journey ; for they knew it was their heavenly Father that called them away.

A household conducted on such pious principles, could not fail of being blessed. Every thing evidenced simple, but well ordered prosperity ; and in the midst of the cares of life, our parents knew how to observe, with much decorum, in their extensive circle of acquaintance and hospitality, what the latter required. The children received every thing that belongs to a good education ; they are almost all provided for ; and the parents have not remained in debt to any one, but what was payable. Thanks to their careful providence ! Yes, we are convinced, that parents do not act improperly, when they leave neither money nor property to their children ; but rather do them serious injury, when they amass that for them, which favors the idolatry of the world. May the blessing of these parents rest upon their children in such a manner, as that none of them may be unworthy of them ! “ Since we are so rich,” writes the second daughter to the eldest, “ in having had such pious parents and predecessors, who would exchange them for other riches ? ” And the eldest wrote to the latter, “ Where are now, when I come to see you, the worthy souls, to whom we owe every thing ? Where the angelic father, whose very sight would induce one to sink down with reverence, and in whose company one so deeply felt the happiness of being his child ? Ah, and the

pure dear mother, with her care and tenderness ! the suffering angelic soul ! where shall I seek her ?”

We could certainly wish that, in the latter sections of Stilling's life, the personal things relating to his family had been omitted ; and there is also much which might appear trivial, regarded from a foreign point of view. But it must be remembered, that nothing was too trifling for the author, that enabled him to profess his faith in the most minute superintendence of Providence ; because he was well aware, that nothing, however small, is overlooked in its procedure. And who would feel inclined to censure that childlikeness and candour, which would no longer accommodate itself to his later relative situation, but which so much the more enhances the classical value of the former parts of his work ? It was not unworthy of the great poet of our nation, to be the first to procure the printing of the work. We, the children of Stilling, likewise render thanks to Goethe, for so doing ; even as generally speaking, we acknowledge the noble feelings of his heart in all that he was to our father, as academical friend, for which we shall always cherish a grateful feeling. The direction which those two spirits took, was very different ; but even in old age they continued friends in a silent manner. Goethe, in his autobiography, has expressed himself in a manner respecting Jung, which uncommonly pleased the latter ; and he was also affected by the visit,

which he paid to his old friend as late as the year 1815, at Carlsruhe. Unfortunately, through several trifling outward circumstances, our father was under the necessity of setting off on a journey on that day. He could scarcely find half an hour to converse with this friend of his youth, whom he had not seen for such a series of years. It was very painful, both to Stilling and his family, that their being longer together, which he had himself so ardently desired, was thus entirely frustrated. We have never heard him speak otherwise of this friend, than with emotion and great esteem. His faithful heart, generally speaking, never lost a tried friend of former times.

Jung-Stilling had the happiness, in such an extensive acquaintance, as does not often fall to the lot of a learned man, to possess many confidential friends, with whom he lived in personal or literary intercourse. His academical course, in which he appeared as the author of systems in the various branches of Finance, which are still esteemed, and upon the whole, his talented mind had gained him much respect, many personal connections, and an extensive correspondence.

How many a distinguished statesman was his hearer, who still continues to value his teacher! We might also mention the esteem which Kant testified towards him in a letter, in which he replied to him copiously upon some questions concerning the application of his philosophical principles, partly with reference to finan-

cial objects, and partly to religion, and this great philosopher fully approved of Jung's seeking his satisfaction in the gospel. But this is not the place for all this. We will at present only loudly express our thanks to those of his friends who are still living, for having manifested their kindness to Stilling, even in such connections.

But it was especially his religious authorship and his distinguished christian faith that gained him many an intimate friend, both at home and abroad. In almost every European nation, both in town and country, in the two Indies, in the Hottentot land, in the distant confines of Asia, and in Otaheite, he was remembered with affection, and prayer was made for him. O, there was something stupendous in hearing of intelligence arriving concerning the kingdom of God, from the remotest parts of the earth at the same time—how religion maintained such a beautiful communion of spirit amongst the most different nations—how he sought to contribute every thing towards this on his part, and felt himself humbly happy in this singular and extensive sphere of action! I am convinced that he daily remembered, with an apostolic spirit, all these christian friends, and especially also the affairs of the various christian missions, in his prayers.

Whoever granted him his confidence in affairs of secrecy, will not have repented of it whilst Jung-Stilling lived; nor need any one be anxious after the decease of this friend, lest his secrets



should not remain sacred. None of his children, and none of those that were intimate with him, ever learnt anything from him that a friend had ever laid as a sacred deposit in his soul. He himself wrote every thing of a secret nature in characters which he alone could decypher, and committed all his private papers to his eldest son, at that time justiciary counsellor at Rastadt, but now counsellor to the supreme court of justice at Mannheim, whose fidelity is acknowledged, and who sacredly preserves every thing, in the event of its being re-demanded by the person to whom it belongs. We regard as sacred every thing of a confidential nature, which was entrusted to our father, although he is no longer here below.

Many of the great men of the earth also vouchsafed him the happiness of an intimate acquaintance, in which he might contemplate that which he so gladly saw in every one, but which he perceived with redoubled pleasure in them; for he honored in them their divine appointment, and this was also religion to him. They valued his integrity, candour, and modesty; took pleasure in his superior talents, and strengthened themselves in his piety. He did not seek the great; they sought him, and this did them honor, for he boldly spoke his sentiments, even to them, and never suffered any flattery; at the same time, he never forgot due respect. In short, he never sought himself in these connections, and made use of them for no other purpose than, where he could

do it, for some important act of benevolence. It was entirely in accordance with his dignity and our wishes, that he did not seek them as a means of advantage to his family.

Whenever he had once received favor from a great man, it always continued written in his heart. To his end he remembered with feelings of gratitude his former sovereign, William the IX. Elector of Hesse. He had also experienced the kindness of his Majesty, the Emperor Alexander of Russia, in such a manner, that his whole heart was devoted to this exalted friend of man, whilst wishing him every blessing. But it does not become us to recount the marks of favor of all the illustrious persons he enjoyed, however gladly we would express aloud our gratitude.

But we must not forbear to notice a connexion which belongs immediately to Stilling's religious life. This was the friendship between him and the late illustrious Charles Frederick, Grand Duke of Baden, which had existed for many years. Both were friends and christians of an extraordinary kind; he that saw the two, thought he perceived in them an apostolic dignity. Jung-Stilling is known; Charles Frederick also; and he that has ever had the happiness to look into his princely and pious mind, possesses an abiding source of joy. They were both attracted to each other by their inmost being, and thus a friendship of the rarest kind arose between them. Its sacred abode, notwithstanding the great difference of out-

ward circumstances, was preserved in its purity by reciprocal noblemindedness, and was not profaned by the smallest extraneous mixture. Jung Stilling, in his family circle, often remembered the much lamented prince with tears, and on this account his memory became sacred to Stilling's family. The distinguished favor shewed him by his illustrious successor, the Grand-duke Charles, filled the heart of our father with the most lively gratitude, and doubtless continues to do so even beyond the grave. And thankfulness towards this dear and illustrious princely house is a happy inheritance for Jung-Stilling's children and grandchildren.

We would gladly say to every friend of Stilling, both near and at a distance, that we honor his memory, when we bear in mind what they were to him. We think we hear his voice pronouncing blessings upon them from the regions of beatification.



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**LETTERS**  
**FROM TRIED CHRISTIANS**

TO THE LATE PRIVATE AULIC COUNSELLOR,

**JUNG STILLING.**

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## PREFACE.

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HEINRICH STILLING'S Life continues to meet with approving readers ; this is evident from the new edition of it, which has lately appeared in Stuttgart. To them I now present the following selection of letters from the papers left by Stilling, and entreat for them a friendly reception. They are valuable on account of the writers of them, who, rich in knowledge and experience, accompanied Father Stilling, along with others, on the path of his life. The friends of Christ will lend an attentive ear and a willing heart to their words. Their pious confessions elevate the believer above the devastations of time.

Hence it is, that I am not apprehensive, by making public these confidential letters, of wounding any feeling of decorum and propriety. If

some of them are less interesting to the reader than others—they still serve as smaller parts, contributing, in their measure, towards the greater object of the whole.

The events of Moser's life, and his connection with the court, which will be found interwoven in his letters, are already sufficiently notorious. The public has been made acquainted with them through the medium of earlier works, and they are therefore no longer interesting as an event of the day, but only as regards the steadfastness with which the individual bore his misfortunes.

Other letters, which have personal references, have not been inserted without express permission.

Let this suffice to remove every unpleasant feeling, which might be awakened in any of Stilling's honored correspondents, by the publication of these letters.

I have left the style, as the peculiar character of the expression of thought, unaltered; except where the dubious meaning of the writer required the addition of a few explanatory words.

Stilling's replies to these letters were not at my command. From want of time, he was wont, in general, never to make draughts of them.

For the better understanding of this collection of letters, the historical remark may be of service,



that Stilling, from the year 1781, to 1786, filled the professorship of the science of Finance and Political Economy, in the university of Heidelberg; and from 1787, to 1803, in the university of Marburg. In 1803, he laid down his professorship, and lived as a private individual in Heidelberg, until his station was appointed him in Carlsruhe, in the year 1806, by the favor of His Royal Highness, the late Grand-Duke, Charles Frederick; of illustrious memory. He died there in the Passion-week of the year 1817.

This collection of letters is primarily destined for Stilling's friends. It is they, who are the best acquainted with Stilling's life and writings, to which such frequent reference is made in these letters; and they will not, I trust, take offence at the loud commendation of him, which is expressed in many of them. Where unanimity in faith and in sacred feelings and sentiments reigns, there the individual gladly stands forward in the praise of him, who warmly and zealously cherishes in the soul that which it regards as the most sublime and sacred, and who awakens in it a longing after heaven. And where the expression of such feelings, thus inspired by harmony of sentiment, pervades the whole contents of a letter, the inward and close connection will not admit of the

separation or omission of any part. Speaking, however, *from Stilling's soul*, I would say, let the glory be ascribed to him to whom it belongs, even to the giver of every good and perfect gift, to that God who fructifies the soil, and gives rain and sunshine to the seed. To him alone be the glory.

P. J. H. JUNG.

Mannheim, June, 1833.

# LETTERS.

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## LETTER I.

Zürich, 5th January, 1782.

Dear Widower !

That your desire for eternity may be stronger than death, and your zeal to live for the future may be like the zeal for the grave, ought to be my wish for you, if I were worthy to wish anything so great.

Endure, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ ! Take every day's burden cheerfully upon you, and reflect that they are numbered, both the days and the burdens.

May God teach us to know that we are all still far behind—I will not say the mark—but the way ! the present year will then be to us a year of blessing and of life.

In August of last year I was in Oberried ; I replied to a host of unanswered letters, and yet did not come to any termination. Here the patience and faith of the saints are requisite. I am also pressed on all sides, so that I could call upon all that are able to pray, to pray for me. May God help us to bear every thing that we or others impose on us ; or else take it from us.

“Lienhard and Gertrude,” a book for the peasantry, I recommend to you greatly. It will find acceptance with you, and with all to whom you make it known.

I am now working at an *Ecce homo*, or Pontius Pilate, a little book which is to do good to all to whom the gospel does good.

The almighty grace of the eternally faithful and ever the same, be with you and with us. Amen.

LAVATER.\*

## II.

Zürich, 26th May, 1792.

Dear Jung,

My first occupation on this extremely busy day before Whitsunday, is to write a line before breakfast to my dear brother Jung, in order that it may be read at the family breakfast table. But as my minutes have this day each their burden, at present only this;—I love honest Jung, the promoter of truth and happiness, with fraternal affection, and regard him as a witness of providence, and as a pupil of the Lord. Nothing would please me more, than to be in the Lord's hand an instrument of procuring never-fading joy to such upright childlike souls as his.

I am heartily glad that my brother is happy with his Eliza. The greatest happiness is the consciousness of being happy.

Say not a word more of me, until I can say *one* word that is of more value than ten thousand—the single word, for the sake of which I seem to

\* See Note 1.

have been created, and which will prepare me sufferings without measure, and joys without number—the word Εὑρηκα ! (I have found.)

Were my dear wife more healthy, I should be a perfectly happy householder. My three children daily occasion me joy in various ways, without any vexation, and are my unceasing consolation under my burdens and sufferings, which no one knows but God.

LAVATER.

O how every thing is nothing, till Christ alone lives in us !

### III.

Zürich, 29th August, 1794.

Dear Jung,

Although I have been silent, yet I was not ungrateful for the testimonies of friendship, which I enjoyed last year with my daughter, with you and your family in Marburg. I ought, and indeed often wished, to have written to thee, but there always intervened—you know how that is—some considerable or inconsiderable cause of postponement. The repeated perusal of your “Nostalgia,” in particular, excited in me the determination to write to you. This spiritual book, whose continuation is so fervently wished, and so urgently desired, is become the favorite of many enthusiastic and unenthusiastic hearts, in whom the *home-ache* is in continual strife with the *desire to remain here*.

You would do me a great favor, if you could tell me something about the origin of this work, if you feel at liberty to do so, as soon as possible ;

for such things ought not to be delayed, as far as they depend upon us. It would seem to be a bold undertaking to invent such a thing, unless there were something firm and historical at the bottom. I do not regard it as impossible, nor even improbable, that something of the kind lies at its basis.

I had very, very, very much to say to you. Certainly there is scarcely any period of my life, in which the world of spirits so visibly manifests itself as at present.

O that every thing relating to spirits might render us more spiritual, and all that is spiritual might make us more loving, and all love render us more susceptible of God !

I have just received a request from the worthy schoolmaster K—, of Sch—, warmly to recommend to you his son, who is about to take his departure for Marburg. I therefore now do so. However simple and insignificant the recommendation, it will not be in vain ; the Lord often loves to lay a great blessing on simple and inferior things.

I should be very glad if you could send me, by some one of your friends, a brief and concise memorial of what transpired at our last meeting, to aid my recollections.

Adieu, dear fellow ; expectant of that, which alone can make the spirit more spiritual, the heart more cordial, and the life more vital and immortal.

LAVATER.

#### IV.

21st October, 1794.

I hasten, dear Jung, to thank you for your fraternal epistle of the 12th instant, and to set your mind at ease respecting E—'s family.

What you have told me of the mere allegory of the "Nostalgia," grieves me, and many, many of your worthiest readers. I lay my hand upon my mouth.

I should not only have no objection to a *real* "Grey Man," who in reality occasionally manifested himself expressly as *the plenipotentiary of the King of all kings*\*—but I regard him in our times as almost indispensable.

I candidly confess that I regard that as a *weak faith*, not to call it *superstition*, that places all its ground merely in the past and the future. But I do not contest it; I only deliver my confession of faith.

"The past urges me to seek something present, which shall secure me for the future." Without this, I do not see why I should believe. Faith, indeed, must never cease to be faith. But ought it, in order not to become enthusiasm, to renounce all sensible decisive proofs; that is, such as are so to a humble and honest heart? Can Christ, who was personified reason and human knowledge, and humanity itself, have intended this?

Every genuine evangelical christian will find it very natural to wish to know Christ, of whom it may be said, "Here is Christ; not weak, but mighty." That would be a dreadfully erroneous misapplication of that passage, "When they say unto you, here is Christ—believe it not;" if by that, it was intended, to bind the hands of Him, who is ever the same, and prevent him from being able to fulfil his word, "I will manifest myself to him that loveth me." Where Christ reveals himself, there he is; and then faith may say, "He is

\* The Nostalgia is dedicated to an ideal Grey Man of this description.

here," without being constrained, or desiring to ask, of what use is such a manifestation? So much in ancient christian and brotherly love. All your friends—and you have many—salute you.

LAVATER.

V.

Zürich, 28th January, 1800.

Again, if I dare, a few words to you, my dear brother Jung!

I often think of you with fervent affection, and rejoice that I am known to you, at least by name; and are happy in being acquainted with you, and your interior, by so many expressions of your noble and christian heart. We shall eventually know each other, and God grant it may be soon, by our new and heavenly names; and it will then be gratifying to us, that we have not altogether passed by each other here below.

How often have I thought, during the last two years, that Jung has so many friends in Switzerland, who lie near his heart; and how often will their present distress have caused him a sigh! The miseries of war have bent us down, and drained us. Yet we have made our way through, in the midst of anxiety and sorrow, and of sighs and tears, even to this hour. We have learnt on whom we depend, and frequently experienced the mercy of the Lord, in such a manner, as might have made the stones to feel, and we can never sufficiently praise him, for so much obvious invigoration, and for so many real wonders of gracious deliverances. The experimental knowledge of God is not dear at any price.



Ought we not, my dear friend, to rejoice that these are the beginnings of sorrows? And ought we not to rejoice still more, at new and approaching troubles and distresses? It hastens, it hastens! That is beginning to come, which, we know, should come! Lo, he has told us of it beforehand!

Did not this consolation support us, might we not all despond? Let us pray, my brother, and look up! If fear seizes us, there are few that look up and pray. Thus hope re-invigorates us, and the passage, "I have left me seven thousand, which have never bent, nor will bend, the knee to Baal."

With what indignation and what grief have you heard of Lavater's fate last year! God has had mercy on him, and not on him only, but on us also, that we might not have sorrow upon sorrow. His wounds are not yet healed, but, if God will, he is out of all danger on account of them. Let revolution and war confine me to my bed; if God only leave me my greatest treasure, Lavater; (speaking foolishly, and on his account, of myself.).

As he will add a line, I will only now bid you a sisterly adieu.

A. M. K.

## VI.

Zürich, 29th January, 1800.

Dear Brother,

Our good K—, has left me a little space to write to you—what? The Lord has sorely chastised me, but has not slain me. He still spares

me for some particular purpose. May my days of suffering become days of blessing for thousands! May I reach that aim, which he has set before my soul from my earliest days; and from which, neither the scorn of the mighty, nor the sighs of the weak-minded shall scare me! The beginner will make an end, and lead me through dreadful sorrows—I hope still here below—to nameless joys above. God reward you for all that you do for the honor of our Lord, in your dove-like simplicity! Even where I cannot agree with you, I feel your good intentions in the Lord's cause. May the Lord himself, in his most sacred humanity soon visit us, and gather all the dispersed children of God into one! Amen.

LAVATER, (in bed.)

## VII.

Zürich, 30th January, 1800.

Dear Brother,

Be assured that I am one with you, in the principal point, the absolute need of Christ, and that I will not let myself be driven from it by any worldly anathema.

Although it is not possible, by the most perfect manner of writing, to reach an antichristian spirit; yet let us still seek not to shew any weak side, to those who can never be concerned about the truths which are the most sacred to us.

One of the real gains, arising from my being wounded, is the more clear representation, realization, and sympathetic feeling, with the tenfold more painful wounds and bodily sufferings of our Lord.

I will now lie down to sleep, till cough and pain awake me. May God permit me to remember you still energetically and paternally before falling asleep!

LAVATER.

VIII.

Zürich, 12th March, 1800.

Dear Jung,

Still in bed, full of trouble and unable to write much. I have only to mention the receipt of your dear and loving letter of the 17th of February, which much refreshed me.

Although I am not satisfied with a single one of the fixed Apocalyptic periods, yet still I rejoice in hope, that the Lord's kingdom, and its manifestation on earth is nearer than any believer, or unbeliever can suppose; and by this kingdom of the Lord, I do not understand any mere visible perfectionating, enlightening, and moralization of the human race, which I regard, without Christ, as the most senseless dream of our philosophers, who know neither God nor man; I understand by this kingdom of the Lord, not merely an indefinite, general, and heavenly felicity, like many thousand pious christians; but a regularly organized state, whose visible King is the God-man, Jesus Christ. I believe that he will reign on the earth, in his most peculiar, visible, tangible human form and in a perfect corporality, probably in a similar manner as after his resurrection, as the King of Israel, and of all spiritual Israelites, and collect about him his elect from all the regions of the world, clothe each of them with authority and dignity, give them definite commissions, to na-

tions near and distant, and thus present at once the most perfect ideal of an all-beatifying republican monarchy, and thus fulfil all the predictions of the apostles and prophets, and his own; partly in the most literal, and partly in the most sublime and unexpected manner. In one word, I believe in a real millenary kingdom of Christ upon earth, in which only those righteous and loving souls shall participate, who acknowledge him as the most divine and universal monarch. All will be subjects of the one sole King, and all be at the same time co-rulers with him in a thousand different gradations. Every one will enter into the organization of the kingdom, and thus will every member of the empire be prepared, like Christ in the forty days between his resurrection and ascension, for their transition into a higher and heavenly state, and reign with him, until he shall have given up the kingdom to God and his Father, and God be all in all.

I can neither write nor dictate any more at present. I embrace you cordially.

LAVATER.

## IX.

3rd April, 1800.

At present only a line to you, my dear brother Jung. I still suffer, still struggle—still believe, and hope. An invisible and long-suffering hand still supports me. I never ask, Why? I only ask for wisdom to understand God entirely.

We are again on the eve of dreadful events. Since I received my wound, it is to me a new source of bitter suffering, to hear anything of war. Ah, my dear brother, how strong ought we to be in faith, and in the Lord, and his all-ruling

hand, to be able to continue tranquil, for the Lord's sake, at the sight or the near prospect of the most horrible and bloody scenes ! It seems to me, my dear friend, as if we were still only in the outermost court of faith. He that can at all presume upon his religious perfection, must be in the most pitiable state of self delusion. Salutation and brotherly love.

LAVATER.

X.

28th April, 1800.

I regard my being wounded, dear Jung, by no means as intentional, but merely as accidental, if anything in the world can be called accidental. Yet notwithstanding the accident was certainly unintentional on the part of men, it was wisely matured and premeditated in the council of the holy watchers ; and was calculated, with all its circumstances and consequences, to minutes and seconds, to grains and half grains. The man whom God selected to be, unknowingly, my greatest benefactor, and to whom I would so gladly, if I only knew him, without being acquainted with his name, write a brotherly word ; this man, who was half drunk, became suddenly as if possessed by a demon, and first pointed the bayonet at my breast, and when this was turned a little on one side, he drew back a step and fired. The ball went through the left arm of a worthy man who had hold of me, and who sought to draw me back. It entered about two inches perpendicular below the right breast, and made a slit or opening of nearly an inch and a half ; it then passed through by the false ribs, and came out again on the left side through a little opening of scarcely half an inch, about two inches on this

side of the left breast. The real wound is now healed with the exception of a third of an inch ; but this latter has continued for some weeks in the same state. The left gun-shot wound is healed, but the incision which was made to heal it will not heal. Had the ball gone right through, I should have died immediately ; but it made a bend in its course.

LAVATER.

XI.

9th Nov. 1800.

Thank God, dear Jung, I have returned more fortunately than I could have imagined, from Erlenbach, where I enjoyed so much and suffered so much. After my arrival, I had such pain in the left ribs, which are partially dislocated, that I hesitated a long time before they could lift me from the seat and bring me into bed. I mention it with grateful emotion that, beyond all expectation, I had a good and almost an easy night. To assent to every thing—to regard every thing that happens to me as the best, and thankfully and confidently to honor it as a means of salvation and beatification, is my daily endeavour, and, God be thanked, not without success. In the midst of my sufferings I have so much to revive me in every way, that I cannot be sufficiently thankful. The clearness of my bodily and intellectual head still continues unclouded. I have also inexpressible mental sufferings, especially—may I say it—because of the unbelief of the most believing, and the atheism of the most pious. O, my friend, we are all yet standing at the threshold of the outer court. O let us not rest, till we have penetrated into the sanctuary!

LAVATER.

## XII.

Zurich, 8th Dec. 1800.

Immediately after the receipt of your affectionate letter, my good brother Jung, I venture to commence a short reply to you, as far as I may be able, for a painful giddiness soon seizes me whilst writing.

Thank God, I still live ; and thank God, I still suffer ! As bitter as suffering is to the flesh, yet the spirit still feels that it is praiseworthy grace. I often weep in suffering, like a child, because of the pain, exclaiming “ Father, have mercy on thy most unworthy servant ; ” and weep at the same time for joy that such sufferings are vouchsafed to me. I suffer as a son of Adam, and rejoice as a christian that trusts in God. O, my friend, how much does the christian experience, which he dare not confide to the most christian christian, until it is over, till mute faith, without feeling, is crowned.

Thanks for the intelligence respecting yourself and your father. I likewise often feel, since I have suffered so much, more immortal than ever.

An obliging soul is just come, to whom I directly resign paper and pen, in order to be able to converse with you the longer, and the more at ease.

I will, first of all, say something respecting myself, because you sympathize so heartily with my state and circumstances. My troubles are, properly speaking, the following :—

1. A painful giddiness, often bordering on fainting, which seizes me even in bed, and during the night. This is, perhaps, the most oppressive thing which I should like to pray away, if it were

possible. I am obliged to regard it almost as an effect of Satan, at least, the beginning of it, which occurred on the 26th of September, the very day on which I was shot, a year before. At an early hour, I threw my head, under the influence of some invisible power, out of bed, against a bench that was near, and occasioned myself an indescribable suffering. Since that time, this unhappy giddiness manifests itself almost daily, and places me in a most painful situation, similar to that of having a precipice on the left, and an abyss on the right; and as if I were lying on a narrow spot, so that I should fall into the abyss on the slightest movement.

2. I suffer daily from a dreadful and almost uninterrupted pressure on the breast, where the ball passed exactly through the diaphragm.

3. An extremely troublesome cough, which is always preceded by a painful spasm, that almost strangles me.

4. I suffer from the ribs on the left side being partially dislocated and pressed together, proceeding from the position in which I was obliged to keep myself for a long time.

5. Above the left wound, now almost closed, a small ulcerating wound has opened itself, occasioning great and oft-returning pain; this seems to be, judging from feeling with the finger, the consequence of a caries of the ribs.

6. Finally, (for the gout in my left foot I will not once take into account ) a scarification on the back often causes me horrible sufferings, because I cannot possibly be always on my side.

Notwithstanding all these frequently coincident evils, I must say, to the praise of the divine long-suffering—

That I daily enjoy many physical refreshments, through the medium of my friends.



That I am nursed by my family in the most tender and careful manner.

That with respect to every thing that might be deemed *want*, God comes to my aid in the most obvious manner, by known and unknown human hands—divine hands. The rest of my temporal cares I seek to set in order with God alone.

My spirit is as cloudless and as lively as ever it was in my life. I could incessantly dictate, indite poetry, write essays on whatever subject might be selected, and could always give two or three amanuenses sufficient employment.

Although I cannot do a quarter of that which I formerly did, yet not a single day passes in which I am unable to write or dictate something useful, with many interruptions it is true, and much difficulty. Thus I write, for instance, daily thoughts upon the most different subjects, which are then inserted, in alphabetical order, in my "Pocket Library of manuscript Thoughts ;" nor does scarcely a day pass, in which I do not write down a *line of remembrance*, to be given to some near or distant friend after my death. Above four hundred friends have already their addresses. I should be glad to be of use as long as I live, and love as long as I breathe.

As the last, and yet not the least proof of praiseworthy divine long-suffering, I ought, and will also include this, that notwithstanding the daily increasing pain, my vital powers do not in the least diminish, and every one congratulates me on my good appearance and healthy eyes, which, under the bitterest pangs of pain, always retain their light ; although it is very true, that they who have not seen me for a long time, scarcely know me again at the beginning. But

enough respecting myself; if I should forget anything, friend K. will be able to make up for it.

With reference to my sufferings, I think as follows:—

They spare me great and bitter purifying sufferings after death; for purification after death is otherwise unavoidable.\*

They produce in me, if not a resemblance, yet a disposition to a resemblance with Jesus.

They make my own inability, and that of all men, apparent to me in a new manner, and render God in Christ, or the God-man, Jesus, daily more indispensable to me.

They shew me, not only the dependence, but also the independence of the spirit with reference to matter.

They remind me—I will venture again to write myself, being now out of bed—of my mortality, my speedy dissolution; and urge me to arrange every thing of an external nature, in the greatest possible order.

### XIII.

10th December, 1800.

Upon Stollberg's change of church (I must not say change of religion; for what religious man can change his religion, since religion is that which is supremely inward,) I have written to him myself, through Passavant, who has perhaps taken a copy of the letter, summarily as follows:—I would not like to depend on forms;

\* The scriptures inform us that through great tribulation we must enter the kingdom, and that the fire shall try every man's work. If this is not experienced in this life, it remains to be expected in the next.

I respect another's conviction as my own ; each one must go his own way ; let him remain a Catholic, and become a saint like Borromeus ; practise virtues, which no *uncatholic* can practise ; beware of proselyting. I could never become a catholic ; for such and such reasons ; in other respects, I think with you upon this point ; *love Christ, and then do what thou wilt*. God seeks to be adored in all languages, and honored in every possible way. It is his will that there should be all possible editions of human faces, and all possible gradations of the susceptibility of his loveliness. Moles' eyes are as necessary to his plan, as eagles' eyes. Every religion that renders its professor good, loving, and happy, is a real religion, and is the best for him who needs no better. In other respects, I think, that when the Lord draws nigh, and when his kingdom shall be revealed, those that love him in every age, and out of every country in the world, will concentrate themselves in eternal love, in Jesus Christ, as in their centre, and by him be irradiated, swallowed up, and beatified in millions of gradations. O how will the names of Lutheran, Catholic, and Reformed, disappear then, and all be only one heart, and one soul in the most blissful love !

If God permit, I will send my "prayer book" for you, by Sch—, who will take care that it shall come to hand in the least expensive manner possible.

The letters of Saul and Paul, are at length sent to the press. I may promise myself some blessed results from this prosaic poetical work ; you will not mistake the spirit that pervades it.

As soon as I am ready with the second part of the letters on the deportation system, on which

I can, alas! labor little on account of my situation; if heavenly forbearance still prolong my days a little, I will, with God's help, venture to begin my prosaic requiem, and empty my heart concerning Jesus Christ. I would request every christian soul to assist me with their prayers, in order to be able to say something respecting him, that has never yet been said, that may cause the most unbelieving to start, may make them tremble, and may even inspire the scorner with respect; something that shall cause every believing christian, and such as are capable of believing, to rejoice in their Christ and their christianity. O may the Spirit of the Lord not leave me for a moment, when at work upon it; for I know that without him, every thing is a vain vanity, and but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

There is still another point in your dear letter, which I cannot leave unnoticed, which is, concerning human corruption, or the natural inability to genuine christian virtue; there is a peculiar and genuine virtue and righteousness without, and irrespective of (the outward knowledge of) Christ. It is contrary to all reason, and love of justice, to say, that all the virtues of heathens and Israelites were splendid sins, which, really, no reflecting mind can think virtuous, merely from looking to the future Messiah, and only with reference to him. For how many hundred times does the best christian act perfectly righteously and virtuously, without thinking at the time of Christ!\*

\* Christ is nevertheless the foundation and spring of every good thought, word, or work, as the light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world, whether acknowledged as such or not. Hence it is possible for the heathen to "do by nature the things contained in the law;" although, in the abstract, that nature is corrupt.—*Note of the Translator.*

Therefore it cannot be justly asserted, that a man cannot *to a certain degree* be virtuous, sincerely virtuous, without Christ; at least without the knowledge of him, and without faith in him. It is quite another question, whether he can be so entirely, perfectly, in every case, and in every point. The christian religion is an institution of higher order, by which a man, even the best man, may be elevated still higher, and become capable of exercising power, more Christ-like and more perfect virtue, and of dying to the soul-destroying principle of self, to which no Samaritan, no Zaccheus, and no Cornelius can die without Christ. Genuine christian virtue is the work of the Spirit of Christ, who at the moment when we require it, makes that apparent to us, which can afford an ascendancy over the powerful charms of sensuality, and self. So much on this subject.

Love is the fulfilling of the law, the heaven of heavens, the object of all objects. But *perfect* love is only the daughter of perfect faith in the most perfect love. He alone that believes in Christ, overcomes the world, egotism, and himself.

LAVATER.

#### XIV.

11th December, 1800.\*

After a tolerably good night, I hope still to be able to dictate a few lines to you. One thing I have always forgotten: never excuse yourself for not writing; I can scarcely comprehend how

\* Lavater died the 2nd of January, 1801. This is therefore his last letter to Jung Stilling.

you can still reply to so much. I am an hundred fold debtor to all my correspondents; but notwithstanding this, I must beg you not to forget R. L. in Bern, from whom, if I mistake not, I inclosed a letter a few months ago. The women all think themselves happy, when you write a few words to them, and really none of them is lost upon them. They must be encouraged in a variety of ways, in order to be confirmed in that which is good. It is however singular, that amongst ten christian individuals, there are always nine females. If you were once to visit us, you would be astonished at the religious disposition, and the lucid, clear, and almost philosophizing understanding of so many women, whom I have about me. What pleases me most is not merely the feeling, but the real necessity which these *thinking* sisters feel for clear light. All christian authors should labor more for this class of persons. It is terrible how pious writers so entirely lose sight of them, and continually employ foreign words, which are comprehensible only to philosophers, and are not understood even by well educated females. Generally speaking, I find in most writers a culpable want of humanity and real knowledge of mankind. The fewest of them think sufficiently clearly and individually for their readers, for whom they particularly write. The art of writing and preaching is an art which can never be thoroughly learnt. But he who is earnest to be useful and to edify, who prays to God for wisdom and his Spirit in all things, learns even this art daily more perfectly. Good will and prayer make the most difficult things easy. This is my daily, yea hourly, experience. We must accustom ourselves to ask God for his blessing in all things without exception, in great things, as well as in little.\* We act, I

say, a thousand times too respectfully towards God ; we are too fond of making ourselves strangers with him ; we say, Most Gracious Papa ! where we ought to say, Abba, Dear Father ! So much for this time.

Adieu—dear, noble, good, and pious brother !  
Let me commend myself to your prayers.

LAVATER.

XV.

A Memento after my Death,

TO

HEINRICH JUNG STILLING,

IN MARBURG.

Real adorer of Christ, disseminate Christ's adoration ;  
But with the zeal for his cause, let knowledge and love  
be united,  
Blended with heart-winning meekness, whilst striving  
to please him in all things,  
Acting wholly like him, and quite in his mind and his  
spirit !

J. C. LAVATER.

XVI.

Colmar, 29th January, 1783.

Had I been able, my dear friends, to have followed the impulse of my heart ; you would have received my blessing on your happy nuptials

before sending off your invaluable letter. My good brother-in-law Hoffmann, informed one of my friends of it, who, as he well knows, withholds nothing from me that can cause joy to my heart. But how infinitely more important and sweeter did this joyful intelligence sound to me from your own lips! I shall preserve it as a sacred document, sent from the secret cabinet of the supreme ruler.

The feeling of the participation of your happiness, my dear, good Stilling, streams through every sinew of my soul. Had I not likewise been afflicted during my life, I could not so entirely appropriate to myself the joy of one, whose sufferings at length receive the crown; nor would even the history of your life, have been able to manifest its mighty magnetism upon me. Let me say all, my worthy friend! Without your adversities, we should certainly not have come so near to each other in this world, even though we had dwelt in an enclosure.

Drink long, long; of the cup of your felicity, and assure the angel from whose hands you have received it, of my warmest thanks for the good wishes of her heart. How unspeakably gratifying it is to me, that Stilling's spouse, and the friend of Sophia La Roche, is willing to be also my friend, like Stilling and Sophia La Roche! Give her, in my name, for this declaration, the best kiss you have still to give.

Ah! I had also once a Selma, who for the last three years is with God, my good Doris's second sister, upon whose little monument my other Selma will certainly shed a tear, which I am preparing for her in a collection of fables, which I hope to send to you, and my new friend towards Easter.

My consort and our Larse, have both read your



letter with the most joyful emotions, and embrace you, dear couple, with their whole soul.

O that it might please providence to bring us together, were it only for a couple of days, in some one of the plains near the banks of the Rhine ! I carry about a proposition in my bosom ; but I dare not cleave too closely to it. It is still too early to determine what prospects lie behind the grey curtain of winter. Like you, my friend, I always feel the most at ease, when I leave heaven to care. It has surprized me with most of the joyful hours of my life ; why should I not believe that it will still do so ?

Every man's life is an heroic poem, in which an invisible deity operates visibly, and every event it contains, offers the hero of it an individual proof of the truth of the religion of Christ.

I have done well not to begin my letter with relating the reasons of my long silence. It would have occupied the half of my time, and in the end I should have told you nothing more, than you will now believe me upon my word ; which is, that I could not possibly write to you sooner, unless I had contented myself with a few lines, and for this my heart was too full. I find, besides, that I have not yet replied to some of my favorite passages in your letters. But I will now rather send you four, than eight pages in three months.

Now then, farewell dearest Stilling, noble Selma, and receive, with this kiss, and this hand, the whole heart of,

Your ever faithful friend,

PFEFFEL.\*

See Note No. 2.

## XVII.

Colmar, 20th May. 1783.

I think, my dear friend, I must write to you briefly to-day, rather than delay my answer in the hope of being able to converse with you longer at another season. Every letter from you, my dearest friend, strengthens the attraction which draws me to your bosom. This is natural, because our hearts are fragments of a heart, to which other pieces also belong, which are already in part conscious of it, and partly shall still be so.

In the last winter months, I read to a voluntary portion of my pupils, for the first time for them, and the second time for me, your excellent "Fahlendorf." Not only myself, but many of the good youths, have in spirit thrown themselves on your neck in almost every one of these delightful seasons, and when you visit us, my friend, you will find yourself in a circle of loving acquaintances. The scene on board the ship between Fink and the purser, was in particular like an electric shock to my soul. What truth of observation, and what depth of feeling is manifest in every thing you put into the mouth of the former. Religion has not only mysteries for the understanding, but in reality also for the heart, and he that feels this, will, like your majestic Fink, speak little of it, and even if he be a preacher of religion, he will not say all.

Your idea of a philosophic-theological-romance, in which pietism, enthusiasm, and unbelief are exemplified and contrasted in their true colours, is excellent, and may become, under your hand, an invaluable addition to the history of mankind.

God grant you strength and leisure to accomplish this important work.

My fables, being not yet printed, I herewith send you our institution songs for your Selma. The metre of some of them will appear singular to you. I was obliged to be governed by the melodies, which are, for the most part, very harmonious opera airs.

Your blessing on Sophia la Roche, impels me to communicate a fable to you, which I left with her in Spire. Your American hero, who is in garrison only three leagues from hence, but is at present on furlough, I had the pleasure of embracing before his worthy parents.

Now farewell, my fraternal friend. It gratifies me that I cannot write concisely, and have been able to reach the fourth page.

Embrace your Selma for us, and assure professor Schmidt of my high esteem. Your letter necessarily imparted it to me.

My friend, my wife, my children—all esteem, all love, all salute you with a full heart. They left me to attend church, and I leave you to make my round in lessons. I think you will ascribe it to me also as a going to church.

Ever your

PFEFFEL.

### XVIII.

Colmar, 24th December, 1807.

Honored friend !

I cannot suffer the year to expire, without holding once more, epistolary converse with you. The friends and sincere worshippers of Jesus Christ, even when the farthest removed, with

respect to space, are unspeakably near through the infinitely great and good Spirit, whom they adore, and to whom they belong. He only, who has the unction from above, comprehends the words of Jesus Christ, which he uttered in his divine prayer, when he took leave of the earth, and returned to God, from whom he had come forth. John has preserved us, in his 17th Chapter, this prayer, so worthy of the Redeemer of the world; and it verifies itself in every heart that is devoted to God, and works, with irresistible power, through all ages and countries, until that period, when God shall be all in all. How little and trifling does every earthly consideration appear, whilst reflecting on the grandeur, and fulness of the Omnipresent God, who apprehends, and pervades the human soul, which is susceptible of his operation, infinitely more powerfully and perceptibly, than the solar orb, the atmosphere, which it enlightens and warms.

What unspeakably great things, my very honored friend, transpire at present, in the kingdom of God! The spirit of Him, who said to his beloved disciples in the last moments of his abode on earth, "All power is given to me in heaven, and on earth"—the Spirit of Jesus Christ, I say, becomes daily and hourly more active, energetic, comprehensive, and at home amongst men. It steps forth, more and more, out of the abyss of deity, and the obscurity of the most holy place, and its incontestible appearance announces light, like the morning dawn, like the bursting forth of the morning sun.

The Deity has always wrought through the medium of men upon man. In every century the spirit of eternal wisdom has manifested itself, and that always in a manner worthy of the divine

Majesty, and suitable to the necessities of mankind.

The world has made advances in civilization, in arts, and in sciences, and continues to make still further progress; and should Jesus Christ, the governor of the world, in whom lie hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, in whom dwells bodily, all the fulness of the Deity; this all powerful being—should he still continue an inactive, indifferent, and an idle spectator, whilst all the powers of the earthly planets are in fermenting motion?

The astonishing events which are taking place in the world; the shaking and overturning of states that have existed a thousand years; the exhibition of new modes of thinking and government; the friction, the conflict of political, philosophical, and religious opinions, the renewed attempt at an union of religion; the powerful and rapid development of the human mind; the bold and daring attempts upon every thing that bears the name of ancient descent, and ancient manners and customs; the presumptuous attacks upon that which, to men who love truth and virtue, must be most sacred—the divinity of the person of Jesus Christ, and the supernatural origin of his doctrine—whilst in opposition to these, the omnipotent activity of the spirit of Jesus Christ amongst his friends and adorers; its fertile operation in the extension of his kingdom, the kingdom of love and truth; the unshaken adherence of the worshippers of Jesus to his divine precepts, and their courageous and undaunted profession of his name, and his dignity as the Redeemer of the world, before men; these manifestations, taken collectively, are very remarkable signs of the times, and point to still greater things to come, and which are very near at hand. The Judge of

the earth stands before the door ; the governor of the world has stood forth, if not sensibly, yet perceptibly cognizable in his victorious and divine power upon the earth. He treads the wine-press alone ; he has the fan and the key of David in his hand, and will recompense every one according to his deeds.

When the divine child of Bethlehem was born, the Roman monarchy, under Augustus, was in the plenitude of its extensive power ; it was obliged to prepare the way for the establishment and extension of the kingdom of Jesus, and to unite the nations in one all-comprizing state, under one sceptre. The stone, which Nebuchadnezzar saw in vision, fell down, crushed the world-ruling colossus, and gradually became a mountain that filled the whole earth. Upon this divine mountain the church of Jesus is founded, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, much less human machinations.

The wondrous child of Bethlehem is now become a strong and perfect man ; he will well know how, under new Augustuses and Cyruses, to bring the nations under his sway, and introduce a better order of things, by the influences of his all-pervading spirit.

We are now making the transition into a new year, which will render us witnesses of important events. Continue, noble friend, successfully to labor as hitherto, in the vineyard of the Lord. May God be your shield, and your great reward ! I embrace you in spirit, and cordially salute you and your Eliza.

Your eternal friend,

JOHANNES SCHMIDT.\*

\* Mr. Schmidt was secretary to the blind Mr. Pfeffel.

## XIX.

Colmar, 30th November, 1808.

Honored friend!

He that has made himself intimate with the spirit of Jesus, and has, so to speak, identified himself with it—he alone possesses the divine and eternal principle of love in its purity, fulness, and comprehensive power, and is therefore capable of the purest friendship, in preference to others, who have not received the unction from above, however much the individual may be, in other respects, a perfectly natural, scientific, and rational man. In short the true christian is also the best friend. How should he that loves God, whom he sees not, not love his brother whom he sees, and who with him, has one Lord, God, and Father?

The Vogesen recluse is heartily rejoiced that you, who love the truth, and proclaim the truth, are satisfied with his letter to the Swiss messenger. He speaks, thinks, writes, and acts sincerely, without guile and without coloring. Childlike simplicity is a fundamental feature of his character. Where truth and justice are concerned, and particularly the cause of Jesus Christ, he cannot and will not be silent. He is ignorant of the fear of man. The hand of the Almighty, lay for a time, day and night heavily upon him, so that like David, his moisture was turned into the drought of summer. In the most hidden depths of his soul, he experienced all that is dreadful in the invisible world; the terrors of judgment, of death, and of

hell. He was long purified in this consuming school ; he walked through the cold vale of death, with a strong and unshaken heart and spirit, and was exposed to the severest tests and ordeals in the furnace of God.

He feels and considers with the most profound contrition, in the presence of his God, who is infinitely gracious, but also infinitely just, that notwithstanding every trial, sin, and many a human infirmity, still cleaves to his nature. He can say without affectation with Paul, " To will is present with me, but \* \* \* \* \* *video meliora proboque deteriora sequor.*" In a word, he feels the strife of the law in his members, with the law in his mind. He, the upright recluse, fears before God, so that his flesh trembles ; but even the greatest potentates on earth, who possess power over the lives and property of men, have nothing terrible, nothing dreadful to him. To some, who have perhaps considered him for years together, he may be an enigmatical phenomenon, but to himself he is no longer strange, since the Adorable One, of whom Moses, David, and the prophets spoke with high enthusiasm, centuries before his appearing in the flesh, has manifested himself and revealed himself to him in his interior. He has expressly said, " Whoso loveth me, to him will we come, my Father, and I, and make our abode with him."

The recluse's epistle to the Swiss messenger, has had its effect. He replied to it in his 47th number, briefly indeed, but he now speaks in a more becoming and courteous manner, with respect to the worthy author of the " Theory of Pneumatology." He now does him justice with reference to the noble object he had in view, in



the publication of that work, and this is for the present, all that can be reasonably expected from such a scribe. God be with you, and with

Your ever faithful friend,

J. SCHMIDT.

XX.

From the Vogesen, 9th October, 1808.

Estimable, upright, and experienced Swiss messenger!

Since thou hast commenced thy rounds in Switzerland, and kindly offerest thy "Messenger" to every one round about thee, both near, and at a distance, who grasps at it with pleasure and avidity, assuring thee before-hand, and willingly granting thee thy messenger's pay, as thou lovest to have it, and as it is right and proper thou shouldst. Since this thy installation as messenger, I also, a honest recluse in one of the vallies of the Vogesen mountains, have become an attentive reader of thy paper, so splendidly stamped with all the arms of the Helvetic cantons. Thou givest us therein many an useful precept on agricultural and domestic economy, describest many a household worthy of imitation, and speakest with the cordiality and experience of a veteran concerning war, on sea and land.

He that believes himself called to be the herald of the history of the times, of truth, and of justice, and sets himself up as a public speaker amongst his countrymen, ought certainly richly to possess in himself the love of truth and justice; he ought

to be pure and upright in his intentions ; far from every thing of a party nature, which does not entirely, and with the purest motives do homage to the good cause, and in particular, he must not incur the censure of any duplicity. Religion, morals, order, arts, and sciences, and the advancement of them, must be matters of supreme and primary concern to him. He speaks like the preacher in the wilderness, to all ranks, ages, and sexes, and must be able to say something instructive, monitory, useful, and agreeable to every class of men.

As the privileged messenger of the country, thou dost not, of course, intend to be a mere retailer of novelties, nor one of those political demagogues, whose number already is *legion*. Thou speakest at one time in a serious, and at another time in a sprightly manner to thy readers, and givest us many a jocular and facetious tale for our amusement. Thou communicatest to us intelligence, O well informed messenger! respecting a variety of things worthy to be known, and useful subjects, respecting books and matters of art ; and if we have money, and are lovers of such things, we are enabled to make many things our property by purchase, which may cause us pleasure, and prove serviceable to us. Every time the messenger appears, he brings with him advertisements of new works, of which I frequently procure one and another, because I am very inquisitive.

I have already looked around me pretty much in the world, and am not a novice, nor a stranger among mankind. Nor am I regarded as a singular character, because I have for the present withdrawn myself a little from the world, and, for some time at least, for good reasons—have become a hermit in the wilds of the Vogesen. The

free and powerfully operating scenes of nature around me, speak mightily and irresistibly to my eye and my heart ; that which is infinite becomes, as it were, visible and comprehensible whilst contemplating the starry heavens ; and that which is divine in the universe becomes to me the most vital reality, and an eternal axiom, by the impression which the visible world makes upon my soul. The previous prospect of the ocean, of Mont Blanc, and its colossal vicinity, on which the boundless vault of heaven seems to rest, as on almighty pillars, has opened my heart for higher sensations, and elevated my spirit to mightier considerations, and prepared it for infinitely more important prospects.

Books are now, in my solitude, and abstraction from the bustle of the world, an essential part of my employment and amusement, and I feel uncommonly comfortable in their society. In my reading, variety reigns. I read old things, and new, spiritual and temporal ; and—be not astonished ! even the writings of Roman and Grecian heathens, otherwise called classic authors, lie in my hermitage, near the books of the holy Augustine, Thomas à Kempis, Luther, and Melancthon. The pious and christian Gellers, lies near Voltaire ; Bacon, Rousseau, Bayle, Locke, Kant, Leibnitz, Haller, Bossuet, Pascal, Klopstock, Donatus, Montaigne, and many others, stand before me, and in a social row near each other, and speak, by their writings, words of thoughtfulness, reason, wit, feeling, knowledge, truth, justice, virtue, and immortality, to my spirit and my heart. The “Views of Eternity,” and the “Scenes in the Invisible World,” by Jung Stilling, belong also, with many others, to the sphere of my reading, and afford me amusement, instruction, consolation, and a pleasing

prospect into futurity. But none of all the books is more satisfying, and heart-elevating to me, than the Bible, the books of the Old and New Testament, with which I have been acquainted from my boyhood, and with which I daily become more intimate. On every page of this ancient book, which ought to be venerable to us, from its great antiquity, that which is divine in it, the infinitely exalted spirit, who thoroughly animates the whole, speaks sublimely, and powerfully, purely, and unadulteratedly, all-lovingly, and all-comprehendingly to my soul. Hast not thou also, worthy Swiss messenger, frequently experienced in thy heart, whilst reading this book, in thy earlier or later years, something so elevating above the world of sense? \* \* \* \* \*

Moses, David, and the prophets; the Evangelists and the Apostles, were in reality, men of power and unction, possessing a profound and pure feeling for the truth, and an elevated spirit; and when we pay a zealous, honest, and candid attention to their sayings, we are powerfully affected by their words, which proceed forth like arrows from the bottom of their souls, and, like lightning, pierce and illumine the interior of the reader who is seeking salvation. The word, says one of the prophets, is like a fire, and a hammer, which breaks the rock in pieces. This, worthy messenger, is my open-hearted confession of the Bible. I have expressed myself as concisely as possible, although much to the purpose might have been added.

Now, only a few words in confidence on another subject, which also lies near my heart, and concerning which, I should be glad to express myself, as a certain new school in Germany says, clearly, candidly, and truly.

In No. 40, of thy paper of this year, I read beneath the title, "Bâsle," that the most recent production of Aulic Counsellor Jung, surnamed Stilling, entitled *Theory of Pneumatology*, a work, which must necessarily and obviously have the most injurious influence on the ideas of the populace, and upon its belief in phantoms, witches, and apparitions of spirits had been forbidden to be sold in future, by the wise prohibition of the little council of the Canton of "Bâsle," &c.

Some weeks previous I had read, (with others of my fellow subscribers amongst whom are men, to whose mind and heart, thou, O upright Swiss messenger ! wouldst not be able to refuse thy esteem, wert thou more intimately acquainted with them,) in the miscellany for the most recent general intelligence, which, as is perhaps also not unknown to thee, appears also in Switzerland, what was intended for a critical notice of the "Theory of Pneumatology."

Some of my friends, as well as myself, had already read this work, nor do we repent of having read it. Counsellor Jung has certainly his peculiar views of the spiritual world, yet still, as a declared friend of the Bible, he by no means deviates from the expressions of that divine document with reference to this point. The belief in real apparitions after death is not dubiously established by the New Testament, since it says expressly in Matthew, xxvii. 52, 53.

"The earth did quake, and the rocks rent, and the graves were opened ; and many bodies of the saints which slept, arose, and came out of the graves, after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and *appeared unto many.*"

I must frankly confess to thee, well-informed messenger, that neither myself, nor those of my

friends who are more or less exercised in reading, reflecting, and examining, are able to find wherein the dangerous tendency of the "Theory of Pneumatology" consists, which is to manifest such a pernicious influence on the mind of the populace. Do not the inhabitants of the Canton of Bâle, not only read books in general, but also books of a similar kind in particular? And can there be substantiated facts, and instances adduced, to prove that either the "Theory of Pneumatology," or the rest of Stilling's writings have manifested a pernicious influence on any one of his numerous readers of all ranks? The majority of his readers are able, on the contrary, to assure thee, how inexpressibly beneficially those writings have operated upon their mode of thinking; how forcibly their souls have frequently been affected by them, and how valuable, and important to them, was all that was said in them concerning Christ, and his doctrine.

Accusations are still no proofs. The malpractices of critics and journalists are not unknown to thee, O experienced messenger! Thou knowest very well that their commendations are often as vacillating and exaggerated, as their expressions of censure and rejection; and besides, what a critic or journalist says of a book, is, after all, only an individual opinion. These gentlemen would indeed often gladly make us, who are neither critics nor journalists, believe that their voice is the voice of the majority, and the universal judgment. Many a well-meaning and credulous journal reader, often indeed lets himself be imposed upon by the bold, contemning, and noisy language of a journalist, and takes his words for current coin. \* \* \* Dost thou not think, most worshipful messenger, for instance, that the de-

grading and rejecting opinion expressed, regarding the "Theory of Pneumatology," in the miscellany, had some influence on the decision of one or other of the members of the little council of Bâsle, when the latter formed its resolution to forbid the sale of that book? To us, foreign spectators, the thing does not appear altogether improbable. However the little council in Bâsle may have had its subjective and objective reasons, for sending forth an interdict against the work above mentioned. We, who are not Swiss, desire no explanation or account of that matter. But when thy informant writes from Bâsle, that "such prohibitions are worthy to be imitated by every clear-sighted government, which is solicitous for the intellectual improvement of the nation,"—in that case, O well versed messenger! we foreigners, to whom truth and humanity are supremely dear, cannot remain entirely silent at such insinuations and artifices. \* \* \* Knowest thou not, that in Spain, Rome, and Vienna, many a book has been forbidden, and exclaimed against as dangerous, which in Berlin, Dresden, London, Paris, and in many hundred other places, may be read, bought, and sold without hindrance, and without danger to the heart and spirit? How many a book that scoffs at morality, religion, and public order, is suffered to have its free course! A work on the contrary is prohibited, concerning which the author might loudly and solemnly declare, in the presence of his conscience and the supreme Judge, who sees through every human heart, "My object is to exhibit nothing but pure truth; and that solely with reference to our eternal destiny, and thereby to gain souls for the Lord."

Liberty of thought and writing is a valuable

possession of man, and a glorious palladium of his rights ; but it must not degenerate into an intriguing redundancy of words, nor into a dogmatical, captious, illiberal, arrogant mode of acting, which renders homage to the frivolous spirit of the age ; otherwise it debases and brands itself with ignominy, in the sight of the better part of mankind.

Because the multitude, from misapprehension and perverseness, frequently makes a bad use of that which is in itself harmless, nay even beneficial, ought it not, on that account to be granted to the better part of society, to make a good and wholesome use of the same thing ? Dalberg says, in *Pericles*, “ Was there ever a good thing, that has not been abused by the mistakes of men ? Whether is it purity or perversity of intention, which, guiding a rational being, developes, from one and the same medium, advantage or destruction.” *Abusus non tollit usum*. Fire, when imprudently and murderously used, can reduce whole towns to ashes ; but with the same fire, when rationally and beneficially applied, cities full of people, &c. may be warmed and lighted.

Dear Swiss messenger, read for once, with candour and attention, if thou hast the good cause at heart, the summary of the “ *Theory of Pneumatology*,” and the inferences deduced from it in the fifth, or last chapter of that interesting work, which in spite of all prohibition, makes a great sensation wherever it is read ; and, if I am not much mistaken in thee, thou wilt be obliged to confess, at least to thyself, that this work, far from being forbidden, *deserves to be recommended for the promotion of the welfare of mankind*.

Men of discrimination, and who mean well with the cause of religion, and the intellectual improve-



ment of nations, who have read the "Theory of Pneumatology," find, speaking sincerely, nothing in the book, which might promote the belief in bewitchments, hobgoblins, and treasure-digging, and thus diffuse the most ridiculous nonsense amongst the people.

Mr. Jung is even opposed to this prevailing superstition, and belief in apparitions, and says expressly in his work, that amongst a hundred tales of apparitions, perhaps ninety nine of them, are self-deception and illusion, and unworthy of attention. If I had cherished within me, from my boyish years, a remnant of the fear of apparitions, I should have found in the "Theory of Pneumatology," the means and the weapons for totally annihilating this fear, and these phantoms within me.

This remarkable work recommends to us, a virtuous walk, and a confidence, veneration, and love towards the Deity; and *in him that fears God*, there is no longer any fear, either of men, or of evil spiteful spirits, apparitions, witches, hobgoblins, &c.

Nothing but love to the truth, and no other motive has induced me to write the present. I am most inwardly convinced of the divinity of the evangelical doctrine, and wish, with Mr. Jung, to be able to impart this conviction to very many of my fellow creatures. It is indeed no thankless affair to procure the cause of the adorable and divine man of Nazareth, very many adherents and admirers, and to co-operate in the best possible way, for the promotion of his kingdom. Locke, Bacon, Montesquieu, Haller, Leibnitz, Pascal, and other magnanimous friends of the truth, are of opinion, and that justly, that christianity is the best and most operative institution for humanizing

the people, and for uniting them together in one fraternal alliance.

The angel of death once powerfully knocked at the closet of my heart, and since this apparition, which was no cobweb of the brain, life and death, the religion of Christ, and futurity, have become infinitely important to me.

Fare thee well, and receive the friendly salutation of the intimate of death,

The Recluse in the Vogesen.

XXI.

Colmar, 1st December, 1808.

I should have long ago repeated my thanks to you, my dear, and honored friend, for the "Pneumatology," had I not intended to accompany them by the ninth part of my poetical attempts, which has at length left the press. Accept it as a winter flower, which I place on the bosom of my friend. My presents cannot however, outweigh yours in intrinsic value. Nor have my books the honor, like yours, of being prohibited. I did not know that O——s, was the author of the Bâsle Anathema, against the "Pneumatology." The man, after rendering his country miserable, is now desirous of making it ridiculous. I can understand how this work does not recommend itself to every reader, nor even to every well-disposed mind. There may be various reasons co-operating to produce this effect. But the candid and honest individual does not regard as impossible that, which he cannot prove, and prefers delaying his opinion, rather than permit himself to render the head, or the heart of a man of integrity suspected,

because the latter relates things, which appear to the former incredible. Every thing in that book is not clear to me, nor have all the facts stated in it equal value to me; yet notwithstanding, I have read it with great interest, and particularly the theoretical part, with real advantage. I am only sorry, that a multitude of unanswered letters, will not suffer me to enter into a more particular detail, and that my respect for your time forbids me from requesting explanations respecting some particular points. I need not now repeat to you, that I have no doubt of an existing connection between mankind and the invisible world; but I cannot yet perceive the nature of this connection, and its mode of manifestation, like many other things, which nevertheless exist.

One word more about my health. I got through the summer tolerably well, but so much the more painful for me, was the transition from autumn to winter; and I am still really much afflicted with rheumatic pains. May these lines meet you, my invaluable friend, and your worthy spouse in health and happiness.

My wife and family join with me, in assuring you both of our sincerest esteem and affection.

Wholly and eternally your

PFEFFEL.

XXII.

Colmar, 24th April, 1809.

Honored friend!

Mr. Pfeffel, your friend for so many years, has been for the last six weeks very ill—yes, dangerously ill. At present, thank God! he is free from all pain; but the alternate manifestations

of disease must naturally exhaust his strength more and more, and now the blind sufferer keeps his bed, in the consciousness of weakness, and the impotence of age. He has dictated to me, some friendly words for yourself, and your dear Eliza, which are to be sent you in the event of his decease. It is my opinion that a few words of consolation and love, conveyed to him from you, would be an invigorating balm to his soul. He has confidently committed himself, in a heart affecting manner, to the grace and mercy of Jesus Christ, in my presence, and in that of several persons of his family, and is uncommonly susceptible of every thing, of a christian and religious nature, which is said or read to him. The doctrine of Jesus manifests itself here also, at the sick couch of a man, who is in many respects a remarkable character, in its triumphant, soul-exalting, and tranquillizing power. Amongst other pious works, the sermons of court chaplain Reinhard, of Dresden, operate very forcibly upon his mind.

A few days ago, at his request, your apology for the "Theory," was read to him entirely, and almost without interruption. If you are desirous of sending him a few words of religious consolation, have the goodness to inclose it to him, in an envelope to my address.

Farewell, most honored friend ! I heartily salute you, and your dear Eliza, and commend you both, with myself, and all our fellow mortals, as well as the good cause in general, to the favor and protection of God, and Jesus Christ !

With my whole soul, I subscribe myself

Your fraternal friend,

J. SCHMIDT.

## XXIII.

Colmar, 1st May, 1809.

This morning at two o'clock, your friend and my father-in-law, Mr. Pfeffel, after a very painful illness of eight weeks, and a mortal agony of six hours, departed this life. He suffered with exemplary steadfastness, blessed his consort, and his children, and then used the following words:—

*“ I request that my dear friend Jung Stilling, may be informed that I carry my affection for him into the grave with me, and bless him, and his worthy spouse, for the friendship they have manifested towards me.”*

On this he besought God, and Jesus Christ, with uplifted hands, for his dissolution. I say nothing to you of the loss we have all sustained. You know the worth of the deceased. His talents will long be esteemed in Germany; but that which will render him ever memorable to his relations and friends, above all his other deserts, is his religiously virtuous character. But as irreparable as his death is to us; yet we thank God for having called away this pious sufferer, out of this world. He suffered like a martyr, and through him all the members of his family suffered. Yet—he lives, he hovers round us, no longer in his tenement of clay, if it be permitted, one of the blest, to be the guardian angel of his friends.

Farewell.

E.

## XXIV.

Colmar, 18th January, 1811.

Honored friend,

It is become a matter of necessity to me, to converse with you from time to time, through the medium of epistolary correspondence, in terms of friendship and confidence; and fraternally, frankly, and candidly to communicate to you, what lies near my heart, with reference to the infinitely great and important cause of the kingdom of God. There is certainly nothing of greater interest, no sublimer object, with which the friend of God and man can be occupied, than the truth as it is proposed and announced to us, in the doctrines of the gospel. The adorable and highly exalted man, who expressly presented himself, and made himself known, as the self-existent personified truth, and in whom lie hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, knew no occupation more important, during his abode on the earth, than that of announcing, and causing to be announced to mankind, that which is true, good, and beatifying. He considered heaven and earth, the visible and invisible world, as a connected whole. In the boundless regions of the universe and heaven;—wherever a spiritual, and rational being exists,—truth, that daughter of God, has constituted, and established herself as the reigning principle, and enforces her majestic rights, in the most triumphant manner. After the ever-blessed Saviour had departed from the visible stage he promised, left behind him, and sent down upon his friends and disciples, the Spirit, which should lead them into all truth. He has kept his word. Eighteen hundred years have

already confirmed and attested the certainty and infallibility of his assurances and his promises. The kingdom of heaven, or of God, said he, is like a grain of mustard seed ; it germinates, springs up, and blossoms, and shall become a great and shady tree. From generation to generation, it shall be more umbrageous and comprehensive, until at length it shall extend its healing, and saving branches and leaves, over every sea and land, offering to every nation the fruits of life, light, and truth, and giving them to be enjoyed.

He, the anointed of the Lord, is thoroughly conscious that all power is committed to him, in heaven and on earth, and that the guidance and direction of all the affairs of the world and mankind, is given up and committed to him, by his divine Father. He works upon the earthly planet, which is his royal inheritance and his purchased possession, not in visible form, but his all-filling, all-pervading Spirit has, with irresistible power, taken possession of many human minds, and energetically influenced them ; and in this select instrument of his grace, and kindness, and wisdom, and his strength, he lives and moves in the most beneficent and operative manner. Every manifestation of his Spirit, which takes place by his arrangement, every individual act and operation, that is effected according to his intention, and under his direction and superintendence, harmonizes with the operations of a thousand others, who, scattered, remote from each other, and often knowing nothing of each other, direct their labor towards the great and divine aim. It is the all-arranging, all-surveying spirit of the Eternal, which gives unity and harmony to these single exertions for the promotion, extension, and

glorification of the truth, and which has appointed unto each whom he calls, his post and his daily labor, in the erection of the mighty building, and in the cultivation of the vineyard.

The 12th chapter of Isaiah's prophecy, which I have just opened upon, and have now lying open before me, is a strong and sure word of the Lord, spoken in the spirit of prophecy, consolingly applicable to our times, and our contemporaries, and to all those who love the appearing and testimony of Jesus Christ.

May the protection, and blessing of God, be extended over you, and over all the adorers of Jesus Christ, in particular, to whom belongs also,

Your true friend,

J. SCHMIDT.

XXV.

Dillingen, 8th August, 1785.

It had been long one of the wishes of my inmost soul, which are known to God, to become sometime or other, acquainted with Heinrich Stilling, whose writings operate so unspeakably upon my heart, because they so naturally and impressively recommend, in every way, what I think are the four cardinal points of christianity :—

1. Faith in the all-arranging, maternal care of Providence.

2. A cordial progress of the pilgrim, to the heart of Christ.

3. The necessity of self-denial.

4. The power of prayer, &c.

Now as Providence, which is so inventive in



procuring joy, knows how to fulfil our most secret wishes, and surprises us unceasingly with blessings, a line reached me from your hand, which addressed me most affectionately, as the dearest friend of your heart !

How I thank your love for this ! He that seeth in secret and rewardeth openly, reward you for it on that day, which no unbelief can scepticize away, and which certainly, no longing can accelerate, but which a cheerful christian faith proclaims by its walk and doctrine, and by a prudent holding itself in readiness, until it come.

Yes, my worthy and revered friend, I will belong, with my whole soul, to those who do not, with a bold hand, cut and carve upon the beautiful statue of religion, but respect the present, and are not ashamed of publicly confessing him, whose name—ah, how much !—is offence and foolishness.

The attraction towards you, which my soul had long felt, was still more strengthened by finding traces in your writings, that you are Lavater's friend, whose enemy no one can *knowingly* be, who loves Christ; and in recently reading in the most recent metrical poems which Lavater published, what Lavater wrote to you, in 1779 :—

Thy life, dear Jung, thou hast pourtray'd  
 With so much artlessness and truth—  
 So free from all the false tirade  
 And flights extravagant of youth—  
 That I now more than e'er rejoice,  
 Thee, as a brother to have greeted ;  
 And hear, within my heart, the voice  
 Of true affection oft repeated.

Thus do souls invisibly and unpremeditatedly hover together at a less or greater distance. May

the Father who created them, bring them ever nearer together, and never suffer them to be disunited.

That I may say something to you concerning myself;—I have been this year removed to Dillingen, and teach “Moral Philosophy”—of which you have read some propositions, instead of the customary spiritless theses,—and *popular theology*; that is, I briefly, and simply tell those that are being ordained, what, and in which way they ought to apply the doctrines of christianity to the understandings and hearts of the people.

That you may know me entirely, I take the liberty to send you my “Rational doctrine,” which has no other aim than to warn men against superstition, and infidelity; as also my Treatise upon Suicide, &c. together with some axioms from the “Moral Philosophy.”

I also annex the newest treatise of my friend W—, of this place, who is likewise a son of the truth, on Pneumatics.

Accept these papers, because I can give nothing else.

Friend Schmidt will visit you in Heidelberg, a man whose incorruptible love of truth and justice, makes him a lover of all good things, and all good men, and of the best of all, Jesus Christ.

Let me now impress another friendly salute upon your lips, and then I commend you and yours to the protection of God, and myself entirely yours, in faith and love, Amen!

Wishing every thing that is sincere and estimable, to your family, according to the measure of their hearts’ desire,

I am, yours,

J. M. SAILER.\*

\* See Note No. 3.

## XXVI.

Dearest friend!

Notwithstanding my great distance from Marburg, I must still write a line to tell you, that I love and honor you, and rejoice in your sentiments, this year as well as the last. For what is love, is abiding.

I have read the "Glimpses into the Mysteries of Natural Wisdom;"\* a friend of mine sent me the book, with some marginal notes, and said that Stilling was supposed to be its author. I read it with pleasure, and frequently with a pause of the spirit.

If I knew of an opportunity, I would transmit you the copy, for the sake of the marginal notes, and also for the sake of the extremely pious and noble young man who wrote them, as well as for my own sake.

Dear friend, have you read the "Socratic Conversations," published by Reich, in Leipzig? A gentle spirit pervades them. Do read them.

But love me, as I do you,

SAILER.

Dillingen, 6th January, 1788, on the day of the Holy Three Kings.

May He that led the Magi by the Star, from Herod to himself, guide us through all the scenes of the present age, to himself!

\* This work is ascribed to Stilling; but the German editor of these letters knows not with what justice.

## XXVII.

Dillingen, 3rd April, 1788.

Dearest friend !

Immediately at the commencement, and before every thing else, I must inform you, that yesterday evening at nine o'clock, after having thrice read your valuable letter, I solemnly burnt it at the edge of my iron stove, and, not without grief at the age in which we live, looked sharply into the flames, until your hand-writing became ashes, even as every thing, which is as a covering to us, must turn to ashes.

It pained me that the childish and foolish taste of the present day, for anecdotes, obliges a noble-minded man to conjure his friend to destroy, on the spot, the most innocent and most blameless effusion of friendship in the sight of God and Satan. But this grief was transmuted into gladness of heart, which arose from the living confidence in that innocence and truth, which the God of truth and innocence, will not forget gloriously to bring to light, certainly not without the gnashing of teeth, and the despairing perverseness of deceit and irrationality, hidden beneath the mask of reason, which is, to an honest mind, the bitterest part of it.

And yet there must always remain a distinction between heaven and earth, which consists in this, that there, the good, being all of one heart and one soul, can continually enjoy each other ; but on the spot of our present existence, even the most harmonizing spirits are prevented by destiny from seeing each other.

This truth presses much upon me ; for as in

Oettingen, fatal ignorance robbed me of the happiness of seeing you, so fatal impossibility now hinders me from procuring it for myself.

Now since I cannot enjoy you personally, I will still take the benefit of being near you, and ask you a few questions \* \* \* \*

I send you herewith a little book for children—which I lately prepared for private use, but which has been reprinted in several places; being just now without anything else.

It was not until this month that I procured your “Sling,”\* for perusal. Thanks for it. The spirit of truth, and a world-despising mind looks forth from every page.

May God give you a happy journey home, and much opportunity of doing good, and enjoying it!

Your sincere friend

\* \* \* \*

## XXVIII.

Dillingen, 1st July, 1789.

I have long delayed thanking you for your last letter, in which you so fraternally communicated to me your conviction of the value of Kant’s works, and so kindly encourage me to commence the study of them.

I cannot sufficiently thank you for your kindness, but it will be pleasing to you, to hear from me, that for several years I have been brooding over Kant’s principal ideas, and am still more encouraged to do so by your example.

\* The Sling of a Shepherd’s boy, against the contemptuous Philistine, the author of “Sebaldus Nothanker.”

I look upon myself as much, much too mean to judge of such a great man's mode of thinking; but I cannot conceal from you how the matter appears to me.

I think, that from the "Criticism of Pure Reason," one may learn *sobriety of reason*, and from the "Criticism of Practical Reason," one may learn *purity of will*, and learn it in a manner, so as it is not easily learnt from other books.

These two gifts, sobriety of reason, and purity of will, I esteem above all philosophy, and incomparably more than all individual opinions, &c.

And this really fills me with a veneration for the spirit that pervades Kant's modern writings.

But with all this esteem for the results of Kant's mode of thinking, I am not yet clear upon the principles, from whence these results are deduced, nor upon the course pursued by the author.

However, I am a quiet spectator of the conflict, and do not let myself be moved away from sobriety of reason, and purity of will, and least of all by an exclusive reception of Kant's ideas, even against the will of the book, and its author.

You see from these few remarks, more than I am able to say, by much or by little.

One idea which often visits me, and consoles me, I cannot conceal from you. It often occurs to me, that every opinion of any great individual, which strikes deep, has three epochs to pass through, which Kant calls the epochs of reason. Our reason is first of all, *dogmatical*—it knows every thing; afterwards it becomes *sceptical*—it knows nothing; at length it becomes *critical*—it rejects some things, and retains others. Thus I think it will fare with Kant's system. Some will receive it as entirely good, others will reject it as

entirely erroneous, and some will pick up the grains of wisdom out of it, and leave the remainder. So it seems to me, that the times of adoration, and the times of reproach, which Kant's Philosophy has already experienced, will bring forth an epoch of separation.

This epoch of separation and purification, which all that is human, even the very best of it, requires, I look forward to with humility and patience.

Without this spirit of purification, all that is said for and against Kant's system, appears to me to be dubious, and the impure spirit of party also stretches out his claws here and there nakedly enough.

With respect to you, my friend, I cannot anticipate any other than such a pure feeling, for that which is manifestly true in Kant's ideas. For the *Omnia probate, et quæ bona sunt tenete*, (proving all things, and holding fast that which is good) is with you, as I every where see from your writings, superior to every other consideration, and will therefore, also find its place in the all overpowering philosophy, as well as in that which seeks to demonstrate every thing.

In the end, I cheer myself with the idea of God, which we have within us, and which is true and continues so, however we may demonstrate the being of a God with Leibnitz, or postulate with Kant, or rather become conscious of it *by a divine life*, with Jacobi, and Hemsterhuis.

This is the true history of my reflections. If you would gladly know what seems to be indigestible in Kant's principles, and the course he takes, I will fully state it to you, at another time.

*Vale et ama me !*

J. M. SAILER.

## XXIX.

Dearest friend !

The hour arrived in the year 1794, which removed me from all public influence over the pastoral office ; there was then no want of sufferings ; however, I learnt to be mute, and received what befel me through man, from the hand of God.

He blessed my silence. — How often did I think of you then, my dear friend !

I read a short time ago a letter, which was written by you to Dorothea — in Schaffhausen, and read it in the house of *God's gift*.

What can we do else than be silent, suffer, and prepare the way in us, and, if possible, out of us, for that which is good, and that which is the best of all ?

I have read your “ Nostalgia,” with much heartfelt emotion.

Farewell, and love me !

SAILER.

## XXX.

Wernigerode, 3rd May, 1802.

I cannot refrain from accompanying the son of the excellent B—, with a line of affection to you, my very dear friend !

I went last autumn to Switzerland, where I still saw your footsteps. A good hand led me, in the Easter vacation to Wernigerode, and there also I found traces of you, but not yourself.



I am again appointed to the university ; formerly Ingolstadt, now Landshut.

Your “ Scenes in the Invisible World,” I have read with the most inward emotion ; if I do not see you here below, we shall, notwithstanding, see each other elsewhere.

God grant you his wisdom and courage to testify of him ! He sees the heart and purifies it, and then makes it a herald of his grace.

May God’s mercy in Christ, be ever with us all !

Your fellow pilgrim,

J. M. SAILER.

XXXI.

Mannheim, 10th February, 1786.

I have borne about for several months, a stone upon my heart, which you, dear friend, can alone remove. Twice did you purpose to favor me with a visit, and both times it was literally impossible for me to receive it. I was not only lying in bodily pain, but the heavens hung in darkness over me. In the sanctuary of the spirit, the words indeed resounded,

“ Let not Faith’s light  
Be quenched quite, &c.”

but I was shut up, and literally only, *solus cum solo et sola*. Meanwhile I heard that you, dear and kind Sir, often come hither to your German companions,\* and I sometimes long for

\* Stilling was a member of the Electoral German Society, and rode, from time to time, from Heidelberg to Mannheim, to be present at its sittings.

you, in order to apologize to you for not having admitted you, and to tell you how much I love and honor you. Your profound, deep-sighted, veritable, and meritorious "Theobald," the fairest flower in your author's wreath, has also left in me wishes, which are more easily spoken than written.

I have been again confined to my house, and my room, for several weeks, by the consequences of an attack of the gout, in January last, but when you come hither again, and I only know where to find you, I will let myself be drawn thither. To be made acquainted with this, is the wish and request of your real friend and admirer,

F. K. VON MOSER.\*

XXXII.

Mannheim, 13th February 1786.

The warm and cordial salutation of friendship, with which you delighted me at our first meeting, is to me a sacred and inviolable seal of alliance.

I felt it as a gift from heaven, that you are able, willing, and at liberty to love and visit me; but I was also obliged to examine myself, whether, and how much of it, I could apprehend, enjoy, and return, without either burning or being consumed. Your spirit and image have been since continually present to me, and the subject of conversation with my only beloved. It is also true, grammatically true, that pain caused me to decline your second visit. The first time I was

\* See Note No. 4.

like one that had been scalded—not to be touched; the second time, I was not indeed suffering from an ulcer of the soul, but in its first binding up, where it is necessary to lie quite still. And who can be quiet near your electric spirit? The sparks strike every one. Now, God be thanked! I can say that the healing process is over, I am well, and the sevenfold furnace of the refiner has taken due effect; he will also purify more and more, and

The back to the burden he still does prepare,  
Nor places upon us more than we can bear;  
Whilst the sweet experience of suffering days  
Gives frequent occasion to utter the praise  
Of him who is ever faithful and true.

Our friendship has commenced under the cross: beneath this sign it shall continue to grow, flourish, and prosper. My heart tells me, that He will bless it.

So much for the present. May the child you are expecting, be consecrated to the Lord of its life, and be blessed of him! May you be equally as happy a father, as you are a happy husband and a worthy friend! My Louisa cordially salutes you and your beloved consort, though unknown to her, entirely with an evangelical German heart, and in the same manner I am, and subscribe myself, with heart and hand,

Yours,

F. K. VON MOSER.

XXXIII.

Mannheim, 5th May, 1786.

Since you, my dear friend, will not be present at the meeting of the German Society to-morrow;

a fragment of it shall come to you, into the arms of true christian friendship, which gives the glorious promise "Where two or three are met together in my name, there am I, Alpha and Omega, in the midst of them." And in this instance there would then be even four—Selma and Louisa, the old man and the young.

To-morrow, between ten and eleven, I shall be at Ochsen, and at noon, since you, my dear friend, will have it so, with you; we will then look at the house;\* you will then give us your blessing on the way, and in the evening we shall again be here. According to the description, this dwelling must be a promontory of Mount Zion. There is something so beautiful in *overlooking*. I take pleasure in being little, and would gladly become more and more so; but when it can be the case, I prefer living in an elevated situation and at liberty; all this would then meet together, and at the same time be suitable for the modest and moderate condition of an exile; nothing over, but sufficient. I wish that it could be effected; nothing keeps me here, nothing at all; on the contrary there is much which could make me wish for a change of air, in various ways; and as my Louisa is my jewel—friendship would be the enchasing, and the ring which keeps all together. Peace and friendship! I know of nothing greater for this life, and it seems to me they would embrace each other amongst us. To-morrow about this time I shall have sealed, with the kiss of

\* Moser was at that time inclined to fix his residence for a time at Heidelberg, and had commissioned Stilling to seek for a habitation for him.

friendship, and the German squeeze of the hand, how entirely and with how much gratitude, I am

Yours,

MOSER.

XXXIV.

Mannheim, 22nd May, 1786.

You are, my dearest friend, a man of providence in many respects as well as in this, that you educate young citizens, not only for the world, but also for heaven.\* It seems to me a high vocation to be a father of angels. I saw indeed in your dear, handsome, and sensible little Charles, only the future teacher; but now it is certainly better as it is, otherwise it would not have taken place. You weep as a father, and as a child of our Father's at the same time; and thus it is beautiful! We heartily pity your good Selma. God preserve her to you, and sooth you! both of you, one heart and one soul.

The disciples from Satan's school, who seek to cast down Jesus, the Son of God, from his throne, are indeed horrible men. Your discourse with one of these Antichrists was instructive, and important to me. "Whoso is evil, let him be evil still," seems to be the motto of our times, and no one call Jesus Lord, but by the Holy Spirit. But let him be to us the light of our lives, and the strength of our spirits, till we see him, and adore his gracious choice of us, who have done nothing for him, but He all things for us. Your vocation, my dear friend, your station, and your election as a fisher of men is infinitely important

\* Stilling at that time suddenly lost a little boy, at a tender age, of very promising ability.

and venerable to me, and I, a poor mender of nets, converse much with you in thought, and entreat for you wisdom and strength, and a rich measure of truth, and love.

Yes, I am Dr. Leidemit,\* *rite promotus*, at least *cum licentia patiendi et practicandi*. That work was a painful production of my residence at Vienna, whilst lying there in teething, and when during the convulsions of government justice, I was only capable of fragmentary ejaculation. Bookselling policy, however, made my name immediately known. Be it so, if the result only be beneficial!

The step-brother, or rather twin-brother of Leidemit, is the individual known by the name of "Schutt;" both were conceived and born at the same time, although on account of the difference of sex, otherwise called and clothed. But both have the rickets, and amputated limbs. You, doctor doctorum! will best know from whence this proceeds.

I have received from Cassel, in the Landgrave's own hand-writing, and on gilt-edged paper, an answer on the subject with which you are acquainted, but in which the Yes and No is postponed till the decision of the chapter of the order. When the latter will be held, I know not, but thus much I know, that I must wait still longer on the stone on which I am sitting. Daily do I wait for him!

My brother, after long, severe, and heavy trials, and, as I hope to the friend and physician of his sick people, *salutary* humiliations, has again found bread in the employ of the prince of Thurn, and Taxis. How much salt and pepper there may be

\* Under this title, Moser, as is well known, published a work which has reference to the events of his life,

besides, I do not know myself, and cannot pass an opinion upon the matter.

My brother, in a hundred things, thinks differently from me. However I am convinced that the Saviour will not leave him; and after all, the last step is the decisive one.

It is a little piece of ambition in me, to wish that one of my children should sleep with your children. I therefore send you one herewith, which is also *anonymous*, thrown out in the first moments of painful feeling, after my divorce from D——; and brother Leidemit, you must also have from myself; they are the only copies of each I have left.

I know that you have no time to read such things, being yourself a rich and affluent man; but as aforesaid, *in tesseram fraternitatis et amicitia*.

My Mrs. Leidemit greets you cordially, and I am heartily yours,

F. K. VON MOSER.

### XXXV.

Mannheim, 29th May, 1786.

Your, and your good Selma's visit, my dearest friend, was a refreshment to us on our thorny path, even as when one drinks a refreshing draught from the cooling spring, and with grateful exclamations, renders thanks to him who formed the springs, and led him to them. But your letter of to-day, was an angel's voice, a fair and glorious seal upon our bond of friendship! I received it early this morning, along with the information from D——, that my implacable enemies had laid a new attachment upon the deposit for the house I purchased a fortnight ago, and consequently

both house and money are now lost. It pained and grieved me so much, that I could not even weep, but only continue silent and adore. It was not the loss, which pained me so much, as the horrible malice, for I should have felt otherwise, had the house been burnt down? Your fraternal epistle then reached me, and told me, in the renewed conflict, to look with new courage to the victor's crown; to bear even this pasteboard cross after Him, who through the suffering of death has entered into his glory, and to look away from every wicked reprobate to him, who so gladly refreshes the weary and heavy laden. The wound still bleeds, whilst writing this; but people say, it must be well pressed out, and then it will no longer fester. The Lord reward you, my dear friend, with himself and his consolation, and divine peace, for the kindness you have shewn me at his suggestion! Thus one Lazaretto-brother comforts the other. Our own interest, impulse, and inclination of the heart will impel us to you again, in order that with you, and through you, we may be instructed, edified, strengthened, and refreshed. *Stillness* is at present, a part of the cure.

You do me honor by wishing to have my books in your house, and under your blessing, which is, in my estimation, certainly not a trifling or indifferent matter. The sight of them will sometimes serve to remind you of, and to induce you to pray for, the poor pilgrim. Your works, my dear friend, are as dear to me as your heart, and will do me the same service as that I have just mentioned.

I now also send you, my dearest friend, the so-called "Schutt," and have marked a passage, which enters into the theme of the spirit of the



present age. Perhaps it will awaken in you analogous thoughts and reflections. It is the copy I have had for my own use ; otherwise I would have requested you to have joined it to the rest of the books of the institution.

With hand and heart, and in truth and love, I subscribe myself

Yours ever faithfully,

MOSER.

### XXXVI.

Mannheim, 18th September, 1786.

I have already told you, that in consequence of the continued tyrannical and calumniating conduct pursued at D——, I have been impelled, and compelled to complain anew at Vienna. My letter has already been presented, and the reporter has, three weeks ago, made a disclosure of it, with much indignation to the agent at D——. But the conclusion of the matter will only be like attempting to kill a wolf by firing at it with peas through a blow-pipe. This is justice ; but still of as much value as a funeral discourse over the torn lamb. Honestly confessed, I am sore, weary, and panting, even as a hunted hart pants for the water brooks, and am often literally in the case described in Psalm lvi, 1. This gradually renders me unsociable, makes me shun the light, and long for the redemption of the body.

I hang, with respect to my outward circumstances, between heaven and earth, and am now, since my house is also gone, like an outlaw ; and like an Ulrich Von Hutten in miniature, plundered, expelled, calumniated, meeting every where with

flinty hearts and petrified men, and highway robbers, triumphing in the pride of their power; *in statu confessionis, passionis, et criminationis*. Whether one distress will continue to end in another, or affliction terminate in death, and through death pass into life, I know not, nor do I need to know; whatever may occur, my Father in heaven alone understands how to counsel and to act. But this state of uncertainty, and of extreme abandonment deprives me of courage to order even a pair of new shoes, much less to think of removing.

Well, the great man (Frederick the second, of Prussia,) is now in eternity! O that in his last moments he may have regarded that Jesus of Nazareth, who was such a rock of offence to him, as the rock of salvation, and have found his election of grace in his wounds.

God bless you, my dear and valued friend, your office, your voice, your song, and your flight! I am with cordial and confidential love,

Yours ever faithfully,

MOSER.

XXXVII.

Mannheim, 4th October, 1786.

My last, dearest friend, of the 18th September, you will have duly received. I thank you once more for every proof of your care, respecting the vacant dwelling. Since the last twenty-four hours, I know for a certainty, that I cannot remove from hence this winter, should I live through it; it remains therefore only to wait and tarry, and amidst all, whatever may happen or not happen, to praise

the Lord our God, whilst here below, until we are permitted to sing the *Evolemus*.

Does not Frederick William commence his career excellently? What glorious confessions, testimonies, and cordial love to Christ and mankind! O that righteous ministers may be given him, and that he may be kept from hypocrites and fanatics! for he is well disposed, but weak.

Will you make one of the competitors, for Mr. Von Bibra's prize-essay on Spiritual Governments? I wish it much.

This is a fragment of a letter; but He is no fragment, but a rock; he can deliver all them that come to him.

Yours with all my heart—not half,

MOSER.

XXXVIII.

Mannheim, 23rd October, 1786.

With swollen eyes and head, I acknowledge only in a few words, that I have this day received the prize-essay. I have read it with edification. Although it does not embrace the whole of the subject; yet it contains important hints, electric sparks, and strokes; often stroke upon stroke; and appears to me in this its intensiveness to be just right and suitable. 'Tis a little bar of gold, from which some thousand ells of wire may be drawn. I send it off, therefore this day to Bibra, and make at the same time the remarks you desire.

May he, who is the merciful father of the human race, and the keeper of his redeemed and reconciled inheritance, grant you, my worthy friend, a

peculiar Jubilee blessing\* like the name, which no one knoweth, save he that receiveth it!

Yours, very cordially,

MOSER.

XXXIX.

Mannheim, 7th January, 1787.

The Spirit of the Lord, and the peace of God, which flows from the wounds of Jesus, be with your spirit and heart, and the whole Doctor, and the professorship to which he has called and consecrated you! I am often and much with you in spirit and in loving and confidential remembrance, and wish you, in a rich measure, that which you certainly wish yourself; with so much activity, a childlike looking up to him, a falling down before him, and chaste wisdom through the unction and discipline of his Spirit.

Your song of the evening star continually sounds in my ears; it was unspeakably refreshing to me, when you read it to us, from heart to heart. Have the goodness, dear and loving friend, to bring it with you, when you again come hither, for the weary pilgrim;—weary, but not in despair—in order that I may transcribe it.† It fares with such like things, as with many medicines and with idiosyncrasy in general.

Yours, with heart and hand,

MOSER.

\* This blessing was not withheld, as may been seen by reference to Stilling's domestic life.

† It is as follows, and is taken from the "Nostalgia."

A wanderer, weary and stricken in years,  
Along a rude defile did mournfully creep,  
Where seldom its head the floweret rears;  
The path was narrow, and stony, and steep.

The towering height, to which he press'd,  
Full many a league before him lay;  
Loud howl'd the blast, the heart distress'd,  
And fissures and chasms impeded his way.

At length he sat down in the twilight of eve,  
And sighs towards heaven did mournfully send.  
"The bright star of evening again I perceive,  
But ah! my journey's not yet at an end!"

"How painful and bitter the journey has been—  
How little the joy it has brought!  
A far greater measure of woe and chagrin  
Than pleasure has fall'n to my lot."

A youth, in the gleam of the evening star,  
Appear'd to the wanderer weary and pale.  
"To crown thee, said he—I am come from afar;  
But suffer not faith nor courage to fail."

He led the poor mourner through crevices drear  
In the gleam of the twilight of even.  
But now what a scene to his eyes did appear,  
Fair and bright as the purlicus of heaven!

A brilliant and ever-enduring dawn  
Encompass'd a vast and magnificent plain;  
Whilst the light that so mildly and genially shone,  
Enchanted the eye, and dispelled every pain

In the furthest horizon ten cities were seen,  
And silvery streams, that thro' green meadows flow'd,  
"Behold, said the youth—the whole of this scene  
Our monarch, so gracious, on thee has bestow'd."

“Thou servant so faithful! thy sorrows, though great,  
Were merely the birth-pangs of endless delight.  
Now taste the full bliss, that shall never abate,  
And put off thy mourning for garments of light.”

## XL.

Mannheim, 25th March, 1787.

My love, my esteem, my thanks and brotherly blessing will accompany you, my dear friend, on your new path.\* I shall often think of you, and pray with you, that you may yield much fruit, and that your light, being nourished by the pure flame of the Lord, may shine for the benefit of many, and be graciously rewarded on the day of recompence. Never, never shall I forget, that you were, three several times, an angel to me in mournful seasons, for my comfort, establishment, invigoration, and encouragement to persevere in faith and patience. The most magnanimous and most mighty Lord will reward you for this refreshing cordial, and strengthen you also, when and where you require it. In order to spare my loving, but much too tender heart the pain of parting, I am *compelled* to say this to you, my dear friend, by letter, for I am not able to see you here again; but still I rejoice at the thought of again meeting you, whether in Europe or in one of the Father's many mansions. My Louisa is of one mind and heart, with me, as it respects yourself and your beloved consort. Continue to love us. I embrace you

\* Stilling was at that time removing to Marburg, as professor.

with faithful and thankful affection, and am,  
Eternally and entirely Yours,

MOSER.

XLI.

Mannheim, 14th May, 1787.

Your letter of the 3rd instant, my dearest friend, I received in the midst of the loving chastisement of a beneficial, but painful attack of the gout, into which, thank God! the gouty spasms, under which I have panted for some weeks past, have changed themselves. Thus God always helps us out of one suffering into another, and we are gradually so peeled away, that nothing remains but the kernel, fitted for the new earth. I ask you if this is not admirable, dear teacher of the art of economy?

On Easter Monday morning at six o'clock, I called out to my Louisa, "our dear friends, the Jungs, are now on their way." We prayed for you and blessed your new path. I said, He leads his people constantly, hither and thither, with a mother's hand; give our God the glory! May he be ever your light, your wisdom and counsellor, your protection and strength, and sanctify the riches of the manifold gifts deposited in your soul, to his honor and service; may he bless every means, by which you prepare a way to the hearts of men, and if you make tents, like Paul, teach the veterinary art, Virgilize,\* or economize; yet there will always remain some fair season, to say to your pupils, "Children I will now confide my greatest secret to you;—the love of Christ is better than all knowledge!" So as you were and

\* Referring to Stilling's free translation of Virgil's Georgics, with which he was at that time occupied.

are, you must continue to be, and ever remain, a confessor ; and this will prove gold in the day of sifting, when our manifold straw-chopping in the service of human necessities, and the misery of this earthly life shall vanish into smoke, but which by the carpenter's trade of our Lord, in the days of his earthly walk, are sanctified, and, as it were, made honorable. The late Mr. Hochburg said, In the temple, there were not only candlesticks of gold, but snuffers, also. And you dear and valuable friend, must be such a pair of golden snuffers, wherever the Lord places you.

The egotism of the Palatinate does not generally allow the light to be trimmed, because all the people think themselves wax tapers ; they are more modest in Hesse, and your active prince is himself one of the greatest trimmers in Germany. Your acquisition will bring him more honor and blessing, than if he had succeeded in conquering the little territory of Bückeburg ; for he possesses you justly, and with reciprocal good will.

Now, my dear friend, I thank and praise God with you, for all the good commencement you mention, especially for the immediate connection with your Prince. The Lord does not do things by halves ; he will be with you further, and as long as you shall continue there. I say, *there* ; for we are both of us a kind of birds of passage, and it does not appear to me, that you will die as professor in Marburg. Marburg is just half way between Frankfort and Cassel.\* Meanwhile sit down for a little time in the light of the evening star and sing,

“ But ah ! my journey's not yet at an end.”

\* There was an intention of removing Stilling from Marburg to Cassel.



Then came the messengers of the ten cities, &c. With me, the old waggoner, over whose legs the wheel has passed, the case is different ; I am only fit for the hospital, and may intreat the great householder to be put on the list of invalids, and also that bread may be given me, since my robbers have withheld from me that which is mine, for upwards of three years, without telling me why. There is therefore cause to say, daily do I wait for thee !

Well, is not the choice of the excellent Dahlberg, a divine miracle ? particularly to him who knows the true and secret course of the affair. Fools say, God works no more wonders. Here is one ! He will certainly be a blessing to his church, to Germany, and the cause of truth.

I write this in bed ; and because I cannot sing, I frequently squeak between whiles, and look at my mournful travelling-dress, which possesses such glorious transmutation promises.

You, my dear friend, and your faithful Selma, are cordially greeted, and kissed by me and my beloved Louisa. Continue to love and pray for us.

With heart and hand, your ever faithful,

MOSER.

XLII.

Mannheim, 18th July, 1787.

From the garden of patience at Vienna, I have a few days ago received a new plaster for my wound. It is as I had requested it, because I was obliged to call out the misguided prince, in order to have justice done me. What it may avail, I must now await, in further patient expectation

from the hand of our Lord, who does all things well in due time. Daily do I wait for him, and as all sufferings are always only every day's sufferings, he also comforts and strengthens daily; but his promises endure for ever.

O yes! he often looks upon the weary pilgrim, and causes the heart to delight in learning to understand his suffering mind more and more, and in becoming like his image. Besides, how trifling are our sufferings compared with his! I will say nothing of myself; when I think of my late father's six years' close confinement, and of tugging at the oar, under a Pharoah, I can scarcely once complain; certainly I am dealt with a thousand times better than I deserve. This is no Capuchin grimace, but the deepest feeling of my heart. In a higher sense, my mercy is only the rod and scourge, and, as the Father's rod, deserves respect; but the scourge must not call itself balm.

My good Louisa heartily commends herself to you both; we often think and speak to and of both of you. It is singular; scarcely had we become acquainted with each other, scarcely had we embraced each other more warmly, when the thread was again cut, but its two ends are however firmly bound to the bond of eternal love.

I am, with hand and heart,

Yours ever faithfully,

MOSER.

Do not, on any account, forget the old man, whose name has escaped me, on whom the evening sun so kindly shines through the old window-pane. This making sunshine is a peculiar gift of yours, son of light, and not of darkness, neither Nicolaitan nor Jesuitical.

## XLIII.

Mannheim, 18th September, 1787.

Your letters, my dearest friend, are like your self, always original, and your own production, no assemblage of frippery from the tenth-hand. You are in your whole course and stamp, a peculiar creature of God, and shall eventually occupy a balcony of your own, in your Father's mansions, from whence you can look around and over-look ; and will you then still accept a friendly visit from an invalid, who has been healed by the leaves of the tree of life ?

My goose-wing of a R. H. R. decision has been hitherto of no avail. This cannon, loaded with ink-powder, only sings and defiles the coat, but does not hit the heart. God sees it, that is enough ; and even did he act as if he saw it not, yet I am still under his roof and his protection. He is my shepherd and father, my rock and my defence, my God in whom I trust. He will bring me through to the aim of my hopes, and also wipe away all tears from my eyes. Meanwhile I did not particularly vex myself ; by bearing, we learn to bear ; and it still goes better with me than with a thousand others ; he also, who is all-merciful, causes many a warm sunny ray of his love to shine through my roof, and makes me rest in his guidance.

At the Schlangen-bath, I rested from my wearisome labor, enjoyed the mountain air, became acquainted with some good men ; and this is much about the advantage I have derived from it ; for in other respects, the old travelling dress would not bear much patching ; it rent below,

whilst it was being repaired above. But the baths have been of excellent service to my dear Louisa, and this is of still more value to me; for she will now the more surely last me out.

The seventh volume of the "Patriotic Archives" is now also lying here with me, destined for you, my beloved friend! I know that you have no time to read it, but still you must have the continuation, as long as I remain master of the rolls.

I should still like to hear a couple of lectures from you, if I were not too old, and I would then take the notes as a text; not like our divines often do with the scriptures, but merely say, "Thus saith Professor Jung, and thus it is when practised!" I might then perhaps deserve a Comendam to some mountain fortress.\*

Louisa and I embrace you both affectionately, and I am,

Entirely yours,

MOSER.

XLIV.

Mannheim, 30th 1787.

Whatever comes from you is always to me like balm from Mount Hermon, or whatever the hill is called; it lies behind Marburg, over the water at the other side; it flows so entirely out of the pure, open spring of the heart; casts forth, as all fountains do, beautiful pearls, and then overflows, like a cordial to the thirsty, into a heart that ardently and tenderly loves you, and just requires such a house-doctor as you are. I am not a sufferer, thank God! either from dropsy or consump-

\* These were generally used as prisons, and in such a one was his father confined for upwards of five years.

tion ; but sometimes it is difficult for me to ascend the mount you know of, and then such a *Poeta divinus* calling unto me, is to me a means of invigoration.

May the blessing of God be upon your little girl and her good mother, again restored to you ! I trembled when I read in your letter of the *miliary* fever, until the word *amendment* came afterwards ; for I have also experienced how painful it is to see a beloved object suffer, or to be compelled to fear the loss of it ; when the roof is as it were lifted up over our heads, and when we stand as if fast closed in, exposed to the rain, the storm, and the night ; when it grows darker over us, and we no longer know where sunrise or sunset is, Yes, dear friend ! such was the case with me, when my good Louisa, who through excitement had lost her senses, was fourteen leagues' distance from me under the doctor's hands without hope, whether and when she would come to herself again, and when at the very time, I was under the orders of an imperious sovereign. It is now, thank God ! overcome, and I will continue to wait, as respects what is still being endured. We shall yet praise him ; you dear and consoling adviser, will return thanks with me, that the Lord is so gracious ; that his goodness endureth for ever, and that he forsakes none that put their trust in him.

Your foreboding that the morning dawn of help will soon break upon us, is important to me ; for we do not make and give such like things ourselves ; as soon as it begins to glimmer, I will inform you of it. It is still about the time of the cock-crowing, and therefore it will soon be day ; for alas ! my implacable prince is tottering with a quicker pace than ever towards the grave, and the

hereditary prince has at least said often enough, that he would make it his first business to put an end to this unrighteous affair. God grant it.

Your account of the meeting and embracing the old patriarch is not mere language, but painting. It seemed to me as if I saw the whole scene.\* Jacob also bowed himself before his son Joseph. There is something in it peculiar to fathers; I could not induce my aged father, fully fifteen years before his end, as much as I entreated to call me *thou*; he always spoke and wrote in the third person,† and referred to the ears of corn, of which Joseph dreamt.

Your popularity, my friend, the blessing which rests on your official labors, and the universal regard for you, affect and rejoice me. This also is *grace*, as well as all that He does towards us. We even live by grace, and His long suffering is our salvation. Where and what should we be without Jesus?

MOSER.

XLV.

Mannheim, 13th April, 1788.

It was to me a day of festivity and rejoicing, my dearest and tenderly beloved friend, when I again received a letter from your hand, and tasted a drop of your loving heart. The especial blessing on your journey to Franconia and Suabia, without knowing the particulars, has given me pleasure, because I gladly rejoice with you, even as you

\* Referring to Stilling's reception of his old father at Marburg. See "*Domestic Life*," page 191.

† As is the usage in Germany when addressing equals or superiors.

have mourned with me, and have preached and sung consolation into my wounded heart. When a new storm of lies, calumnies, atrocities, furious rage, &c. breaks over me, I first pray, lying in the dust, "O guileless Lamb of God—although thou wast despised, &c.," and then, when the tears are dry, I sing close upon it, in bass, "But suffer not faith nor courage to fail!"

My situation still continues the same, with the sole exception, that the atrocities of my foes, instead of diminishing, unremittingly increase; and it will continue thus until the misguided prince, who has now been tottering for months on the borders of the grave, shall be fully called away. I have reason to hope better things from his successor in the government. Yet still, all these storms and conflicts strengthen and steel the courage of the individual, render the heart more willing to suffer, make it tender, little, and pure; melt off the dross and purify the gold. There are furnaces, which are called *cooling* furnaces, in which, however, it is so warm, that one gasps for breath; such is the one in which I am. I have not left the house for the last five months; have been confined to my couch for eight weeks by gout, ischiadick and arthritick contractions, and now begin again to hobble about. But that I have not lain in bed like a coward, the two volumes of the "Patriotic Archives," which I immediately sent off yesterday by the post, will prove. Accept them in love; there are indeed but few leaves of the tree of life in them, yet still they are not mere straw. Every one gives what he has, and no one has any thing, except it be given him from above. It is not always possible to bring nothing but corn to market, which you, as teacher of political economy and agriculture,

very well know; sometimes white turnips and yellow, hay and straw, are likewise brought, according to the multiplicity of domestic necessities.

In the second volume, I have had, with my lame foot, a skirmish with my lord the Pope and his nuncios. But what do you care about the Pope? I will therefore say no more of it.

I cannot sufficiently express to you, nor boast what a comfort, blessing and encouragement to resignation respecting all the will of God, and of our dear Lord and brother, Jesus Christ, blessed for ever, who through the suffering of death has entered into his glory, the dear, precious and gentle soul of my Louisa has been to me, amidst some of the hurricanes, storms and Vesuvian devilries, I have hitherto encountered. There is something precious in having *such* a wife! Your Selma will certainly be to you all that to which her present vocation and new school call her to be. We two anchorites cordially greet and salute you two dear friends, with brotherly and sisterly love. Continue to love us, and when you are able—but Jung can do much,—write to me often, only two or three words, and remember, that it is alms to a poor man, who sits upon a hot stone at Mannheim, where there is a large castle, broad streets, bad water, but no Jung, with whom he might entirely sympathize. With eternal affection and faithful devotedness,

Your

MOSER.

XLVI.

Mannheim, 29th September, 1788.

I rejoice, my dearest friend, in your activity,



your fruitfulness, your usefulness, the cheerfulness and strength of your soul, your well-steeled breast and dragoon-like love of the truth, even as you rejoice in my tears and sufferings, my crucible and gold-wash. Every thing has its time, every thing comes from God, and I am still sitting on the A. B. C. bench, to spell at the excellent hymn, "What God does, he does well, &c." until I can read it with ease, and know it perfectly by rote.

It has gone hard this year again, and instead of the expected help and deliverance, it grew worse and worse—at least it had that appearance; but from death and through death, comes life and resurrection. Meanwhile the gold is put to the test, the refiner is my friend, my Lord, blessed for ever! He will do all things well.

In order not to suffer as an evil doer, I allow the process against his Serene Highness to go on, or rather creep on with the — council at Vienna; but in other respects, my inward vocation has been hitherto and still continues to be that of *suffering and being silent*; and this I have faithfully kept, as much as I have been goaded in many places and by my own spirit to defend myself against the unprincely and unchristian newspaper libels, which are not unknown to you.

Yet still I have not been able or willing to hinder a worthy countryman of mine, Mr. R. R. Reuss, in Stuttgart, from letting a word upon the subject reach the public, which I herewith annex you. The ninth volume of my "Patriotic Archives," also lies ready for you.

I have been heartily rejoiced at the news of an expected fourth part of Stilling; it will yield increasing fruit, and prove a living help-book in time of need, even as Becker wrote a fictitious one.

Your "System of Police," my dearest friend,

I have read with attention, reflection, and feeling. The title is modest ; it might rather be called " Art of Government. The Lord was near and with you, when you digested and wrote it ; it contains important, excellent and impressive testimonies and confessions of the truth ; part of them buttresses against the overthrow of salutary doctrines ; and part foundations and bulwarks against the frivolous, and wanton voracious and avaricious spirit of our times. In a few articles ; for instance, with respect to publicity, the limits of obedience of servants and subjects, I am indeed not of your opinion, and find the cord drawn too tight. But I know also, that it is not only prince's-faith, but also here and there the dogma of the country, and cannot be departed from, as little as from the articles of the church. I even believe, that if you, my dear friend, were not just a servant of Hesse, and a professor in Marburg, but were only a teacher of the people, rather more water would have been mingled with this acid. But I know how to assign it its place, and it holds good, even in such like cases, " All men have not faith ;" but " The just lives by *his* faith." As a contrast to this, I am also well pleased, that all kinds of heresies are found in my books and pamphlets, and thank God daily on my knees, that he has delivered me from the distress of conscience of being a prince's minister.

May the peace and blessing of God in our Lord Jesus Christ, envelope and sanctify your heart and mind ! Both of you continue to love us both, and both pray with and for us, whether suffering or praising with us ; for we ought to thank him for all things.

Heartily yours,

MOSER.

## XLVII.

Mannheim, 30th July, 1789.

The same thing then has happened to you as to me. I had given my letter of the 27th of September, with its accompaniments, to professors Meimers and Spittler of Göttingen, who were passing through this place on their return from Switzerland, and it ought to have reached you on the 30th, and your dear letter of the 2nd of April, I received only yesterday. And I was often with you in spirit, my dearest friend, with fervent sympathizing wishes and supplications before the Lord for a complete and abundant blessing on your extremely important vocation. In the midst of a thousand—yes, I do not say too much—a thousand tears, I reclined upon your feeling heart, whilst I read, some weeks ago, the first part of the history of your life and sufferings, or rather imbibed it into me, drop by drop, and kissed and embraced in spirit your form, and amiable, well delineated image. Here alone, certainly, as many tears have been shed over it, by souls formed for tenderness, as there are letters in it, and even Eisenhart's iron block was forced to melt in the glow. It has powerfully strengthened me in filial resignation and submission to all the ways of God, in firm confidence in the omnipotence and supreme beneficence of his paternal kindness; in the belief of the truth and faithfulness of his promises, in adoration of his guidance, which continually brings light out of darkness; in faith in the fidelity and benevolent intention of his refining and purification, &c., and I have, in my poor way, given thanks to the Lord for it, who has made you willing and able to erect this altar

of thanksgiving and burnt offering. With my whole soul, I have blessed you for it, and this will certainly have been the case with many more besides me.

This plant will still flourish and bear fruit, when all that you perform, teach, and write, from necessity and the requirements of the times, or as resulting from your professional duties, and as carpenter's work, (even as was the case with our Lord in his earthly life), after being long forgotten, shall be burnt to ashes in the great and general conflagration of the straw of all merely human things, and only the gold will abide through the heat. Yet still, many a noble seed of your professional labors may bear fruit, when, as a man and a christian, as a patriot and a sage, you labor against the Satanic spirit of our times, the unmerciful demon of domination and avarice; and, as much as a teacher can do, defend, maintain, and protect the rights of humanity, instil into future privy councillors, ministers of state, and chamberlains, the principles of equity, justice, and humanity; and without shewing off just those princes to disadvantage, who feed us and take us into their pay, unmask and scare away by the force of light and justice, those principles, which render the world ever poorer and more unhappy. The true poisoners and destroyers, are in reality the professors and doctors of political law, and one such individual disseminates more misery over Germany, than a whole host of Turks and Frenchmen ever would or could. But they would distil their *aqua Tofana* in vain, if financiers and treasury-lords did not put their theories into practice, and were not intent upon making the groaning of the creation no mere poetic embellishment. I clearly comprehend that much wisdom,

and equally as much heroism is requisite to keep at least, the middle path ; because it is just as easy to become a martyr to political economy as to politics. I wish and supplicate this spirit of wisdom and of truth for you, my dear friend, the more fervently, because the affirming or denying of one who professes himself a christian, and is recognized as such, is productive of very different results to the gossip of a mere mercenary.

But enough of this ; God be with you and over you, and arm you for a witness of the truth !

I have had a hard winter, and equally as hard a spring, in arthritick sufferings externally, and other sufferings within. But I still live, still suffer, am silent, endure, hope, and believe the end will be good, at least, so as I shall be able to bear it. Through sufferings we learn to suffer ; through bearing to bear ; and thus we approach, very gently, ever nearer the object of hope ; but the expectation of the righteous shall be joyfully fulfilled in this world, or the next. Your incomparable pilgrim's-song, " A wanderer weary and stricken in years," I have meanwhile sung many hundred times with my beloved Louisa. When I have been sitting, mournful and weary, she has occasionally sung it in the soft female soprano, and I then wept the manly bass accompaniment. Well, the time of wiping away every tear approaches ever nearer, for when we are in our sixty-sixth year, we may look forward to it with confidence. However I should be ungrateful, were I to omit to praise the many proofs of divine preservation, consolation, and faithfulness, I have experienced. He keeps and watches over us, he careth for us. An attachment has been laid upon my little property these five years, without any reason being assigned ; and with all my begging, praying, and

legal proceedings, I have not been able even to cause the opening of the commission of inquiry, which I obtained with such difficulty; and instead of it, am bespattered with dirt, by officious hirelings. Hitherto it has been my incumbent duty to suffer and be silent; however, some one has at length interfered, who from good intention, assumes the place of a defender, and thereby causes me almost more trouble, than the lampoons themselves. Of this description is also the annexed, which besides this, contains many false statements, however well meant they may be.

Will you not let the work soon appear, in which the dying man with the evening sun are introduced? Do not suffer moss to grow over your spirit amongst manufactories and finances.

Your dear Selma is become still dearer and more deserving of respect to me, or rather to us, by the history of her alliance. She has also been promoted after rigorous examination to the rank of a *doctress*.\* May God bless both of you, dear souls, with his peace!

MOSER.

XLVIII.

Mannheim, 28th August, 1789.

A peculiar sympathy, which we cannot give ourselves, and on that very account ought still less to take, binds me, with a gentle attraction to you, my dear friend; and when I reflect upon it, a certain similarity of fate, a faithful courageous love of the truth, and a mutual engrafting into that vine, which so kindly bled to death for

\* It is well known, that in Germany, the wife always takes the husband's title, with a feminine termination.

us, may probably be the reason of it ; and to this anchor shall the vessel of our friendship cleave, till we are gently translated into the kingdom of health and peace.

As, by way of variety, we may occasionally speak in parables as well as the naked truth ; the accompanying fable book has taken its rise from this privilege, which I recommend to your loving and tolerant reception, my dearest friend, since it is also a child of your old invalid friend.

What dreadful mementos, warnings, and hints, do the present disturbances in France, afford us, and national *Theses*, for our German potentates ! The apprehension of similar scenes begins in reality, to operate powerfully and salutarily on the Rhine, the Maine, and the Neckar, although according to my logic and forebodings, every thing hitherto is only the beginning of much greater distresses and events.

Thank God, there is a day in me and over me, although not always sunshine ! Your prediction respecting me will be fulfilled ; the time is approaching, when it will be openly manifest how faithful His intentions are towards us. It only requires a believing waiting, and this he gives us, and helps us out of one distress into another, and blissfully through the whole scene *sperando et ferendo*.

Your light, my dear friend, is a beautiful, ever burning, and clear shining light ; its candlestick is noble metal, and the *bushel* on which it stands, is a sound and worthy bushel. The being consumed in the service of others, is the calling and appointment of all lights ; but when it is diligently trimmed, as when travelling to Wernigerode, Franconia, and the Rhine, the wick is again refreshed, and emits beautiful flames. How I

rejoice at the coming autumn, in order to re-kin-  
dle my wax taper at your candle.

My good Louisa is truly rejoiced that you both, my dearest friends, are willing to accept a memento from her hand ; for that it comes from her heart, is a matter of course. But because she has laid embroidery entirely aside for the last two years, and has begun to take lessons in landscape-drawing, in which, without boasting, she has made beautiful progress, she fears she may not be so successful with the embroidery ; and has therefore hit upon the idea, since the women know how to help themselves out of every difficulty—of sending you a piece already finished, which will be dispatched by the next diligence. It represents old Jacob blessing his son Joseph's children, and our wish with it is, that you may also realize the original from the Old Testament.

Yes, my dear friend, I will gladly be an Elliot,\* if the Lord will continue my rock, my fortress, and my defence ; and instead of red hot balls, will gladly heap coals of fire on the heads of my implacable enemies, even if they should only consist in ash-warm fables.

With faithful and friendly salutations and greetings to you both, my dear and valued friends, I subscribe myself, with heart and hand,

Yours ever faithfully,

MOSER.

In order that man and wife may go together, I annex my fables to the blessing of Jacob, which will take their departure from hence, to-morrow at noon.

\* The celebrated defender of Gibraltar.



## XLIX.

Mannheim, 18th September, 1789.

My dear and valued friend,

Here comes then, since you will so have it, the tenth volume of my "Archives," which, compared with your sound, nourishing, and cheering writings, I mean the children of Father Stilling, by the first marriage, look just undissolved soup-maigre. Yet even the children of the same father are not all alike. For the love's sake, with which you accepted the former, receive this late-fruit also; it belongs to the family, notwithstanding.

How often have I thought of you, my dearest friend, during the last few days, since there is a general report that Hesse is haunted! No wonder, for a giddy spirit seems to have gone out into all lands, with and without *antecedentia*. There are amongst the gods of earth, and those who ought to be the fosterers of mankind, all kinds of fathers, step and real fathers, good and perverse lords, &c. and I, the anchorite, say, *Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis*, &c. Hence it is a difficult and heroic vocation to stand in the midst, between princes and people, where both affirm they are in the right, and the fault is on both sides.

God bless you! May his light, defence, protection, wisdom and peace, environ your heart and mind! I am, in faithful affection,

Cordially yours,

MOSER.

L.

Ludwigsburg, 16th December, 1790.

Yes, my dearest friend, only a couple of words,

because you request it, and because at this moment of bustle and disturbance, I cannot write more.

In spirit I was often, nay I may say times without number, with you and about you. The departure of your Selma, violently affected us both; my Louisa and I have wept with you, and over you, and have helped to supplicate consolation and aid for you and your children. Your pilgrim's song, "A wanderer weary and stricken in years," has been sung many hundred times, in fellowship of spirit with you, in the glowing and cooling furnace, amidst a thousand warm tears, and at the words, "But suffer not faith nor courage to fail," we have often cried and exclaimed aloud to heaven.

Now, thank God! your tears of sorrow are changed into tears of joy. The former are not lost on that account. Pearls are produced in the depths of the sea.

I have also been rescued, and that at the very moment, when the waters entered into my soul; when I seemed already to be sinking, and had made up my mind entirely to become a day laborer and a beggar during this earthly life. God turned the heart of the prince, which is tender and good, but which was set against me, and walled up. He listened only to the voice of his heart and his conscience, and then it went well. It is all literally true, as it stands in the newspapers. As soon as ever I was on firm and dry ground, I executed the determination I had formed several years ago, of closing my eyes in my native country of Wirtemberg, purchased a spacious house and beautiful garden here, and removed on the 3rd of this month from Mannheim. We are now reposing in this Carlsruhe, after long weeping, suffering, sighing,

and hoping, in order gently, in praise and thanksgiving, to pass completely over into a blissful eternity, far from the splendour and illusion of a rude and specious world.

May the Lord's best blessing be upon you, my beloved friend, upon your Eliza, your house, your children and important vocation; that of becoming the teacher of a future ruler.\* God grant you an exorcist's power against all the black and white devils, which will once help to fill his court and state-calendar. *Pax domini vobiscum!*

Yours, with hand and heart,

MOSER.

LI.

Gottorff, 10th December, 1795.

I received, my dear Sir, shortly after my departure from Copenhagen, your esteemed letter of the 31st of October. I wait with so much the more eagerness the fourth part of your interesting "Nostalgia," and its key, in order that I may the more appropriately and copiously reply to your questions. I never experience greater pleasure, than when I meet with friends, who, inflamed with love to the Lord, are desirous of accompanying me on the path to him, and when I find hewn stones, selected by the architect, and chosen to be corner and foundation stones.

Alchymy, and intercourse with spirits, of which you speak in your letter so perfectly in unison with my sentiments and experience, are the most

\* The hereditary Prince of Hesse Cassel, studied at the University of Marburg, and Stilling read private lectures to him on policy and finance.

dangerous paths which a man can select. The intention of by this means serving God, assisting our neighbour, and attaining from the lowest stage of the ladder of nature and of spirit to the highest range, the Creator himself;—this intention, I say, may appear ever so pure; nay, it may be so in reality—yet it will scarcely continue thus pure, without a very special grace from God; since the passions of avarice and impatience in Alchymy, and of pride and curiosity in intercourse with spirits will mingle themselves. These temptations will easily overpower the individual, unless He, who overcame every temptation, do not himself, by his aid, and especially by the shedding abroad of true love towards him, who is the original source of all love, lead and guide these inquirers away from every bye-road into the true path.

I have been led simply and solely upon this path. My various and diversified teachers were not upon it. But I have never deviated from the thought, that there could be no other *true way to life*, but solely through Him, who says, “I am the way, the truth, and the life.” My determination remained firm, to cleave closely and continually to the Lord, and to seek nothing but Jesus Christ. He that seeks him, finds him. “Seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you.” But who can wish for anything else but him, after having once sincerely devoted himself to him?

With real esteem, your well-affected

CHARLES,  
Prince of Hesse.

## LII.

Louisenlund, 25th October, 1804.

You are certainly, my dear professor, a faithful and diligent, and also a blessed laborer in the Lord's vineyard. Your writings do much good amongst the pious, and serve for the amendment of many amongst them, who commit faults and go astray, and in whom sin is of much more importance than in other men. The pride and confidence of being by piety better than others, destroys every thing; and wherein does the piety of most men generally consist? In the hope of obtaining an easy-chair in heaven. But to walk through tribulation and suffering, through fire and water for Christ, is very rarely made the subject of consideration; they dream only, as soon as their eyes are closed, of immediately triumphing, and yet the Lord himself, according to the articles of faith, was obliged first to descend into hell; certainly in order to conquer it. His servants and followers must, on the contrary, first appear at the bar of judgment, and then I advise every one to appeal solely to the mercy of Jesus, and resign every thing to him. Happy will he be then, on whom no woe is pronounced, for this he would be obliged himself to pay. What is your opinion of this, my dear Sir?

Farewell, and be constantly assured of my friendship and esteem.

CHARLES,  
Prince of Hesse.

## LIII.

Gottorff, 9th December, 1804.

I have read my dear Sir, the fifth part of the

history of your life, with real pleasure. I received it here some weeks ago, but was unable to write to you respecting it by reason of indisposition. The Lord has certainly guided and assisted you in an especial manner. Who is better acquainted with this than I? To what trials of every kind have I not been subjected? What temptations have I passed through! How the Lord himself has always helped me, and wondrously delivered me out of them all!

A worthy friend, who had read your "Years of Tuition," recently wrote to me that "It must be confessed you were led in a very particular manner by Providence." I answered him, that every one who pays strict attention to himself and his manner of life, will certainly perceive hints and proofs of the guidance of God. But he that did not or would not pay attention to it, would still be guided according to the divine will, but not by the Lord himself. He that often thinks or even only ascribes every thing to God and trusts entirely to him, will certainly not be forsaken by him, but be led by himself both in little things as well as in great. There is a chain of beings between man and God. This chain, which proceeds forth from the center to all mankind, in millions of *radii* to the periphery—the human race, accomplishes every thing, if I may so speak, according to the will of God, and opposes that which is evil. When the individual elevates his heart to God in prayer, even though it be only with a sigh, he touches the divine Spirit, through the whole chain upwards, and then the Lord comes to the help of him that invokes him.

In the fifth part of your life, you have given me the highest encomium which my heart can

desire, which is, that I am a true christian. It is the only commendation, which though I never flattered myself with the hope of deserving it publicly, yet after which I have always striven, as the highest to which a man can attain. I have regarded the title of a true christian as infinitely exalted above all worldly fame, but it is only through love, and perhaps also fidelity to Jesus, that I can approach to it. There is still however much wanting, but not firm faith and perfect confidence in his infinite grace, goodness, love and mercy.

Let me often hear news of you, my dear Sir, and be constantly assured of my real esteem and especial friendship.

CHARLES,  
Prince of Hesse.

LIV.

Münich, 12th January, 1796.

Dear and much esteemed Sir,

Boundless is my veneration for every one whose spirit travels towards the Orient. I read your book the "Nostalgia," and similar sentiments, similar feelings, and perhaps also similar experience excited in me the wish to become more intimately acquainted with you. If a little book of mine, "Kastis's Journey from the East to the South," is not unknown to you, you will discover in it what I also found in your book,—*harmony in sentiment and pursuits*.

Since my early years, I have sought truth in a pure path, and as I found little of it amongst men, Providence led me to better teachers. I be-

came acquainted with an *inward school*, which few persons know, and which is yet so near our hearts. On this path of a superior instruction, I was led to a discovery, which will certainly be interesting to you, which is, that there lies above the rational ability, a higher power in man, which has its forms, its medium, and its method. This power lies in the inmost man, and the means by which it operates, are eternal and unchangeable original forms, connected in harmonious analogy with the original ideas of deity.

As sensible matter by re-perception becomes matter of conception to reason, by which we sensibly know and perceive ; so these original forms become the matter of supreme intelligence, by which the individual, even here below can contemplate and comprehend spiritual objects, to which mere reason is insufficient. The pattern of these original ideas essentially exists; it is divine, and by it; all the errors of human reason will be at length annihilated.

Should you, my dear Sir, regard what I now write as worthy of your attention, I will on some future occasion, say more upon the subject. The sacred hieroglyphics have their origin from it.

Our better knowledge must be for a better world, which will eventually begin in the east.

Our eyes behold every object of the physical world, through the medium of time and space, by the light of the sun ; so our inward eye, or highest power, beholds, above reason, by means of progression and proportion, the objects of the spiritual world in the light of deity.

And this light is something *real*. These great truths are certainly not for all, and cannot be for all, but to those that are approaching unto unity, they will at length become universally known by



one spirit. Of this something more, if it should interest you.

Farewell! May the Lord strengthen you in your labors and give you his sacred benediction. Intreating my friend, your kindness and indulgence, I am, your most devoted friend and admirer,

C. VON ECKHARTSHAUSEN.\*

LV.

Münich, 1st August, 1797,

In the name of Jesus Christ, our King, the ruler of our reason and our will, I bless and salute you, my most dearly beloved brother!

Your zeal for the Lord's kingdom, your deep views which his light has given you, and your affectionate and benevolent heart, in which only the Lord's Spirit moves, attract me towards you, to lay my peculiar guidance before your penetrating view and your superior judgment.

The papers which I have transmitted to you by the post, to the address you gave me, testify my confidence in you. But let your judgment of them be completely unbiassed. Through the means there mentioned, I have received peculiar and very sublime intelligence. I know that to the Lord, all things are possible, and that his love to man is boundless. But notwithstanding this, I frequently used all possible strictness in my investigations, not out of mistrust in the Lord, but out of mistrust in myself; because most of the

\* This is the same individual from whose "Key to Magic," the striking account is taken, which is inserted at page 200, of Stilling's "Theory of Pneumatology."

subjects I studied till my forty-fifth year, were merely theoretical and speculative.

But it was a matter of astonishment to me, when I was called, in that year, to put theory into practice, and when I found every thing confirmed by experience. I daily made new discoveries, and the Lord inwardly rendered it incumbent upon me to confide them to those who seek him, that they might be strengthened in that which is good, and endure during the short period of probation.

The very simple faith, which I had in the Lord from my youth, must alone have opened out to me this peculiar guidance. I was always inwardly convinced that what is good comes from him alone, and that the evil was in me. I loved my fellow creatures, and my heart never adhered to the world. I had numberless faults and defects, but always sincerely strove to lay them aside, and committed myself as it regarded my purification, entirely to the Lord.

I make you this confession with the sincerity of a brother, who will receive with child-like simplicity, every admonition if he has erred, every fresh instruction, and every advice.

Farewell! Love me, my brother, remember me in your prayers, and bestow spiritual alms upon me, for I hunger and thirst after Christ's kingdom. May He be with us!

C. VON ECKHARTSHAUSEN.

LVI.

Munich, 13th August, 1797.

Dear brother in Christ, our Lord and King,

You will have received my letter, as well as the

packet, which I sent off to Frankfort, to the address furnished me. I calmly expect your reply. The Spirit of the Lord, which has wonderfully led you in all your ways, will also guide your judgment in this matter, as my necessity requires, that I may walk in humility, and in obedience accomplish what is the Lord's will.

My wife has been very near death. I have children. Pray brother, that the Lord may still preserve her to me. He will do so at your request. Adieu, and may his grace be with you!

Your eternally united brother in Christ,

C. VON ECKHARTSHAUSEN.

LVII.

Münich, 2nd September, 1797.

Beloved in the cross of the Redeemer,

The companion of my life has fallen asleep. She is no longer here for me in her mortal tabernacle. The will of the Lord be adored! Every tear, which human feeling presses from my eyes, be offered up to him!

She died peacefully. Her last words to me were these:—"God is a supremely *simple* being; we do not comprehend him, because we are *complex*; when we unfold ourselves entirely to him, he impresses himself entirely upon us, as he is. He calls me. Farewell! I shall ever pray for you."

Let us now speak of other things; for I feel too deeply that I am a man, and I suffer much \* \*

My friend, I have read all your works, and all

that you say is very beautiful and very true. I have recommended your books to all my friends.

Have you received my last letter? And have I sufficiently expressed myself; I mean in such a manner as that you have been able to understand me? I am well aware my friend, that the kingdom of Christ is not to be understood, so as that a man may say it is either here or there. Nor does it consist in meats or drinks, but in righteousness and love; not in word, but in the power of the word. (1 Cor. iv. 20.) I know also, my dearest friend, that knowledge ought not to be our aim, but only the means of sanctification; the perfect possession of Christ in our hearts is the sole object. But in order to attain this object, Christ has himself appointed means, and the chief means, made known before the coming of Christ is, the knowledge of the tree of life and its luminous food.

Do you understand me? Farewell, beneath the cross and death of Christ.

C. VON ECKHARTSHAUSEN.

LVIII.

Münich, 23rd December, 1797.

Beloved friend in Christ our Lord.

Your letter caused me much pleasure; I love you most fervently, and our hearts and sentiments harmonize. Since providence has bound us together, we will continue united, and labor for one and the same object.

Since the entire aim of religion consists simply in this, that man may be replaced in his lost

dignity, and that by Christ he may regain every thing he had lost by sin ; since the old and new covenant, in appointed periods and by the most sacred alliances, which God has in all ages formed with those who were capable of the light, insures to us this re-union through Christ ; since we have the most certain promises of becoming the living temples of God by his Spirit, whom he will pour out upon his people ; it is indubitable, that the period of the kingdom of God, so important to the human race, will certainly appear, and that at a time when all that will ensue, which must precede the appearance of that period.

The most important characteristics of that period are determined in the sacred volume —

My dear friend, since it is our duty never to forestall the Lord, as little as to remain behind, but gently to follow the leading of his love, and to walk with it step by step ; you will see, in the light of the Lord, according to your knowledge of the circumstances and position of the Lord's church, which, I am sure, are better known to you than myself ; you will see, I say, *if it is the right time*.

It seems to me, that as often as the trumpet sounds, the Lord's call ought to be made known ; but I expect your opinion on the point ; for where two or three are assembled in his name, there is *truth* ; for the Lord, who is truth itself, is then amongst them.

Glory, peace, and redemption are drawing nigh, for those who are faithful to the Lord. I believe therefore, that I do not deceive myself, when I anticipate, that the Lord will impart to his people, to whom he had previously given wisdom and love, the power also to exercise wisdom and love, and that thus he will begin to establish the

kingdom of his Spirit. Wisdom, love, and power will attract the nations to him that are *without*; for they will find in this kingdom what none else can give them; the poor will prosper, the needy find support, the sufferer compassion, and the oppressed, justice.

Write to me something likewise respecting the Lord's kingdom, for my encouragement. Daily do the good diminish, and the wicked increase. The meaning of that text was lately explained to me, "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

The Lord be with you!

C. VON ECKHARTSHAUSEN.

LIX.

Worthy and much esteemed Sir,

It is neither to the professor nor the Aulic counsellor to whom this letter is addressed, but it is the author of the "Nostalgia," who has been long known to me under the name of Stilling, to whom these lines are directed. The object of this letter does not require me to subscribe my name; on the contrary, I shall attain it the sooner by concealing it. I have been commissioned by several of my countrymen, who keep the mystery of the christian doctrine in a pure conscience, to thank Stilling in their name, and in that of many others, "For this lovely testimony to the truth, on the part of Würtemberg, and give a modest account of some of the good which this book has effected." Your biography had already filled me with affection for you, and refreshed in me the plant of faith in the special providence of God.

But the "Nostalgia" has unfolded the very deeply hidden bud of hope in me, on this side and on that. I had almost forgotten to mention that you had become previously known and dear to me by your "Theobald." But I know not why I had at that time the strange idea of you, that you philosophized more coldly in the things of the kingdom of God, than Erasmus did at the time of the Reformation, in comparison with Luther. In short, my heart was not warmed, but filled with respect for your penetration. I could indeed at that time have communicated many supplements to the description of enthusiasm. The situation in which I was placed, afforded me the opportunity of being a spectator of many such psychical manifestations, and at the spiritual Lazaretto, in which light I regard the meetings for edification, which I feel myself obliged to hold on account of my vocation, and out of respect for the "weak Christ," as Luther expresses himself, "Theobald" was a desirable assistance to me; but nothing in the whole book was so interesting to my own heart and my whole feeling for truth, as the fifth chapter in the second and last volume, particularly after its commencement. But my heart remained cold towards you.

Allow me a single digression more. After having made it; I will then tell you the cause of it. It has reference to the late Dr. Bengel.\*

In the year 1748, Duke Charles gave a public dinner, on a particularly festive day which he celebrated. I was then a boy of seven years of age, and was admitted with other scholars under my father's care, into the hall where the dinner

\* A translation of the life of this eminently pious prelate, by the Rev. R. J. Walker, of Maldon, is about to leave the press.

was given. The splendour displayed on the occasion, was indescribable. As a creature of sense, I gazed at every thing around me, with open mouth, until the late Dean Bengel, who, as a member of the consistory and the state, had been also invited to the dinner, met my eye. I knew not that it was Bengel, and at that time had never heard his name mentioned, being only seven years old, as I have already stated. From the moment that our eyes reciprocally met, all the splendour at which I had been gazing, vanished from my sight, like a mist, which the sun in its strength disperses. Not as though my conscience was disturbed as by the appearance of some "Grey Man;" for from my childhood, my steps had been preserved from pollution, but I was drawn into another sphere, as by a most powerful magnet, by his eyes which were full of light and love, and by his forehead on which I thought I read the word "Eternity." At that time, indeed, I could not define my sensations, but from that moment, I besought God, with childish aspirations, that when I should grow up to manhood, I might also wear such a black coat and ruff, because I thought at that time, that only such men were permitted to approach unto God. This look, which God made use of at the time as a vehicle of the most consoling condescension, excited, of itself, a great change in my heart. I adored the hidden majesty of God in my spirit, without being urged to it by any inward or outward distress, and whenever I saw Bengel walking at a distance, it was a pleasure to my eyes. When he went along the streets, I ran upon the same stones, on which he had trodden, and these footsteps were to me like Peter's shadow, which brought healing to many. But until I was eigh-



teen years of age, I was neither acquainted with his writings nor his followers, and, speaking generally, to this hour I have had no other guidance than the word of God, nor am I a follower of any particular party. But after that period, I read Bengel's discourses on the Revelations, and was forcibly attracted by the powers of the world to come, which pervade these discourses. I have to thank them for the following results:—

First, I believe that the Revelation of John, is still that which it was to the apostle; a power, which, elevating us into the spirit, draws aside the veil, and in a lively manner, brings before our eyes every thing in the invisible world, which belongs to the collective revelation in the glory of Jesus, whilst we have, instead of the substance, not merely the letter, but the latter also, as the vehicle of the same grace which was bestowed on the apostle.

Secondly, I believe that no one essentially learns more from the Revelation than is needful for his particular state of probation. But I believe also, that we are under obligation to read and retain the book entire, for the reason which is contained in the words of the Son of God, "These things have I said unto you, before they come to pass, that when they come to pass, ye may remember that I have told you of them."

For this moderation of sentiment, I have to thank Bengel's excellent discourses. Even as Bengel in the nineteenth year of my life, laid the foundation of my most important hopes; so, on the other hand, I have to thank Arndt's writings for the encouragement they gave me, to suffer my heart to be purified from creature love, in order that the plant of my religious anticipations might take root downwards and bear fruit upwards.

When your work called the "Nostalgia," meets with hearts of such a basis, it possesses the same advantage as Apollos enjoyed in watering what Paul had planted.

The world, however, will but little comprehend your work ; for it pleased God through the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe, because the world in its wisdom knew not God in his wisdom.

But to return to Bengel ; my consort, who is a grand-daughter of the venerable prelate's, for I chose myself a wife out of his family, for the reason above mentioned ; has often related to me from the lips of her late mother, how uncommonly friendly, forbearing, long-suffering, and gentle was Bengel's deportment, and how he afforded comfort to all that were tempted, when no one else could comfort them.

My wife, who swam in tears, whilst I read to her the history of the dying clergyman,\* said, "It is to be regretted that Stilling was not personally acquainted with Bengel ; he would not then have termed him a man of such severe manners, as is mentioned in the "Nostalgia ;" but I was to add to this, when I wrote to you, that if the dear man who wrote the "Nostalgia," would take a journey into Württemberg, and repose under the shade of our cottage ; she would render him in return, the services of Martha and Mary, and that his camels should also have straw and fodder.

I am, with cordial and reverential affection, yours  
through grace in one spirit,

H — in B.

7th of March, 1796.

\* "Nostalgia," Vol I. It is to him that the poem refers.

## LX

Ludwigsburg, 18th December, 1797.

I, an old invalid, greet you, vigorous soldier of the cross, cordially, brotherly, and ardently, on entering this day, into my seventy-fifth year. My respects to the dear "Grey Man," and if he has any remnants to spare for my travelling dress, which is being rapidly torn to pieces, I most humbly request them of him. God bless your weapons and your sword, and cause his sweetness to drop upon your acidity!

Your ancient friend,

MOSER.

## LXI.

Zürich, 20th April, 1801.

Amongst so many expressions of thanks, and so many eyes that bless you, I would also take a silent leave of you, in this earthly vale. My grateful and thankful heart will accompany you everywhere. They that strive after heaven know no separation; travelling pilgrims only bid each other adieu!

Yours, till we part no more,

NANETTE R.—

## LXII.

Carlsruhe, 20th April, 1803.

Are we not then most susceptible of consolation, my dear Sir, when the minds of both of us are in the same situation, and when the same

grounds of consolation operate upon both ?\* Yes, it is only resignation to the will of God, which can really tranquillize and comfort us. I can say nothing to you respecting the loss you have sustained, than what you have already said to yourself, and that in a better manner than I could have said it ; but I can really sympathize with you, and this I do from my heart.

What you have said to me concerning my heavy loss, has been very consoling to me, and will continue to be so. Our consolation lies in the religion of our Saviour, particularly in the guidance of divine providence, which overrules every thing for our true happiness, for which we cannot be sufficiently thankful, nor sufficiently resign ourselves to it. The Lord has blessed me, and has also laid affliction upon me ; he will help me to bear it, and eventually change it into joy, according to his great mercy and goodness, which Christ has obtained for us. In him alone can I find rest for my soul. O bless me to beseech for myself a true and powerful faith ! I must often beg of God to be mighty in me, who am weak.

I remain, with real esteem, Your friend,

CHARLES FREDERICK,

Margrave of Baden.

LXIII.

Mannheim, 20th April, 1803.

If your letter had not in itself contained the

\* These words of the philanthropic prince, refer to the unhappy event of the death of the hereditary prince, Charles Louis of Baden, who was universally esteemed, and which took place in Sweden, in December 1801, and the painful loss of a beloved daughter, which Stilling sustained about the same time.

best ground of consolation against all the adversities of the present life, I should perhaps have ventured to comfort both you and myself, since I am well convinced that a part of that concerns myself, of which you write, and against which you evidence such heartfelt warmth. But what else can we do, my venerable friend, than to commit it all to the Lord, as well as many other things? He will certainly at length give testimony to truth and righteousness, and many an eye will open, which is at present plastered up with a variety of artificial devices. I should be glad to read Constantine's circular letter to the Grandees of the provinces, in the year of Christ 324, to every new ruler; he would learn more from it than all his ministers and privy counsellors could tell him, and you will pardon me, if I here transcribe an extract from it. He writes:—

“I implore thee, O Most High! to be gracious towards thy eastern people; to be gracious to the inhabitants of thy provinces, who have experienced the pressure of a tedious war, and let them receive restoration through me, thy servant! For this purpose I have devoted my soul to thee, which is filled with love and reverence; for I love thy name sincerely, and fear thy power, which thou hast manifested in so many instances, and hast thereby strengthened my faith. I hasten therefore to bend my shoulder to the work, that I may build up thy house anew, which the wicked, by their desolations, have laid waste. I wish that thy people may have peace, and live without variance. I wish that those who have erred, may enjoy rest and peace like those that believe; no one must oppress another. Let the well-meaning be convinced that only those will live holily, whom thou callest with thy holy law to find rest;

but those who detach themselves from it may retain the temple of falsehood, because they choose it. We will abide with the radiant mansion of thy truth, into which thou hast long since received us. This we also desire for the former, that they may find salvation and joy, in harmony with the rest of us ; for our religion is not new, but is as old as the formation of the world, as old as the command to honor thy holy name. But the human race, tossed about by a variety of errors, deviated from the path ; thou didst then, to check the growing evil, kindle a pure light by (the mission of) thy Son, and didst impart intelligence of it to all. Therefore let him, who will not himself be healed, blame no one else but himself ; for the message of salvation, which has been publicly proposed to all, offers its remedy to all. But let no one bring detriment to the good cause, which is without blemish, as itself testifies. Nor ought any one, with that which he has received according to his conviction, occasion disadvantage to another ; with that which any one has recognized to be true, let him be useful to others, if such can be the case ; but if not, let him leave them alone ; for it is one thing voluntarily to undertake the struggle for immortality, and another to be compelled to it by punishment."

You will pardon me, my dear friend, for being burdensome to you, with this extract ; but you will at least see from it, that our enlightened century might still learn many things from the gloomy ages. He that, like Constantine, can fix his eye on a main point, no longer needs the assistance of men, nor the suggestions of so many advisers ; he has his own eye glass, and has no need of another's spectacles. This is surely the misfortune of most great men, that they

do not see with their own eyes, and often will not do so.

I rejoice in the anticipation of the season of cordial converse, which you announce to me. May the God of mercy, who guides us in all things, continue with you and yours, amongst whom would also be numbered.

Your faithful servant,

LAMEZAN.

LXIV.

W—, 31st July, 1803.

(*Dictated*)

As singular as it may seem, dearest friend and brother, I believe I shall not be misunderstood by you, when I tell you without circumlocution, that our dear Lord calls upon me to remit you a hundred rix dollars. Whether it is for yourself, or to be applied in some other way, which he will point out to you more particularly, I know not, but I have already experienced, times without number, that my childlike prayer, that my dear Lord would let it be suggested to my mind in a definitive manner, *when, where, and how* I ought to be at his command with the property entrusted to me, has been graciously answered, so that I believe to a certainty, that a neglect of this species of conviction, would be imputed to me as a sin of omission.

My dear amanuensis commands me expressly to say something to your friendly sympathy respecting my state of health. This is in reality always the same; frequently very distressing, and then tolerable again, and latterly it has been for

some days so supportable, that during the residence of our mutual friend, General Von U—, in T—, I was able to pay him a visit in my little chariot, and was very daring, but was obliged to suffer the consequences of it as customary, for some days after, from increased oppression and repeated fainting fits. Still I cannot complain; it fares with me always many thousand times better than I deserve, and if in very distressing seasons, courage and faith grow weak; yet the faithful, although at the time invisible and imperceptible, hand of Jesus preserves me from overwhelming despondency.

But, my dearest friend, I am still unable to keep pace with the host of conquerors amongst whom you place me; for my impatience and hastiness overpower me much too often, particularly under the powerful pressure of distressing feeling, although my Saviour, even in this point, frequently obtains the victory over my weakness; and this would certainly always be the case, if he did not often leave me to myself, as a salutary humiliation for me, and certainly after that, I succeed better. But as ardently as my longing and desire are directed in other respects to the gradual, entire, and undisturbed accomplishment of his blissful purposes with me, yet even the remotest corner in his kingdom, an A. B. C. scholar-class, perhaps, would be an unmerited favor. And I must add to this, that your hypothesis of Hades, which seems indescribably disquieting to so many worthy souls, has from the beginning, been to me a very consoling idea, having first become acquainted with it in an extraordinarily painful conflict, in which the eventual possibility of my salvation was in itself an incomparable consolation.



I inclose, with inward pleasure, my promised contribution for the dissemination of religious publications for the present year. I would gladly have given more had I been able; but I hope that the dear Saviour will bless even this small mite.

I have still to add a heartfelt salutation from my dear amanuensis, and a similar one from myself to you and your dear lady.

Your closely united friend and sister in Jesus,

HENRIETTA,\*

Countess of H—

\* In these letters of the Countess of H—, the calm and inward life of a christian on a sick bed is manifest. Those of my christian readers, who sigh for deliverance under a similar feeling of bodily suffering and abandonment, will be best able to estimate their value.

The Countess of H—, was born on the 31st of August, 1772. The salvation of their child was an object of primary importance to her parents from her earliest developement. The Countess, in a sketch of her life which she left behind her, particularly remembers her father with gratitude, who, in conversation suited to her tender age, constantly directed her to the Saviour.

The germ thus implanted in the tender heart of the child, sprang up very pleasingly, when the parents of the Countess, in the year 1779, entered into connection with the Moravians. and when she was placed under the superintendence and guidance of a sister of that church, whose blessed and salutary influence was ever after retained in the heart of the Countess.

In the year 1785, she entered the Moravian church, as a real member of it, with the passage, "Fear thou not, for I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine." Not long after having taken this step, she began to suffer from indisposition. After undergoing a severe illness in April, 1796, she never regained her health. Repeated paralytic attacks left behind them an augmented prostration of her bodily powers, oppressions, which increased from year to year, and which never left her, either waking or sleeping, and which frequently produced a state of extreme mental despondency. During her many years' illness, the Countesses, her excellent nieces, from whom a letter is occasionally inserted, rendered her every assistance. The Countess of W—, appears as the friend of the Countess of H.—

## LXV.

W——, 2nd April, 1804.

Dearest friend,

After the receipt of your last esteemed letter, which afforded real consolation to my beloved aunt, residing here, she postponed replying to it from one time to another; partly because she knew how much you were overwhelmed with business, and partly from her own painful feelings of illness. She would now gladly have at least dictated something to you, and would willingly have herself expressed her thanks to you for your dear letter, and have made you acquainted with the very peculiar sufferings and trials she has passed through the last winter; but she feels unable to do so, from weakness, both in mind and body, and has therefore commissioned me to do it in her name.

Her bodily sufferings, alas! rather increase than decrease, and were increased the last winter by many external circumstances, which indescribably affected her mind, such as the sickness and happy exit of her most intimate female friends.

She is now again weeping over the loss of a confidential and cordial friend, who by her faithful forethought and tender care, often procured her many alleviations, and who seemed to be

The christian reader will apply to himself the serious reflections of a tender conscience and the grateful feelings of a humble heart from these letters; he will admire the kindness and affection, which emanate from the sick-bed of the piously resigned sufferer, and warm himself in the ray of filial faith, which beams forth from the inmost depth of her soul, and, enlightens the night of her existence.—*Editor.*

indispensable to her; yet so much cause for thankfulness still remained even in this event, otherwise so painful, that her heart feels ashamed afresh, and casts itself at our Lord's feet. She was convinced anew, that nothing is impossible to him; for at her first acquaintance with this friend, she was grieved at the idea, that the Saviour would never entirely have possession of *her* soul. But even *she* became a wonder of divine grace, and a loudly speaking proof of his mercy. She could say with truth, "Thou hast been too strong for me, and hast overcome me!" And when at length the heart, which had previously rendered her existence a real martyrdom by passionate friendships, became, through grace, his entire property; he very visibly conducted her further, by the path of peace, and rendered the termination of her earthly course so beautiful, gentle, and glorious, that even my beloved aunt, notwithstanding all her profoundly painful feelings, had nothing left her to do, but to offer thanks and praise to Him, who had so well prepared her friend, and called her home in such a lovely manner. Although it often seems in such cases, as if the Saviour conducted my suffering relative too deeply into the furnace of affliction, and as if the burden he imposes upon her were often too heavy, yet it is his mighty hand, which leads her on this dark and thorny path, and never forsakes her. And it must be said to the praise of our Lord, that my dear aunt is continually making new experience of this, and frequently does so in seasons when all courage and faith seem to fail, and then feels herself encouraged afresh to prosecute her tedious pilgrimage through this vale of tears.

This letter was just about being sent to the post, when the pleasing intelligence reached us,

that you, dearest friend, were on your way hither. The hope of soon being able to tell you all by word of mouth, seems to render these lines superfluous ; but as I am travelling to D—, where I may perhaps not have the pleasure of seeing you, I still wish it to reach your hands.

Your friend,

WILHELMINA,  
Countess of H.—

To have my whole heart filled and overflowing with His love ; this element of eternity, which is born at the cross, grows in the cross, and is preserved by the cross, is peculiarly the summit of my wishes and desires.

HENRIETTA VON H—.

I heartily rejoice that it may still always be said of you, “ He hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him ; I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.” Yes, God is faithful, Hallelujah !

COUNTRESS OF W—

LXVI.

T—, 14th July, 1804.

Notwithstanding all outward bodily oppression, which frequently operates also on the mind, and causes gloomy seasons, my aunt is still generally happy in the Lord, because, as his patient, she confides believingly, hopefully, and prayerfully upon his further miraculous aid, and in the confidence, that he will do all things well, and in the unconditional and childlike resignation to his will,

she always finds herself the most comfortable. The eighteenth hymn in the third book of Tersteegen's "Flower-garden," and particularly the two last verses of it, express at present, at least frequently, the state of her heart, and these she points out for your perusal.\*

In other respects, the Lord seems to have destined my beloved aunt very peculiarly to the office of embracing with affection the troubled and sorrowful, of every kind, and of comforting them with the consolation with which she herself has been comforted in the manifold painful experience of her life; an office, which, though certainly of a blissful nature, often painfully affects her heart.

WILHELMINA

Countess of H.—

LXVII.

W—, 2nd September, 1804.

However severe the present period of suffering is, yet the dear patient thinks she must say it to the praise and glory of her Saviour, that although

\* Fully I give myself to thee,  
And in thy will immerse my soul.  
Grant me thy glorious face to see  
O God, and that shall make me whole!  
Needy and poor—forsake me not,  
But let thy mercy be my lot.

Yet one thing lies upon my heart,  
Which from thee, Lord, I cannot hide:  
When pain and suffering make me smart,  
Still let my love with thee abide;  
And though life's powers should ebb apace  
May I still glorify thy grace.

it has pleased him to lead her, during the past month, entirely in obscure faith, without the smallest consciousness of his particular consolation, and without susceptible divine support; yet he has always held his hand over her, so that she now clearly sees, that being preserved solely by his eye being upon her, notwithstanding all the outward and inward pressure she felt, she had been able to persevere, from one moment to another, with the deeply sensible conviction she possessed, even in the hottest seasons of suffering, that the Lord's way, even if it be rough and gloomy, is still the best and most blissful. She says, that frequently, an excess of suffering, when the most acute pains were added to the distressing oppression, had drawn from her the ejaculation, "Withdraw thine hand, I can bear no more!" she had then been as often assured, by a season of alleviation which followed it, of her prayer being answered, and thus her faith had been strengthened anew. But still more pleasing than these experiences of the grace of the Lord, which though incessantly exercised over her, was not perceptible to her; was a very peculiar kind and gracious look of her Redeemer to her heart, which languished after fresh consolation, at a communion, with which she had entered upon a new year of her life, after her birthday, although the day preceding, say the 31st of August, had been an entirely joyless and extremely painful day to her, both as it respects body and soul.

WILHELMINA,

Countess of H.—

LXVIII.

W—, 3rd September, 1804.

Just as I had finished my letter, I went into

my aunt, and found her tolerable, and so desirous of saying something more to you by my hand, that I must immediately fetch pen and ink, and recommence writing :—

“ Notwithstanding our long correspondence, which still does not sufficiently satisfy us, I have yet a word in addition to say to you, whom I regard as a friend for eternity ! The oppression I feel, has been much alleviated since yesterday, although exchanged for impotent weakness. Yet love gives power, and the impulse of my heart calls upon me to testify to you myself, that I must ever say it to the praise of the wonderful God, upon whose singular direction of my path, you have made such pleasing observations this last spring, that he hath done all things well. And though his refining fire may have been, and still is, ever so scorching, and his soap ever so pungent ; yet it only serves for the annihilation of the life of self, of wretched self, with all its unhappy results ; and my soul, as little as it can convince itself of it in such situations, becomes more and more perfectly united with my Saviour, when every thing of its own goodness, which still remains as a support, short of free grace in the blood of Jesus, thus falls more and more away. O blissful sufferings, however ill, I am yet often prepared to bear them ! But still, this very unfitness serves for my salutary humiliation, and this is also a gain. Without any peculiar presentiment of being speedily called home, my spirit for some months’ past, in every possible free moment, has enjoyed very particular fellowship with the church above ; and I cannot deny, that with the extraordinary addition to my bodily sufferings, the joyful thought does not occur to me, in an extremely lively manner, that perhaps the happiest moment of

all is no longer far distant from me ! and it is singular, that with the exception of a momentary longing sigh for deliverance in the seasons of my extreme distress, it is in reality not a deliverance from this miserable life, as was formerly the case, before I suffered in the same degree, which excites in me the wish, or rather the blissful reflection, ' how it would be, should it at length please the bridegroom unexpectedly to take me home to himself ; but the desire after him. O this thought, with the unspeakably sweet, although deeply humiliating conviction, that " by grace we are saved," affords me often prospects beforehand, which are inexpressible. We shall be ever with the Lord ! We shall see him as he is ! We shall be able to praise him without sin, who even here has filled all the desire and longing of our hearts ; adore him for his blood, his wounds, his death and resurrection, and be permitted to praise him in a language, which will express such feelings in a more satisfactory manner, than all our stammering in the present state.

O how fully do I feel, that there the meanest place in those blissful plains will be a much too great and a perfectly undeserved favor for me ! However, should it still be a long time first, and the home ache for that blissful country, which has uninterruptedly accompanied me so plainly ever since the third year of my age, still remain for years together unallayed ; yet I know to a certainty that my Saviour will not suffer the proper time for it to pass, and every moment of the period of expectation, is, in its kind, invaluable to me.

Should I never see you both, my dear and never to be forgotten friends, any more in this life ; yet I believe this will have no other influence upon



our fellowship of heart and spirit, than that of bringing us still nearer together; for was it not founded upon eternity from the commencement? To me at least, the fellowship with real and cordial friends, who are already perfected, seems much more intimate, nay even more delightful than any pleasing union whatever on earth. But whether we see each other again here below, or in the kingdom above, it will certainly take place with joy, and in the Lord.

HENRIETTA,

Countess of H—

LIX.

W—, 16th January, 1805.

At length I find a tolerably easy hour to thank you by letter for your communication of the 28th December, which was so beneficial to my soul, and which I have answered times without number in spirit. I received it just at a moment, that was beyond measure distressing, and in which I was so little susceptible of pleasure, that I left it long unopened near me, my state of mind during the first few days of the new year, being so profoundly melancholy, that not even the smallest star of comfort twinkled upon me, and to pray or even to utter an ejaculation was an impossibility. You are certainly in the right in asserting that, although such a state of mind arises from physical nature in a state of suffering; yet the tempter does not suffer such an opportunity to pass over without darting his fiery arrows into the oppressed heart. If at such seasons, I can only clearly perceive his devices, I am already succoured as it were; but he often commences his attacks so artfully, that a head, heart and mind so much

oppressed, has no presentiment that he is in reality the cause of the torment. But thank God! even then an invisible hand is still extended over the apparently forsaken soul, and preserves it from every injury; nay it even causes something unspeakably blissful to be born out of the state of nothingness, and in the apparent overthrow. My dear Saviour, for undoubtedly blissful purposes, keeps me indeed at present on the whole, rather bare of the enjoyment of his love, and the sweet feeling of his vicinity; yet still I cannot complain. I am never in want of my morsel of dry bread, for the nourishment of my soul, and God be thanked, I know, and can now again be satisfied in complete resignation, that just as my heavenly guide acts with me, is the best for me and productive of the most blissful consequences, and that the profoundest will of my heart, does not desire to have it otherwise.

HENRIETTA VON H.—

LXX.

W—, 8th September, 1805.

I cannot refrain! the tenderest affection overcomes all weakness, pain, and the feeling of illness; dear, ardently beloved, and eternal friends! my soul feels itself much too closely united with you. It seemed to me as if the angel of the holy cross had become a pretty frequent inmate with you, as well as with me; yet this does not discourage me, either on your account or my own; the object in view is only a still greater experience of the Lord's faithful deliverance, and we almost envy another such experiences, because they are invariably attended by such blissful results. A thousand thanks for your last welcome letter, my

dear brother ! it occasioned me heartfelt pleasure to receive once more something from your beloved hand. Eternal thanks to the Saviour, for our acquaintance with each other and our intimate and tender connexion in him. It will remain permanent, until we meet before his throne. For some time past it has become a matter of more and more certainty to me, that my course here below will not be of much longer duration. Not only the astonishing decrease of my strength and the increase of every other pain and oppression, particularly of giddiness and difficulty of breathing ; but especially the inward feeling of my soul calls to me more and more audibly, " Amen, it is done ! soon shalt thou see Jesus !" by which however, I feel no impatient urgency, but wish only from my heart, to employ the rest of my waiting time in a truly profitable manner. O, the whole of my past life is a commentary upon the words, He has cordially taken charge of my soul, to save it from destruction, for he does not deal with me according to my sins, nor reward me according to my iniquities ! I have done all things ill ; he hath done all things well !

However much he may conceal himself from us, we know for a certainty, that the eternally Beloved will bring every thing to a glorious result. How will it be, when united in his presence, we shall eternally behold every thing in light ! I had still much to say, but am unable to add more.

HENRIETTA,  
Countess of H.—

LXXI.

12th of February, 1806.

With joy and thankfulness I learnt from our

beloved Henrietta, that our dear brother Jung had so kindly remembered me, and had written with so much sympathy respecting my recovery. My heart sincerely replies to this sympathy, and my poor prayer also entreates invigoration, help, blessing, and protection, for our dear brother and sister Jung. As it might be interesting to brother Jung to learn something more of the celebrated, but so frequently misunderstood, St. Martin, I will subjoin a few particulars respecting him.\*

In the year 1785, I was in Paris at the same time, with the late Duchess of Würtemberg and her son, Prince Eugene. The latter, who at that time belonged in sincerity to the Saviour, made me acquainted with Saint Martin. I found him a man of about thirty years of age, of a friendly, open, pleasing countenance, in blooming health, cheerful, and active, but modest and gentle. In his youthful years, his father, a strict old country nobleman, would have had him join the army; but the young man had accidentally become acquainted with an aged individual, whose name he did not mention to me, who instructed him in many things; left him, at his decease, important documents, and became the cause of his thorough awakening. From that time he believed himself destined to lead souls to the Saviour, refused to enter into military service, and by this means, enraged his father against him so violently, that he entirely renounced him. After that, he went

\* Louis Claude de Saint Martin, born at Amboise, in 1743, published, in the year 1775, a work entitled "*Des Erreurs et de la Verite*," translated Jacob Böhme's writings, and wrote besides "*Tableau Naturel des Rapports qui existent entre Dieu, l'homme, et l'univers*." 1782, "*Considerations Polit. Philos. et Religieuses sur la Revol. Franc.*" Paris 1795." "*Œuvres Posthumes de St. Martin*,"—Tour 1807. He died at Paris, in the year 1803.

for a long time from place to place, wrote his work "*Des erreurs et de la verite*," and "*Dieu, l'homme, et la nature*," which he begged me never to read, because they were only written for those who had erred in a peculiar manner from the truth, and therefore must be brought back again to the truth in a mystic way, which is little known. He lived upon a small sum of money, for he said, he thought himself rich when he had a louis d'or in his pocket. He heartily besought the Saviour to give his father to him. The latter fell mortally ill. Saint Martin hastened to him, attended upon and comforted him, preached the gospel to him, and he expired, as a reconciled sinner, gratefully in his arms. His friends often begged him to live with them, but he always refused, in order that he might the better pursue his vocation. At the time of the Revolution, he at length yielded to the Duchess of Bourbon, and accepted an apartment in her hotel. He afterwards translated Jacob Böhme's writings. The Duchess wrote to me from Spain, that she was in constant correspondence with him, and that he continued faithful to the Saviour. Two years ago, she informed me of his decease.

Saint Martin was wholly composed of love, tolerance, and kindness. "Let us accumulate prayers," said he often, "we cannot pray enough." He was, at least outwardly, quite a Catholic. He believed that the mother of our Lord is so intimately united with him in heaven, that he who prays to her, adores her Son at the same time. He spoke much of guardian angels; this was a subject of great importance to him. In other respects, it did not appear as if he concerned himself in the least, that I did not belong to the Romish church. He only exhorted me to love

the Saviour, to be faithful to him, and to pray even for him, as he said. He had great abilities, and when obliged to be in the world, was a pleasant and highly polished companion, but always gentle, serious, and more taciturn than talkative. He laid no stress on intercourse with spirits; What can I learn from them, said he, which the Scriptures have not already told me? and mysteries, which I ought not to know." However it seemed to me, as if he did not intend to discredit the possibility and reality of such an intercourse. Regarding politics, great men, or the future fate of the church, I, at least, never heard him say a word. I suppose that on account of his intimate connexion with the Duchess, he interfered in nothing of the kind, like her; and never spoke much of what was happening in France.

HENRIETTA,  
Countess of W.—

LXXII.

W—, 23rd May, 1806.

The complaint in the spine seems to be continually on the increase, since I can now no longer keep myself upright, without being held fast on the little portable couch, on which you and your dear lady found me sitting, for hours together, and without overbalancing myself on the left side. The old tabernacle is in ruins at all corners, yet it is still very tolerable, and might be much worse. At the same time the attention I pay to my little farm pleases me, which I hold in reality for the purpose of meeting more cheaply and conveniently my domestic expences, and parti-

cularly the instruction of my nieces, who have all the oversight, and keep the detailed accounts of it; and this occupies many painful seasons of oppression.

It fares very singularly with me, as it respects affliction. The more I experience its consequences and effects, the more precious it is to me; nay, my spirit can often truly rejoice, when from all sides, sorrow on account of others, sorrow concerning my own affairs, bodily pain and oppression, and even in addition to these, inward abandonment and privation of all comfort, both body and mind are so entirely cast down, that not a spark of light can penetrate the darkness; I then see, with regular pleasure, how the old man is outwardly and inwardly mortified, humbled, and tormented, and give my full assent to it, saying, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight!" But then, in order to shew me that what preceded was a mere gift of grace; such a cowardly feeling, and dread of the cross comes over me, that I am unable to bear even the smallest suffering, and there is no end to my impatience. This is an unspeakably humbling, but at the same time salutary feeling. The whole word of God, and particularly the New Testament is full of proof and instructions, not only how useful, but also even necessary is the dear cross, in order to be saved.

HENRIETTA VON H.—

LXXIII.

10th March, 1807.

Very serious observations are frequently made in the church, both publicly and privately, against

calumny and uncharitable judgments, and it is shewn, with much apparent grief, how indecorous such conduct is for children of God, and members of the body of Jesus Christ; but I have never heard it remarked, that when anything of the kind occurs, nor as misunderstandings in this imperfect state are unavoidable, since we find them even in the "Acts of the Apostles;" that the offended party has then a valuable opportunity of making progress in love and humility; that in such a situation, when the individual suffers perfectly innocently, he is placed in a situation the most resembling the Saviour, of whom it was said, that he was a glutton and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners, and that he was in connexion with the prince of the devils. But how seldom is it the case, that we feel ourselves perfectly pure in the eyes of the Saviour! If we have not merited the particular calumny, we have merited a hundred others; and what request is more pleasing to the Saviour, or sooner answered by him, in the event of accusation, which is really painful to nature, than when we directly, without listening to the suggestions of flesh and blood, beg so much the more urgently for an increase of love to him, who certainly did not mean ill to us, nine times out of the ten, that he has offended us? After having once tasted the manna that is hidden under this, it is really no such difficult matter to profit by such like mortifications of the old man with great greediness. If the offended party were directed, according to the Holy Scriptures, to bear false and uncharitable accusations with joy and increased affection, it seems to me that the pleasure in such uncharitable judgments would either fall away of itself, or else that the sweetest honey might be extracted from this poison. One



source of this evil is the frequent assemblage of idle company, where conversation of an entirely useful nature cannot possibly be carried on, because it is a regular amusement for many to spend their lives in visiting, and because, according to the highly improper expression for children of God; they *have no need* to occupy themselves. This is particularly the case with those of my own sex. Even in their education, the fault is committed of not paying sufficient attention to domestic activity, and appropriate improvement of the mind; but it lies especially in this, that *the being useful to others* is not represented to young people as the peculiar object of life to the children of God. I remember that in my earlier years, an old and blind, but very pious schoolmaster, on one of my father's estates, made a very deep and reverential impression upon me; notwithstanding his age and want of sight, he still imparted instruction in the truths of religion, conducted the examinations with much unction, and performed upon the organ, all which he always did, notwithstanding the great difficulty he experienced, with the greatest cordiality and kindness, and was led about by a little boy. He daily visited my late father for about an hour, during which they mutually unbosomed themselves to each other. He came alone in the twilight to the castle, at which times I had the office, which was then very important to me, of conducting the dear old man into my father's apartment, and afterwards also of leading him down the steps again. Now it made a great impression upon me, with reference to this dear man, that although he had a very worthless wife, who did not afford him the least alleviation, or refreshment, but lived upon good things herself, required impracticable services

from him notwithstanding his blindness, and regularly ill treated him, when he could not perform them to her satisfaction ; in short, she tormented him in every possible manner, even by speaking ill of him ; yet he always continued equally friendly, cordial, and kind towards her ; sought to excuse her to us, to the very utmost, nay even had the greatest sympathy for the poor sick woman, as he called her, who on account of his blindness was often very defectively waited upon by him, and who was still destitute of the peace of God in her heart ; hence he could only pity her, but not take anything amiss of her. At length this singular charity gained the victory, after bearing the cross for nearly fifty years ; she died with a deep consciousness of her improper behaviour, as a penitent sinner, and her worthy husband followed her very soon, in consequence of an injury he sustained by waiting upon her.

HENRIETTA VON H.—

LXXIV.

14th of March, 1807.

You justly call humility, dear brother, the *civil* virtue of the kingdom of God. Since through the power of God, a camel can pass through the eye of a needle, I can filially trust in my dear Lord, that he will produce it also in me, otherwise it would be impracticable to me. But O, what has his mercy already done for me ! This winter in particular will be ever memorable to me. You know, dear brother, how often I have complained of uncharitableness ; it is indeed by no means yet what it ought to be with me ; but still, I can say

with truth, that the love of God is shed abroad in my heart, by the Holy Spirit, and has powerfully inflamed it with love to God and man, and has so captivated my whole self, and particularly my entire will, that I can really say, I have only one ardent wish, and that is, to enjoy more and more essential union with Jesus, as a branch is united to the vine, and one single fear, and that is, of sin. Yet when such a poor and infirm child, as I am, is overtaken by sin, it does not render me fearful, but I penetrate so much the more deeply into him. This is certainly a great treasure in an earthly and extremely frail vessel ; but I entreat the Lord to preserve it in me, for that is his affair. In the whole wide world, there is nothing that can cause me joy, or even amusement ; and it seems also that my dear Saviour will not permit it, since in all such like things, he leaves me only the burden of the duty ; but embitters, in every way, that which is agreeable. Eternal praise be unto him also on this account ! When he deprives us of every thing, it is that he may himself be all to us, and this is a blissful exchange ! My will had long been entirely offered up to the Lord ; but of this freedom from all wishes, desires, and fears ; this heavenly peace of soul, even in the vicissitudes of barrenness, darkness, and manifold temptations, I had still no conception. When I reflect also, that my situation may continue the same for ten or twenty years longer, I am quite satisfied with it, and desire to depart no more than to abide in the body. If I can only become more and more closely united to him, whether in heaven or on earth, it is all one to me. On entering the present year, I entreated in particular two things : more strength for special prayer, and more inclination to read his precious word ;

for both of these, when I wished to do them, cost me, for a considerable space of time, a very arduous struggle. But the Lord has graciously heard me in both of these points, although I can generally say little or nothing to him beside the Lord's prayer; but as soon as I place myself in his presence, I perceive that, without words, something important passes within me, frequently with an unspeakable feeling of the nearness of Jesus, often even in great darkness and barrenness, when by his grace I desire nothing at such times, but what I then feel. In acting thus, I follow the secret drawing in the heart, without speculating upon it. If I am able to pray vocally, I do it with simplicity, but generally I make use of the Lord's prayer to aid my intercessions. At the same time my dear Lord and his good Spirit have a strict eye upon me, and if I were otherwise unable to believe in miracles, I should experience an extremely great one in myself in this, that at the view which I daily obtain, in a more lively manner, of my innumerable faults and sins, in the previous days, weeks, months and entire years of my life, I not only do not fall into despair, but am able, only the more firmly, to cast myself on his merits and his grace. The more incredible it appears to me; the more certain am I of his mercy in it; and the more strictly the Saviour takes account of me, which is to me the most remarkable of all; the less do I feel offended at others, but on the contrary, am able to excuse and rectify what is amiss; whilst to me it is incomprehensible how it is that I am not a greater cause of joy to the Saviour, after all that he has done for me; I would gladly annihilate myself before him, and from shame and abasement expire at his feet. But the greatest sin I could commit seems to me to be that of

desponding on account of my infirmity, after all that I have experienced of the Saviour's power. I cannot express myself in the manner I gladly would ; and, speaking generally, there are no sufficiently expressive words in human language for such like experience ; but still I felt constrained to disclose thus much to you in confidence, my dear friend, who have always so perfectly understood me. Help me to pray, that Christ may be formed in me more and more, so that at length every thing of *me* and *myself* may be consumed by his love.

HENRIETTA VON H—.

LXXV.

11th October, 1807.

This day week, dear brother, I received your cordial and beneficial letter of the 22nd September. Now listen ! the week before, my melancholy and a variety of troubles, which pressed upon me from all quarters, had risen to their height ; at length, on the Saturday forenoon, when in a particularly important affair, I knew not what course to pursue ; I was able at least to cry mightily unto the Lord for help ; I had also the certain assurance that he would hear me this time, and send me aid before the evening came, nay I even told him in plain terms, that my faith required this to strengthen it, and that he himself saw the urgent necessity of the case. However, the day passed over ; and though the extremity I so certainly anticipated did not occur, yet still, as it might every moment be expected, the delay of the answer to the prayer I had offered up in so much confidence, in such a state of mind, and under such circumstances, brought me almost to despair,

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and it was a season, which I cannot describe. During the following night, my pains increased, and continued until noon the next day; it then indeed occurred to me, is this the strengthening of my faith, for which I prayed yesterday with so much confidence? I was however able to be more tranquil that day in my soul. Towards noon, the violence of the paroxysms and pain relaxed, and after a short slumber, I only felt very weak; so that Wilhelmina who visited me, was about to read to me from the "Nostalgia," when your dear letter was put into my hands, which I made her read over to me twice in succession. O how ashamed I felt! was not this the great invigoration of my faith, which the Lord had provided for me, since the whole of its contents suited so perfectly to our present season of affliction, and was to me in particular so peculiarly important and remarkable? I was now compelled to ask forgiveness, and to promise never to be unbelieving or mistrustful again; and in reality, the Lord has helped us almost daily out of every successive embarrassment, so that strengthened in faith, we are all able to hope anew that the Lord will also in future, out of every temptation make a way for our escape, so as we shall be able to bear it. On Wednesday, the great embarrassment which I mentioned above was not only removed, but I also learnt, that the Lord had heard my importunate and confident prayer on the Saturday, consequently the very same day, only that I was not informed of the help we had received, until the Wednesday following. O how adorable are such proofs of the most special superintendence of our dear Lord over those who have once yielded themselves up to him, with all that they are and have! Yes, dear brother, we will all very solemnly



unite in that resignation, of which you speak so experimentally in your dear letter, and renew it incessantly, daily, hourly, and every moment, and then the important "Abiding in him," follows of itself.

8th December.

Yesterday, I had an extremely remarkable visit from the Baroness Von Krüdener, the authoress of "Vuleria," but who, since that time, has been thoroughly awakened in a very remarkable manner, and is now in the real ardour of the first love. She feels irresistibly impelled to serve the Lord in every possible way. Her whole being, with an uncommon vivacity, possesses a glowing love to God and man; so as at first to excite surprize, and appear enthusiastic and excessive; but still I thought, that in the latter case, she would not manifest so great a fear of self-deception, such a denial of her own will, and such a thirst to fulfil the divine will, in great things as well as in small. I believe she may become a chosen instrument in the hand of God, and is certainly so already in part.

She is struck by the recital of supernatural revelations and wonder-working faith, but soon descends to simplicity, and is much afraid of fanaticism. At the same time, she is an extremely prudent and talented lady, who, where opportunity is afforded her, gives herself up willingly, wholly, and without reserve.

HENRIETTA VON H.—

LXXVI.

23rd December, 1807.

We have had the Baroness Von Krüdener, with

hers,—our dear sufferer's,—is a goodly and glorious heritage. Thank the Lord with us, beloved friends, for her glorious dissolution! On the 23rd instant, at nine o'clock in the morning, her spirit, almost imperceptibly to us, forsook its tabernacle. Half an hour before, she said three times audibly, “The parting benediction,” which was consequently pronounced by our pious friend O—. When the latter laid her hand upon her forehead, she looked at her with a joyful and heavenly smile, was silent, and fell asleep a few minutes after very gently.

But what were our sensations? we were quite carried away by the powerful feeling of the near presence of God! We could only render thanks, only adore! We sit for hours together, near the beloved corpse, and rejoice in her felicity! We have been unable to think much of our loss; but that will come afterwards; for what was she not to us! Her sufferings in the last fourteen days, during which Frederica and I were always with her, were indescribably great, and the oppression she labored under, reached its height. We all of us often called on the Lord for help, but he suffered us to beseech it long in vain. At length it arrived; the hour of help, of victory, after so hard a conflict, blessed be his name? O may we never forget what we have so recently experienced!

HENRIETTA. Z. L—

LXXIX.

January, 1809.

I have still to relate the last moments of our beloved and now glorified friend. Every symptom of approaching dissolution was observed by the

dear sufferer with joy, and in the most violent attacks of oppression, the exemplary patience, which always distinguished her, never forsook her. Always concerned for others, affectionate and thankful for every attention, the dear angel struggled under sufferings, both of body and soul, whilst looking forward to the final day of deliverance. It often seemed, in this school of long patience, as if that day were delayed much too long, and as if the Saviour had removed to a distance from her; but he still always let himself again be felt, and thus she was enabled to sing, once more, in her last days, after an indescribably painful and distressing day, when it was again lighter in her soul, with a loud and cheerful voice :—

“ Let your request sbe great,  
Your thankfulness never abate;  
The Lord will not cease  
Your help to increase !”

And afterwards feeling corporeally a little invigorated, she began to sing in a lovely and pleasing manner the verse,

“ With winged steps I haste  
Sabbatic rest to taste.”

In the night between the 22nd and 23rd December, she herself felt that her last hour was now approaching. Towards morning she said still very audibly, *the parting blessing sing!* and as her tender friend Madame O— afterwards came, in order, after the manner of the Moravian church, to pronounce a benediction upon her transition into the arms and bosom of Jesus, Henrietta, Frederica and some others, sung a hymn, under a heavenly sense of the presence of God; and after the dear sufferer had once more looked kindly

upon them all, she departed with a blissful look towards heaven. Thank God! she has now overcome.

My parents, sister Augusta and myself hastened, on the receipt of this intelligence, immediately to W—. Six days long our hearts were refreshed by the vicinity of the beloved corpse, which was now really at rest. A divine peace surrounded it, which surpasses all expression. We sang every evening in her apartment, accompanied by gentle music, and frequently hummed to ourselves the words,

“ Sweet be thy rest,  
Of bliss possess'd ! ”

Then on the 27th of December, in the forenoon, we sowed the precious seed in the field of God, with feelings, in which you, beloved friends, will sympathize, and respecting which I am silent. We remained in W—, until the new year, striving to accomplish the last will of our glorified friend, and then returned hither. Henrietta, Frederica and I, now feel our real loss every day more, and mourn for a second mother, who was all to us. The two former feel themselves quite as orphans in the desolate mansion at W—; and I fully sympathize with them in this feeling here, where I miss the possibility of obtaining counsel and consolation from her as formerly. Our chief prayer is to this effect, that the Saviour, may preserve our serenity in the inward center of the soul, and that the love-spirit of our dear departed relative, which she who became more and more filled with love, so often recommended to us, may unite us ever more closely together, and with the Lord. Entreat this also with us and for us! O how will the glorified soul now remember us be-

fore the throne of Jesus ! She so often and assuredly promised us to do so, and we think we already begin frequently to perceive the traces of its beneficial effects. It is to me a very particularly lovely feeling, to be able to think, that she who loved so faithfully, now sees every thing in the light, that was still obscure to her in her painful walk of faith, and that she enjoys her felicity in the element of the fulfilment of the divine will, as also in bearing the concerns of the dear relatives she left behind, to the feet of the Redeemer.

WILHELMINA

Countess of H—.

LXXX.

14th August, 1809.

Here I sit, dear father, in the chamber of our beatified aunt, not far from the suffering corner, from whence the admonition, consolation, and counsel formerly proceeded forth to us with affectionate looks, from the lips of the best of mothers, and in which, now merely a lily hangs, as an emblem of the dear deceased, since we possess no portrait of her. Every painful and anxious feeling is renewed, when after some time, one returns to the beloved spot, and it is very difficult to bear the loss of the instrument, which, in some measure animated us all, and united us in the most intimate bond of love. Yet this even is not rent asunder by death ; no ! it belongs to that which we shall find continually uninjured in the hand of the Lord ; for it is founded upon this truth, that as members of his body, we all continue united in him.

FREDERICA.

## LXXXI.

Hagers Town, 17th September, 1804.

Very dear Sir,

Without doubt it must appear strange to you, to receive a letter from an unknown individual, in such a remote country as North America, who justly calls you the friend of his heart. But in doing this, I follow entirely the dictates of that sincere affection, which my soul bears towards you, because of the great good which your valuable writings have done to my heart, and to many others in this part of the world, and amongst my congregation. Were the happiness afforded me of becoming personally acquainted with you, without being obliged to cross the Atlantic, a distance of several hundred miles would not be an impediment. However, I am content with the arrangements of my merciful Father, in the prospect of meeting you eventually before the throne of the Lamb, if my Saviour grant me the grace to continue faithful, which I daily seek to obtain of him. The wish to address you by letter, has become matured in me; but since I read your "History of the Triumph," I fully resolved upon it, because I so greatly require invigoration and more immediate encouragement at present; but the dread of appearing at all presumptuous in troubling you with a letter, alone restrained me, and this has likewise doubtless hindered many other preachers of the Protestant church in this country, from addressing you, who otherwise cordially esteem and love you, and have often wished, in my presence, the happiness of your personal acquaintance.

I believe with you, dear Sir, on scriptural grounds, and with full conviction, that we are now living in important times, and that those whom the Eternal grants to labor some years longer in his vineyard, will bear the heat and burden of the day.

Although the times of apostacy have made their appearance in America, particularly in the larger towns, yet the spirit of Jesus Christ makes rapid progress. The Lutheran, Reformed, and Methodist preachers hold yearly synods, in which they take into consideration the affairs of the kingdom of God ; and many other sects, of which the country is full, follow their example. Here the light of the gospel shines very bright, and the Rev. Messieurs Helmuth and Otterbein, have been extremely useful, not only by their powerful and affecting discourses, but also by the education of young preachers for the kingdom of Jesus.

There have been for several years' past, great awakenings in almost all the states of the Union. The Methodists, Presbyterians, &c. hold crowded meetings in the open air, when from seven to eight thousand people assemble. Eight or nine preachers then often preach at the same time, at various stations round about, sometimes for seven or eight days successively. The movement thus produced is astonishing ; all are penetrated and animated, and many are awakened, and attain to true life.

This revival of religion is even visible amongst the Indians. They manifest a singular desire for civilization, and an anxiety for instruction in the doctrine of Jesus, which is something entirely new. The missions of the Moravians, make the most rapid progress, and even the mission from

New York has been favored with a visible blessing. Nay, the breathing and moving of the Spirit is even perceived there, where no missions have hitherto been sent; so that the ancient warriors themselves declared with astonishment what the great Spirit, as they expressed themselves, was doing. Some months ago, a number of warriors arrived here, at our government, with their king. They belonged to a nation, of the name of which we were ignorant, who live two thousand miles westward of our borders. They are all of them a foot higher than we Europeans, wonder at nothing that they see, and conduct themselves orderly and decorously, as if they were acquainted with all our habits. They visited our large towns, and in New York, the Missionary Society presented them with a Bible, as the word of the great Eternal Spirit, which they thankfully accepted with a profound obeisance, and requested to have a Missionary, who might explain it to them, because they were unable to read it. In short, God has opened a door amongst the heathen here, in which his hand cannot be mistaken.

During the summer, a great number of Germans have arrived here from Swabia, and I hear that many more are expected to follow them next year. A part of them are already arrived at the place of their destination, on the banks of the Ohio, near Jowitt Town, where they intend to plant vineyards. It is only to be regretted that these dear people have rent themselves entirely from the Lutheran church, and have formed a sect of their own, in which every one is to have the right to baptize his own children, and administer the sacrament. This is fanaticism! They will eventually be aware of it too late; some, even of the heads of them, have already gone over to the



Baptists, and others have had gross matters laid to their charge; but on the whole, we see the Spirit of Jesus is with them, and rejoice over them.

One thing more, dear Sir! Many of my brethren as well as myself, have often wondered why you treat so much of the restitution of all things, and why every thing in the "Scenes in the Invisible World," and the last number of the "Grey Man" seems to center in it. I shall be glad, if this doctrine in its whole extent be more than an hypothesis—be true; but yet I should not like to preach it, because I have often sought for fruit under this tree, but never found any. He that has a worm at the root, suffers great injury from it, and the friends of Jesus, leave it undetermined, and work out their salvation in faith which operates by love. It seems to us here, dear Sir, that you must have had a particular intention in it.

Now do not wonder, that I speak with you so freely and confidentially; you have rendered my heart thus open towards you by your writings. If you were in America, I would embrace you, as I now do in spirit.

I remain, your faithful fellow laborer in Jesus,

SCH——.

Lutheran preacher, in Hager's Town.

LXXXII.

Waldbach in the Vogesen Mountains,  
8th of April, 1805.

To my dear Stilling,

Receive my hearty thanks for your dear, powerful, and cheering letter of the 27th February.

I once wrote to our beloved Lavater, that however dear and precious, and highly desirable and welcome his communications were, yet I earnestly begged him to apply the moments they occupied rather to the rest he so much required; and that instead of letters, I would satisfy myself with his books, until he should eventually put on the robe, the garment of repose, even as his dear Lord Jesus Christ has done.

Now this is just what I wish to write at present, to my equally cordially beloved Stilling. Yes, dear friend, I am also one of those, who heartily thank our gracious God for your blessed writings, as well as for all the repose, refreshment, and enjoyment which he affords you. I love you much.

May God magnify, and glorify himself more and more in you, dear cross-bearer, and by you and through you.

It always causes me a very pleasing feeling, when I recollect that I was born in the same year with the two dear men, Lavater and Stilling.\* I do not precisely know the date of my birth, but I do know that I was baptized the 1st of September, 1740. Adieu! dear, cordially beloved Stilling,

Your

OBERLIN,

Evangelical Catholic Clergyman.

\* The author of the French life of Oberlin observes, that "Lavater, Stilling, and Oberlin composed a trio of Christians, whose friendship religion had sanctified; a *friendship worthy of angels!*"

He further adds, "Stilling and his family visited the Ban de la Roche, and its venerable patriarch, in August 1812. What a sweet recreation must this visit have been for such noble souls! In a letter of the same year, dated Rastadt, 8th September, Stilling wrote to Oberlin, that he felt a very strong impulse to

P. S. The Steinthal, or the Ban de la Roche is French, and surrounded on all sides with Roman Catholic Frenchmen. Having held office here for thirty eight years, I am well known amongst them, and, God be praised ! am much beloved by a great number of them. But Catholic and Protestant is a dreadful stumbling-block ; for Catholic means, in their idea, orthodox ; that is according to the doctrine of Jesus and the apostles ; therefore Protestant is not only uncatholic, but even at variance with and protesting against the former. Thus the Romanists regard it, thus their clergy expound it, and this objection has been communicated to me by some amongst the Catholics, who cordially love me. I was very glad of this, I explained it to them according to the true state of the case, and shewed them, that only the true disciples, scholars, and followers of Jesus are true Catholics, consequently that I was also, &c. Their countenances then brightened, they breathed more freely, and regarded me with quite different eyes, for the wall of partition was broken down.

Since that time I generally subscribe my letters to them as *Ministre du Culte Catholique evangelique*. And my Steinthal people also mostly call themselves Evangelical Catholics, in order to promote the approximation, and to allay the bitter animosity, which has been implanted in the French Roman Catholics.\*

become his biographer, and put several questions to him with reference to it. How much it is to be lamented, that this project was never realized!"

"I have read a series of letters written by Jung Stilling to Oberlin. Their style was very striking ; it was altogether oriental ; it was the style of the Apocalypse, the sense being hidden under emblematic imagery."

\* See Note 5.

## LXXXIII.

Waldbach, Steinthal,  
26th June, 1811.

Cordially and ardently beloved friend and brother!

It is not our dear Lord's will, that I should this time have the happiness of seeing and conversing with you. A conflux of various preventing circumstances render any journey almost morally and physically impossible to me, and I should act against my convictions, were I to force it. For several weeks together I am often scarcely able to take a walk more than once or twice towards the little wood, to breathe the fresh air, and to take salutary exercise. I am fully conscious that no one, except my guardian angel knows what an immense variety of urgent labor lies upon me, and this, notwithstanding my weak eyes, and the fruits of hardships already endured.

I have had however the pleasure I never hoped for, of pressing you to my heart at Markirch; a joy which I never experienced with respect to our dear Lavater, although we loved each other much. But all this, and how infinitely much more, will at length be afforded us, and wishes fulfilled, of which we scarcely dare venture, even slightly to think!

Perhaps I do well, to communicate to you the following anecdote concerning myself, which, if I remember right, I transmitted to the conference of preachers, and which has reference to a remarkable dream, I had several years ago. I inserted it at the time in my journal, in which I was wont to note down the many apparitions I had of my

late wife since her death, and the conversations I had with her \* \* \* \* \*

We here soon receive accounts of the states of the most of those that die, at which many, *even good christians who imagine they shall be able, immediately after death to attain to the vision of God, without having accomplished their purification and sanctification, would be much astonished and terrified.\**

In the French Bible it is said in Proverbs xxix, 18, “ Lors qu’ il n’ y a point de vision, le peuple est abandonné ; mais bienheureux est celui, garde la loi.”

(“ When there is no vision, the people perish ; but he that keepeth the law, happy is he !” *Eng. version.*)

An excellent saying, from whence it appears, that it is no great honor and no good sign for a church, when there exists no communication in it between the world of spirits, and those that live here below. But he through whom the communication takes place, must not presume upon it ; it is a gift as it respects himself, which makes him neither more worthy nor unworthy in the sight of God. He alone is the dearest to him, who is the most heartily desirous of ascertaining and fulfilling every will and wish of God, in the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, according to the word of the Lord, which tells us, that he did not come to give us a dispensation, and that not a iota, nor a tittle upon an *i* should fail. But, whither am I straying ?

Adieu, my very, very dear friend ! God be with

\* The Translator expects shortly to be able to lay before the public, some of the accounts here referred to, and from which the venerable Oberlin deduces such a solemn and important warning, even to professing christians.

you and your dear family. We shall at length enjoy each other, together with all the rest of those we love.

J. F. OBERLIN.

LXXXIV.

3rd July, 1808.

Dear and cordially beloved brother, in Christ our Lord!

You have long been the Lord's important instrument to my soul; may he bless you for being so! Happy was the lot that fell to you, to live and labor for him; to gather souls, and lead them by his grace, to the fountains of life. It is really a high vocation, an ineffable happiness, to belong to the citizens of his kingdom, to the elect, who, under his banner, call others to life!

My heart was also inflamed; I also felt the impulse for this high felicity. A sublime anticipation, produced by his Spirit, pervaded me. He, the all-loving One, laid hold of me with powerful love, and every thing else vanished from my view—all earthly lust, all the honor and applause of mankind, and all the pleasures of sense. Thus expire the weak and trembling tapers of the night, in the almighty and refulgent blaze of the sun, which obscures all things else, and powerfully confirms its superiority as the author of life, the agent of Him at whose command all things were called into being. I veiled my eyes in the dust of humility, in the view of myself, my life, and my unworthiness; but the voice of love continually sounded through my inmost soul. It called me to life; it did not leave me; it continually raised me up, and the divine

victim stood before me. His almighty word called consolation—called courage into my soul. Divested of every claim, degraded by sin, poor, and yet rejoicing in my wretchedness; I sank anew at his feet. I embraced them with the love he gave me; I threw away from me every ornament of worldly wisdom, every feeling of my own strength, and the thought pervaded me with an inexpressible felicity, “Become a child! He gladly suffered the children to come to him.” The High-priest himself then prayed in me—prayed continually for the Spirit of God, for childlike simplicity, a childlike mind, and mighty faith. Dear friend! when was he ever less than the boldest hope ventured to hope? Ah, he was to me, what I could not have dreamt of for Aeons, if he had not condescended so infinitely, so incomprehensibly, to such an unworthy, yet such a bold sinner as myself, who wished for nothing without him; who said to him, “Thou thyself alone canst satisfy me. Thou great, thou almighty necessity of my life, lo, here I stand, called into thy worlds by thy word, beloved of thee! O thou feelest what these flaming testimonies must be to me! Only dust, indeed, is thy weak creature; but the breath of Omnipotence and love, which glows throughout my frame, lives in me; it bears me upon the same wings, with which the seraph veils himself from thy brightness, to thee, to thee, O most mighty! Above the earth, beyond the spheres of thy solar orbs, and beyond the paths of Orion, it bears me with divine power; for Thou enkindlest it—the spark that now glows. Thou alone, in all thy wide creations, canst satisfy me. And thou, O thou, whose depths of love no human heart, no seraph conceives—wouldst thou give the thirst, without giving the allaying

draught? No! with every thought thou outsoarest mortals! Where are the boundaries on which man might stand, and say to thee, 'Infinite being, behold, I love thee with indescribable affection, indescribable delight; and dost thou banish my feet hither?' And were they Eden's radiant plains, I must go on, I must follow thee; all is desert to me without thee. Behold this heart. Thou didst create it thus. Thou art its sun, its magnet. Thou hast plunged it into thy love, and thou alone hast become its element."

See, dear friend, I have thus, in a few words, described my whole self; my life, my desires and pursuits, my felicity, which I cannot express to any one.—Love, love to him, and never-ceasing prayer for love. He prays in me; he teaches me to love and pray, to hope and ask, to wish and long after his love. He prays in me for the spirit of humility, of meekness, and of peace. And my tears in the total annihilation of all that belongs to self, are also happiness.

I can wish nothing but "Lord, thy kingdom come, thy will be done; and let me, however unworthy, live and work for thy kingdom, labor for thy kingdom, live and die for thee, if it be necessary. Thou must do all, Eternal, for I can do nothing. Let me be like a chrystal stream, clear, pure, and tranquil; and shine, O Lord, into this pure chrystal, that I may let thee work undisturbed by any thing of self. Let thy sublime image be impressed upon me, and be entirely formed according to thy mind."

Thus my life passes away; and the beautiful scenery of the Vogesen, so sublime and so great, embraces with sacred tranquillity the bosom of my praying soul. My ear listens to his voice, and I hear, see, and feel him in the lofty imagery of



nature. In the profound solitude of the mountains I walk with him, and his flaming footsteps shine before me. But, my dear friend, I should write for years, and speak for eternities, and yet not have enough to tell of his grace

Let me still add a few words with respect to this earthly life. I rise pretty early in the morning, and walk about in these paradisaical plains ; apply myself afterwards to writing my religious works, and supplicate, in fervent prayer, his Spirit. I often glow, and my heart could embrace worlds with love—at least, with the ardent wish to conduct all, all to him. We dine early ; after dinner we read, and then to our work. In the evening we walk till eight o'clock—a festival in which the lofty felicity of my soul intermingles almost a continual prayer. After supper, a chapter is read from the Bible, and explained by our worthy minister. Farewell.

B. KRUDENER.

LXXXV.

1st December, 1806.

Dear and ardently beloved brother in Christ!

The day before yesterday, I received your dear letter, and hasten to reply to it. Ah, how loving and how faithful is your heart! accept my best thanks for it. Tranquillize yourself also, dear Jung ; for your conscience cannot accuse you of any thing. You have warned, besought, restrained sufficiently, and done your duty according to the opinion you hold. I cannot, dear friend, avoid doing you justice ; and can say nothing else, than that the Lord, to whom I have entirely and volun-

tarily resigned myself, wishes, still more than myself, my happiness and my repose. Of what need I fear, after having thus entirely given myself to him? when I say to him, "I seek but thee alone—I must commit all things, in every situation, to thee." If I wish to belong to Christ, every thing must become indifferent to me; honor, fame, property, mankind, the love of my friends—all, all. This must be my wish and my endeavor, to forsake myself entirely, and to live in pure love for God alone, without any secondary intentions arising from self. This is what I have deeply felt, particularly during the last five weeks. In the profound solitude in which I live, I have experienced, whilst almost continually engaged in silent prayer, such a profound peace, as may be compared to the placid surface of an unruffled lake; I felt only Christ, and Christ alone. If he reduce me to beggary, in the possession of him, I am satisfied; if it be his will that I should labor—I am quite content; these are minor things; only of great importance, when they are the will of Christ; but otherwise, entirely one to me, for my vocation is, to love him. It is only when I thus seek to love him, and cleave continually to him, that I know convincingly, that his grace preserves, guides, and leads me like a child. Of what shall I be afraid? &c.

May the peace of God breathe around you!

KRUDENER.

LXXXVI.

Baden, 11th January, 1815.

Dear and honored friend in the Lord,

Your dear letter has much affected me; and we

reply to the wishes, which proceeded from your loving heart, with warm inclination and fervent love. May you and your dear lady both enjoy that happiness and contentment, which our hearts would gladly obtain for you. You have both however been brought up under the cross, beneath which, loving children and true soldiers are formed; and when painful seasons occur, there is no one so near to us, none so desirous of drying our tears, as He, who emptied for us the bitter cup of suffering. He ripens the pearl in the storms of the ocean. He calls him who is born for immortality, through conflicts, which appear grievous, and sometimes through heavy and severe trials. Yet truth is the aim, and Christ himself the prize. This we know, and O how often must we be reminded of the little (three years' old) Theodora Zinzendorf, one of whose masters, who was naturally of a singular and dissatisfied character, complained bitterly in her hearing of the afflictions he had to endure, on which she stepped up to him, lifted up her finger, and said,

God does not give us pain,  
He only seeks to heal;  
And whence does it arise,  
But from our own self-will?

which brought the master to reflection.

Ah, how often is it the case with christians! We must become children; and how often must I feel ashamed at not yet possessing the childlike mind, which at anything painful, always runs to its mother, and reposes on her heart; every thing proceeds from the most lovely love.

But how grievous to be borne are the pains, like those under which our friend suffers! O

\* Referring to the painful affection in the neck, which Stilling's Eliza endured for so many years.

may He give her strength, who has the words of eternal life, and who will also change her lamentation into a joyful Hallelujah! Yet she never complains. How gratified will she eventually be, in beholding the fruits of her sufferings!

Dear friend, love, love is the atmosphere which I intreat with you. My heart is so devoted to you, and knows you so well! Could I but embrace you, all of you; I do so in idea, grateful for your love. A remarkable year has terminated; we shall be soon be unanimous over many things. We are so already in the love of Christ. Once more, a thousand greetings and blessings from

Your ardently loving friend,

B. KRUDENER.

We have sung your beautiful Christmas hymn with the poor children that were with us. But with this I send you a hymn, which I find particularly beautiful, and which I have sent to the press, "Christ, and Christ alone, &c,"

LXXXVII.

Paris, 21st August, 1815.

Dear and beloved friend in the Lord,

Amidst the pressure of events, and amidst so many occupations, I am only able to write you a few lines. I need not tell you how much I love you all, and how happy I should be to give you daily proofs of this love. I live in the midst of wonders. Very lately I experienced such a one.

You are probably acquainted with the melan-

choly history of the young Colonel Labédoyère, who was yesterday shot here. He was the first who went over with his regiment, when the circumstances occurred in the month of March, which still so violently agitate France. I cannot exculpate him ; my duty has only been, as a christian, to entreat of the Lord, with many others who pitied his fate, the salvation of his soul.

I knew him, as a man who had been pourtrayed to me in the most dreadful colors, as a traitor and involved in the general treason. I had heard also other dreadful things of him. However I was one evening late much called upon to pray for him. I called my son-in-law, R—, and we prayed together.

The next day, his young and very handsome lady, who is about twenty five years of age, came and threw herself into my arms. My situation as a christian, or rather as a disciple of the Saviour, who takes nothing into consideration but the great vocation of the gospel, raises me above every thing which earthly connections would prevent, and the grace of the Lord, the influence he imparts to me, causes me to proceed unhindered on my way. I therefore received her, saw her daily, sent her husband books, wrote her a letter, which was, more properly speaking, for him, and thus came into connection with the unhappy man ; but told her at the same time, that I was not permitted to interfere in his political circumstances.

I suffered much. The melancholy situation of this woman, who unweariedly used every endeavour to which her affection incited her, visited the prison, and came to me in the evening, immersed in woe, affected my soul. I prayed with her, on which she was again invigorated. I besought her suppliantly to prepare her husband for his sen-

tence, which was probably near, and incite his soul to repentance and resignation to Christ. I wrote her, therefore, a letter to read to him, because she herself had not courage to speak of his death. Afterwards, when I heard, that Labédoyère was not at all the character which had been described to me ; I found my letter couched in rather too strong language. Yet perhaps the Lord would have it so. Where is the man, that has not dreadfully sinned? He was deeply affected and grateful ; but I besought pardon of my Saviour for having believed the reports. His crime was culpable ; he had recompensed the king with ingratitude, and was carried away by the stream, being only twenty nine years old. But he was exempt from other treacheries, and his heart was affectionate ; he was not so guilty as he was thought to be. You may see the rest from the letter, which I wrote to a certain person, and which contains the Confessor's own words.\*

\* After the pain I felt for the unhappy Labédoyère ; after the hours of deep and gloomy grief of soul, it was a great refreshment to one to hear in the Mass, the sacred chaunt, and the words, " Lord have mercy upon us!" I have wept, and again found the needful strength I required, to see poor Madame Labédoyère, who was not to take her departure until to-day. I was with her, and found her in bed. At first the sight of me increased her pain ; but then God enabled me to point out to her the happiness she must find in the salvation of her husband. I met at her house the Confessor, who accompanied him ; he is a holy man, and has minutely stated to us the most consoling circumstances of his death. The latter was so pleasing and so edifying, that the venerable man said, that " It was his only wish to die at length in such a manner." On the way, in the vehicle, he first of all read the Psalms to him. During the whole of the way, his soul was prepared ; it was elevated above the earth. Before his death, he collected himself, requested absolution and the benediction, and confessed aloud the Lord Jesus Christ, did not suffer himself to be affected by any cowardly fear of man, frequently kissed the crucifix, pardoned all his enemies, willingly yielded up his life, and pointing to his

The night before last, when my soul was already very weary, there was a violent knocking, and the unhappy woman burst into my chamber. She told me, he would receive his sentence the next day, and probably be immediately shot. You may think what I felt! But God gave me power and strength; I could not however listen to her requests, and take steps which were contrary to my conscience. I slept a little towards morning, and clearly saw the unfortunate Labédoyère. He stood before me, took both my hands, pressed them as though he thanked me, and said, "The people will have it take place to-day." That very day he was shot.

I annex the copy of the letter which I wrote

head and his heart, gave the word—to fire. Thus he fell to the ground, with his eyes lifted up to heaven, and his arms elevated crosswise. A gentle smile long remained on his lips. O my God, how gratifying it is to meet with such occurrences as heighten the renown of our divine and adorable Saviour!\*

I became acquainted, on this occasion, in the midst of this melancholy age, with several holy females, all of whom prayed for him. The intimate friend of Madame Labédoyère, who had been a witness of their matrimonial happiness, was also present. He had written to every one, and expressed his penitence and resignation. He was ardently loved by all. Let us adore the Lord, who made use of his crime to bring him to repentance, and by grace to salvation; who will also convert Madame Labédoyère; that is, will give her living faith and that love, without which, we are nothing, and who daily glorifies himself by the works of his grace. His Confessor told me that he had been very pious until his sixteenth year. The world had then carried him away with it; but he had a gentle and noble character, was an excellent son, and a tender husband and father.

I know that your heart, which overflows with christian charity, will rejoice at this man's holy exit.

\* "A beautiful monument of white marble, on which in bas relief, is a female figure in deep mourning, holding a child by the hand, points out Labédoyère's grave. On it stand the words, *Mon amour pour mon fils a pu seul me retenir a la vie*. It is the widow of the deceased who has immortalized her own grief on this beautiful monument,"—*A visit to the church yard of Pere la Chaise, by C. Arndt.*

to his lady.\* The pure gospel is preached in it, and this language finds acceptance with many.

\* How gladly would I comfort you if I were able, dear and unfortunate Madame L— ! But this is a thing, which is not in the power of man. I have directed you to the only remedy which is able to rescue you from the profound grief, into which you are plunged and which may become salutary to your soul. Seek it from God, and from him alone, from Christ the Mediator, the Redeemer, the Reconciler—from Christ who is infinite love, who is an abyss of mercy ! Rest, peace, and salvation, we find only at his feet, embracing the cross, which is the sinner's refuge, the uniting point of all that sin has scattered and destroyed. Thrones are shaken, and nations vanish from the earth, because, from base ingratitude, they have forsaken this cross.

Madame L—, you who have been brought up amidst the ancient ruins of monarchy ; a monarchy which formerly boasted of the first christian kings, and enumerates amongst them names, with whose memory is connected, that renown which never fades. Do you be a christian also ; pour out your prayers to the living God, cast yourself into his arms, not whilst seeking help of man, which his holy love prohibits when he says, " Cursed be he that maketh flesh his arm !" but whilst seeking him, the Lord himself. He is more tender than the mother that nourishes her child with tears, who also seeks help of him. He is better than the kings of the earth ; but he is the Eternal, and therefore his ways are not our ways. A boundless eternity is the inheritance of man, who has so deeply fallen, that he even knows not how to pass through life, and to spend a few years in it without defiling himself by his transgressions, and without degrading himself by continual sinning.

When this God strikes, let us adore him ; he does so for our good. Let us resign ourselves to him, weep and pray, but remember also that we must not stay his arm ; that he alone, in his eternal compassion, is able to hold the reins which guide his disobedient creatures, who would fall into the pit, if the love of God did not take compassion upon them, in order unremittingly to lead, nay, even to restrain those, whom he is ever ready to save.

O Madame L— ! you have seen my tears, and know that my heart is not cold. Before I knew your name, I was at the foot of the cross, and prayed for the unfortunate Labédoyère. When I saw you, my heart was rent ; but that religion which has tears of sympathy, has also its great doctrines, and it is its sublime office, lovingly to bring to light our faults, with that power, which is only found at the feet of him, whose immutable counsels we adore.



Now, my dear friends, I embrace you all. My heart is often with you !

Entirely, your devoted,

B. KRUDENER.

I have directed you to your important duties. She who is earthly minded, has only tears ; but she who is a wife in the full sense of the words, has an eternity, where her bonds are sanctified. This is the marriage which the church offered you ; every other is adultery. Every thing that is not founded on Christ, is merely one of those events of life, in which, as in every thing that transient man commences, passion, avarice, or ambition, recline, and, though called conveniences, are follies which mankind may seek to ennoble, but which belong to the kingdom of sin, and are marked with the curse.

Be a christian ! Have the courage to shew your consort his great sins, but also point him to that God, that Redeemer, who became man, in order to atone by his blood, even for sins ; do not excuse him ; do not rejoice at finding him tranquil ; shew him that he will meet with a dreadful judgment, if he do not seek help from Christ. Do not flatter him with hope. Where is the monarch that is able to arrest the arm of God ! Pray ! pray with him and for him ! These are your great duties, my young friend, and I promise you, in the name of this Redeemer, who has also vouchsafed his mercy to me, by snatching me from a world, where in the midst of the enjoyment of all that it envies, I was not happy ; I promise you, I say, that peace, which proceeds alone from him, and a happiness, which mankind cannot comprehend. You may be great in the eyes of the world, by virtues on which she strews her incense, if you weep, if you give yourself up to its modes and its customs, and even perhaps if you die of grief. All that is of an obvious nature makes a lively impression upon the world. But be truly great, whilst praying at the foot of the cross ; whilst giving up your whole heart to God ; whilst saying to yourself, " It is my great task to enlighten my husband, not to deceive him, and to shew him the melancholy consequences of a life given up to the world, where, because he was not a christian, he has fallen into that abyss, out of which unsearchable mercy alone can draw him, and will draw him, when men forsake him.

O, let him weep at having offended such a great, such an infinite God, who in becoming man, bore our curse and died on the tree of shame. Let him beat upon his breast ; he will then be great when he is raised up ; for God alone ;—grace alone is able to raise him up, and men will not dare to judge him, whom God forgives. He will weep at having transgressed

## LXXXVIII.

Zürich 25th February, 1810.

Much esteemed friend in the Lord,

Every remembrance of you rejoices me ; your last of the 7th instant, so much the more because it has reference to a subject, which is equally important to you and myself. It is true, that for the last few years, I had made myself more intimate with that book of the New Testament, the study of which I did not think I could commence with safety, until I had studied through all that went before it in the light of theocracy, and thereby attained a more firm point of view, from whence this concluding prophecy, which is so entirely original in its kind, but which stands in the closest connection with all that precedes it, ought to be considered.

The result of these enquiries confirms the idea, which I had many years ago in common with our departed friend Lavater, that the whole of this prophecy has reference to the state of the world and the church in the last times ; to that which shall immediately precede the coming of

against the magnanimous monarch who was his benefactor. These are the tears, which the man sheds on returning to his primary dignity. No one is great, who has not wept over himself, nor is there any mortal who has not felt himself guilty in the eyes of God, and in his own. He will then see, how futile empty greatness is ; he will then mourn over his aberrations. If he excuses himself, he is undone !

I have spoken the language of truth to you ; I know no other. Christian love is my duty ; it is gentle and severe by turns. I am a christian, and whilst I humble myself in my nothingness at the feet of the Redeemer, I venture to cherish the greatest hopes ; for I know his eternal compassion, and hope your consort will find his salvation if he will cast himself into the arms of the Saviour, who rejects no one.

our Lord ; to this coming itself, and to its more immediate and remote consequences ; that it is not therefore, as most expositors believe, the history of the church, from the times of the apostles, through every century downwards, but only the grand terminating epoch, respecting which, the book which the Lord unsealed, should give elucidation. The arrangement as well as the contents of the Apocalypse, place this point, in my opinion, beyond a doubt.

I still owe you the proof for this assertion ; I hope however to be able to communicate it to you, as soon as I find leisure to arrange in some kind of order what I have cursorily written down upon the subject.

That which still more convinces me, most honored friend, of the correctness of this view, is the present position of the affairs of the world and the church, which is already as it is represented under striking figures in the Apocalypse, and is but too obviously pregnant with what these prophecies, from a certain point of time, step by step, lead us to expect. I cannot now enlarge upon this, but such an expression will appear the less strange to you, since you have already frequently drawn the attention of the readers of your writings to the unexampled importance of the times in which we live.

Our approximation to the last decisive events, lies in my opinion, chiefly in this, that I find the present state of the world, and that which it has already developed, entirely conformable to the picture which is drawn in the Apocalypse of the last times, or those in which the coming of the Lord will take place.

I have no intention of controverting any other mode of exposition, although I must keep solely

to that for which there exists a decided superiority of arguments. And this will in every essential point coincide with yours ; not indeed with the former part of your book, which I do highly esteem, but still from a certain point forwards ; only that I do not fix any year. On this very account Bengel's theory appears as little to be relied on as any that preceded it, who endeavour to calculate the year and the day.

To speak correctly, a manifold fulfilment of prophecy cannot be admitted. It can only be fulfilled by that which really exhausts its meaning. It may certainly happen that something else, which is more or less like what prophecy tells us to expect, to which therefore prophecy may be in some measure accommodated, once or more frequently occurs ; but I would not call this *fulfilment*, in order not to mingle something much too unstable in the exposition. The latter must always be of such a nature as to make it appear, that it has, on the whole, strikingly corresponded with the demonstrable true sense of the Oracle. If we deviate from this, the prophecies become invested with a multifarious signification, which is incompatible with their divine character. They lose that which gives them the most genuine impress of truth ; simplicity :—*simplex et perenne simul, sigillum veritatis*.

Commending you with cordial esteem to the protection and love of our common Saviour ;—of him that was, and is, and is to come.

I remain, your most devoted friend,

J. J. HESS,\* Antistes.\*\*

\* See Note 7. \*\* A title equivalent to that of Prelate or Bishop.

## LXXXIX.

Frankfort, 3rd May, 1812.

Much esteemed, and dearly beloved brother,

I know from experience, the state of abandonment and darkness, and the pain at natural corruption, and its manifestation. My sufferings are corporeal, mental, and spiritual; they continue almost uninterruptedly, are composed of numberless elements, and it is only in future, that I shall be able to lay before myself and others the whole picture of them for inspection. If my penitential grief, and my longing after sanctification be not always the obviously predominant part of them—it proceeds from the manifold composition of them, and from the torments of the outward man, which seldom suffer me to come to reflection; but serve, at the same time, as a beneficial conductor to the incomparably more heavy and spiritual sufferings; and yet bring about a similar purification to that which arises from purely spiritual temptations. In my many and daily necessities, I naturally flee to the Friend of sinners, to personified love; but here, that frequently occurs to me, of which you write, and my faith is put to very severe tests. All that is the most painful to the outward man, I feel, more or less; to which, new distresses are continually added; and sometimes, the whole miserable world lies in reality upon me. But enough of this; I bless him who chastises me, and kiss the rod that smites me.

VON MEYER.\*

\* See Note 8.

## XC.

16th May, Whitsunday Eve.

I have at present, by God's grace, come so far, that I have, at least, taken the resolution to rejoice every time at new vexations and provocations, and receive in a kind manner, as new lessons, which my heavenly teacher gives me to learn, in order to preserve me in the art of forbearance, in faith, in love, and in prudence.

VON MEYER.

## XCI.

12th June, 1812.

Your dear letter of the 23rd of May has duly reached me. I completely agree with what you say respecting the mystic death, and the mortification of our own will, by means of affliction and the cross. However, we must not go so far in this as I have somewhere found, in a note to the Berlenberg bible, extracted from a mystic author, where it is said, "We ought not to cry to God, even in our pains." This requirement is unscriptural and inhuman. If Job, in the heat of his sufferings, transgresses in some measure, yet David, who was blameless in his petitions, fills his mouth with complaints ; and our Saviour, in the agony of his soul, cries aloud to his heavenly Father. It is said, indeed, in Isaiah, "Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker !" but it is also said in Genesis, "He wrestled with him until day-break ;" and Jacob says in the same connection, "I will not let thee go, unless thou bless me !" His thigh (that is, his sensuality, his self-will,) was lamed indeed ; but he gained his

end, and was called a divine warrior. Sufferings, according to my view, have two entirely opposite and yet harmonizing objects—humiliation and exaltation; abasement of the natural man, and invigoration of the spiritual. Whilst God smites us, he annihilates our vain, self-seeking, external nature; but at the same time invites us to courage, and to take the kingdom of heaven, and its blessings, to which divine rest belongs, by violence; and of these violent ones, or heaven-stormers, it is said, “they take it by force.” Methinks, without this other half, the doctrine of the Mystics is incomplete. Hence the true deportment of the godly is included in two words—faith and patience. These two must keep each other in equipoise; but when patience—that is, entire resignation to the will and the operation of the Holy Spirit, is not joined with it—faith is no Israel, but a natural Jacob. Your many years’ experience of the struggle between the flesh and the spirit, has likewise been mine.

Ever your faithful associate,

VON MEYER.

## XCII.

Frankfort, 4th July, 1812.

I am pleased with what you write regarding mystic stoicism; and that instead of this, you point to the words of Jesus, “Father, if it be possible, &c.” and to the *Κυριε Ελευσον*. Yes, the eternal pressing towards, and pressing into, the centre, is real prayer, and its aim and consequence. There are, indeed, frequent intervening seasons of slothfulness and stupefaction; but on the whole, the devout heart prays incessantly; without, however, neglecting the more express

intercourse with God. I may disclose to you, that since that period in my sufferings, I have belonged to those, who cry unto God *day and night*. Experience has taught me to understand the meaning of these words.

VON MEYER.

### XCIII.

Frankfort, 20th August, 1812.

The doctrine of the Moravian church, concerning resignation to the transforming work of the Saviour, and his Spirit, is the only genuine scriptural, the only genuine mystical, and the only moral system, that cannot be destroyed. It is also a characteristic mark of the true and the best mystics. For, all true religion is mystical; but not all mysticism is true religion. Frequently, it proves only injurious to the reader, who cleaves to the author, who has allured his imagination, instead of going to the source, to which the author points. The improper use which is made of the writings of the Mystics, is just the same as was practised in certain periods of the church with the fathers. This adhering to secondaries might be regarded as humility, did it not bear fruits of error and delusion. The reason is, as you well observe, because the individual will not unconditionally acknowledge and confess his own wretchedness and nothingness, and that of all mankind; for it is only thus that anything good can be made of us. But half-awakened, and without becoming a poor sinner, how is it possible for such an one to bear the light of the Most Pure? how be immediately subject to his renewing influence? The individual continues in the carnality and blindness of the old man, and



changes merely the name. Yet he that is thoroughly awakened, has need of the utmost watchfulness, in order not to fall asleep again on the pillow of imagination and security. I feel this very often.

My opinion respecting the manner in which the gospel may become a savour of death unto death, is this:—savours make very various impressions: there are people to whom the perfume of roses gives pain. Savours destroy vermin: and all that is good—all the balmy emanations of the kingdom of light are a destroying and tormenting poison to the kingdom of darkness. The divine grace of the gospel embitters the hardened sinner; his haughty reason, his sensual man, is offended by it; he becomes a hater, a scoffer, a persecutor of the truth and its professors. From a common, quiet sinner, he becomes a wicked devil, and dies entirely the spiritual and the second death. By this means, the divine order—the judgment of separation and decision, without God's interposition, and only by the man's own fault, is accelerated. Thus it is also said of Christ himself, that "he is set for a rise and fall." He to whom the gospel is preached, and who does not receive this only means of salvation, pronounces sentence upon himself; and his resistance against the Holy Spirit, plunges him, without the possibility of justification or excuse, into condemnation. It would have been better for many, had they never been born christians; they would then never have merited from Christ eternal death.

Blessed be the Lord, who has called us, from unmerited grace, to the inheritance of the saints in light! May He preserve us, for his name's sake!

Eternally yours,

VON MEYER.

## XCIV.

Frankfort, 10th February, 1813.

I number myself justly amongst the Jobs, and call you my Elihu, who makes apparent to me the mystery of the cross ; for I have also “ miserable comforters.” Now, as much as I coincide with your Elihu like discourses, yet I must differ from you in one point. When self is slain, we certainly suffer less ; but (1) an absolute annihilation of self is an impossibility, because it would necessarily become total unsusceptibility. (2) We are retained in the bonds of self, as I clearly feel, until the time is arrived to deliver us from them. (3) Although the destruction of the selfish principle may defend us against inward sufferings, and procure us the peace of God ; yet outward distresses commonly rise so much the higher ; all pious and holy souls are tormented on that very account, by the devil and the world, because they will not do the will of the flesh. But even as there is a resurrection of the inner man, here below ; so there is also, for many christians, a sabbath of outward repose ; at least, a variable one. In such, the promise of this life, which is given to godliness, is then fully manifested. (4) There are particular and special seasons, and individual states, in which the christian is so much pressed and hurried, that he can scarcely come to reflection ; and it becomes extremely difficult for him to enter into a state of resignation. The monk in the cloister, and the friar in the convent, easily attain to an inward serenity, humility, and self abandonment, which is almost impossible for a man of business. The more the latter seeks to get rid of himself, the worse is his torment.

VON MEYER.

## XCV.

Frankfort, 26th February, 1813.

Respecting the necessity of the old corrupt nature, self-will, being slain in us, and that the cross assists us to do this, I am fully of your opinion. The former, is incontestible, and of the latter, my own experience has palpably and literally convinced me.

VON MEYER.

## XCVI.

Frankfort, 1st March, 1813.

The origin of all controversy in spiritual things is the partial view which men take of them ; I mean of controversy amongst well-meaning believers. When the Holy Spirit elevates us to the universality of that point of view, from whence he has dictated the Scriptures ; we then also possess the sufficient key of exposition ; we shall not however all find that meaning, which the limits of a life of sense, or the want of superior experience and the individual contractedness of our enlightening, withholds from us for the moment. The further we advance, the more numerous are the chambers of truth, which the key unfolds to us. Very different is the positive universality of the word, which I preach, from the empty indifference which neological rational enthusiasts observe, to whom the word of God is only the word of man, and who neither see nor know the Spirit of truth.

Dearest brother, I believe I have received a light upon 1 Peter. ii. 9, which reaches into eternity, and is wonderfully consolatory and expansive.

It has reference to the restoration of all things. Reflect, when *all* things are restored, where will mankind take their station ?

O what bliss it would be, if we would only mutually and vocally, without envy, pride, or vanity, but in simplicity, as God gives it, communicate our own views, or those of others, which might edify and advance each other in true wisdom, at the same time doing good without being weary ! This would be a true lodge, or rather a heaven upon earth. May the Lord soon unite his believing people, and be himself their teacher ! Whether this awaits us here, or hereafter, he only knows.

VON MEYER.

XCVII.

Frankfort, 4th June, 1813.

\* I will now with pleasure communicate my elucidation to you ; on which, however, I do not build too much—of 1 Peter ii, 9, “ But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar or purchased people ; that ye should should shew forth the virtues of him, who hath called you out of darkness, into his marvellous light.” I regard it as an evident proposition, that after eternal ages have passed away, every creature, even Lucifer and his angels, shall finally re-attain to their innate light and inheritance. That Jacob Böhme declares he sees nothing of this, does not affect me ; for though he may not

\* The Translator does not pledge himself to all the sentiments contained in this letter, but leaves them to the judgment of the truly enlightened, merely reminding them of the Apostolic injunction to “ prove all things, and hold fast that which is good.”

have seen it, yet it may still be true. Lucifer's light world was in the plan of our solar system. Now when this earth shall not only be outwardly glorified, but when, at length, hell itself within it shall be extinguished (by the blood of Jesus Christ,) and our solar system be again transformed into Lucifer's light world, in a still more resplendent degree than before, and the devils as angels of light, shall have again taken possession of their first estate, what will become of the human race? Here the Israelitic division of the tribes shines before us, as a lofty emblem of eternity. Lucifer was the first born; the Reuben of the creation; but he was rejected; not he, but Judah, that is, the Shiloh, Jesus Christ, and the christian people redeemed by his blood who, in so far as they are of the royal race, have obtained the birth-right as long as the earth stands. However, there is one tribe of Israel, which has no determined station, no allotment of territory, but God himself engages to be their portion; this is the tribe of Levi, which encamped close to the tabernacle, and was the nearest to the Lord God. Now as, according to the promises of Scripture, we are to be elevated above the angels themselves; we are the future Levites of the universe, or of eternity, and Jesus Christ, our tribesman, is the Aaron in the midst of us. We therefore now know, without the next connection, what the definitive meaning of the words is, "Ye are a chosen generation, a holy nation, a royal priesthood, &c." The expressions are Old Testamental, and by this passage, it is already predicted, that the spiritual Israelites shall eventually be all Levites.

VON MEYER

## XCVIII.

Frankfort, 18th March, 1815.

I subscribe, unconditionally, to your remarks on inward seclusion.

We must be ever on the watch, and strive with great sincerity in prayer. With all this, it cannot be deemed, that on the path of repentance, many neglect to apply to themselves the consolation of divine love and future glory, the free Spirit and the riches of mysteries, all which are nevertheless given to us in Jesus Christ. On this they become, as self-workers, gloomy and severe; and since human nature is so constituted, that as the excellent Johann Arndt says in his "True Christianity," it must always love something, and rejoice in something and amuse itself with it; nature often breaks out in such pious souls into excesses, and falls unawares into lusts because no spiritual compensation is afforded her. Zinzendorf indeed saw this; but his manner, and still more so that of his imitators was trifling and dangerous; the Moravian church refused to know much of mysteries, and fell into a voluptuousness of feeling, which could not be maintained. Hence there is now in their labors a certain void, and a monotony, which is not agreeable to every one, and least of all to the learned and well-informed, who though desirous of feeling, will likewise think, and know, and seek for variety in spiritual enjoyment. But for all this, the Scriptures give infinite directions, particularly when the mirror of nature is called in to assist, into which it tells us to look. He that well understood the matter, was the same Johann Arndt, who beside the abomination of the old man, knew how excellently to delineate the charms

of the new birth, and the wisdom connected with it. He that follows his clue, really cannot deviate, either to the right hand or the left.

VON MEYER.

XCIX.

Frankfort, 4th February, 1816.

In the alterations of hymns, there is manifestly a difference; whether they have reference to the essential meaning, or the real form. There is excellent Psalmody in the old hymn books, and I anticipate their regeneration, for which purpose, believing poets are requisite; for the neological strain of the modern is a mournful nocturnal ditty; and when they reform standard hymns, it gives the christian mind a pain in the stomach. I have already carefully purified some hymns myself, for instance, "My Solomon, thy beneficial reign, &c." Here slight amendments were admissible, by which the sentiment loses nothing. But they extend merely to the classical and technical part; for in this respect there is a deficiency; because in Dr. Richter's time the psalmody of the old masters, which does not admit of reformation, as for instance, Luther's hymns, had become obsolete, and the new art was still in its cradle. Yet even in the later period, there are hymns which do not suffer any alteration, such as that of Paul Gerhard's,

"Unto the Lord commit thy way, &c."

Natural poesy, like Luther's, does not admit of an alteration. Dr. Richter's hymns, however, are according to art, and can therefore be aided by art, and be freed by it from prosaisms and

defects. But no one must trench upon the Spirit of grace, which breathes in Luther's as well as in Richter's hymns. No one is further from weakening metaphors than myself; on the contrary, I seek to strengthen that which is weak.

VON MEYER.

C.

Frankfort, 2nd day of Easter, 1816.

I wish you a joyful festival, from him that was dead and now liveth for ever and ever. Nor has he let me go without an internal blessing during this festival, but has been near me with his grace, has spoken to my heart, and said, "Fear not!" He has assured me that my sins are blotted out, has treated with me concerning election and adoption, wisdom and knowledge, office and kingdom, has refreshed my eyes with bright prospects, and my soul with obscure, but sweet forebodings. Thanks be to him for this! I have not yet left the sea of tribulation, but I am able to hold up my head. My mind becomes tranquil, full of confidence, and happy in believing. May he preserve his peace to me, and me by his peace. There is still no want of conflicts and afflictions; but I now know how to appreciate them, and may hope for deliverance from them.

I subjoin you the sixth verse of "My," slightly altered—"Solomon :"—

The spring of grace, that in the soul doth flow,  
Must be a well of everlasting life,  
Which to the mighty sea of life doth go,  
With living streams perpetually rife.  
And from this water's constant ebb and flow,  
The Spirit's fruits in pleasing number grow.



## CI.

Vienna, 4th January, 1814.

My dear and respectable friend,

Whenever I write to you, I cause myself a real pleasure; I snatch myself from the wearisomeness of an idle and useless life, and return to a sphere of peace and love; I desire therefore no praise for writing to you frequently. With respect to yourself, whose every moment is devoted to God, or to your neighbour; you give me a real proof of your friendship by your letters, and you ought to feel how precious they are to me.

We continue here, without knowing when our stay will terminate, or in what manner. Doubtless we ought to pray, more than ever. It is only from God, that the nations ought to expect their safety. I am quite deceived in the resolution to attach myself more than ever to the cross, in order to follow the path, which will be traced out for me, and of which I am at present ignorant. Such is my purpose; but shall I have the firmness never to deviate from it? Pray that I may attain it, and that your benedictions may never abandon me!

I am here in the bosom of my family, and such a situation ought to render me happy, were not my heart wounded by the state of my father. In the midst of his family, surrounded by attention and affection, nothing alleviates his melancholy, and all the consolations, which are lavished upon him, are without effect. My mother is an angel of patience and love, with reference to him; we all suffer with her. Does human misery ever surpass the goodness of God? I fear lest I should

sin in thinking so, and I prostrate myself with submission before that profound wisdom, which it is not always given us to comprehend.

I must also mention to you the religious phenomenon, which at present occupies the attention of Vienna ; I mean Werner,\* whom I have been to hear, as well as every one else. You can form no idea, my excellent friend, of the immense crowd which his sermons attract into the churches where he preaches. People generally go thither from curiosity, and I confess that it was the same motive that led me thither, but I left the place with very different feelings to those with which I entered it. Werner is accused of being vulgar and fantastical in his discourses. This reproach is perhaps just ; but it was impossible for me to judge of it in consequence of the sweet and profound emotion, his discourse produced in me. I should not be able to give any account of what he said ; I only know, that he made me weep, and that on departing, I was penetrated with divine love. Inform me, my friend, of what you know, and what you think of this extraordinary man. I think too much is made of him. I cannot admire his change of religion, which supposes ideas that are false ; without doubt, a positive faith, which speaks equally to the imagination and the heart, is preferable ; but is not Christ the same for all christians, and can we believe that the Catholics alone have a right to mercy ? This is what pains me in Werner's conduct, but I do not less find,

\* Aulic Counsellor Werner, born at Königsberg in 1767, well known by his " Son of the Valley," " Consecration of Power," and other writings, went over to the Catholic church in the year 1811, studied divinity for himself, and received Priest's orders in January, 1814. He preached with great power, and died in 1823.

that he merits attention and affection from all the friends of religion. \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

## CII.

Vienna, 28th January, 1815.

I am very sad, my excellent friend, and I feel more than ever the need of conversing with you, in order to find, in this intercourse, that strength which I require. An unhappy chance has informed my mother of the death of her two brothers, which we have kept concealed from her for two years. The dreadful circumstances which accompanied this loss, for you know they both fell victims to the barbarity of the Turks, have added extremely to her grief. Her courage, besides, is weakened by a series of misfortunes and sufferings, which Providence has sent her during upwards of ten years. We cannot however but admire her meekness, patience, and piety; but she suffers deeply, and even her health is injured by it. I am always about her, and I participate in her grief, but I do so likewise in blessing him who sends afflictions. O my friend! afflictions ought not to cast us down, and I use every effort to bear up against human weakness, which inclines me, on this occasion, to sadness and dejection. Pray for me; pray also for my poor mother; God will hear you; for you have courageously endured the trials that were appointed you. Ah, what strength of soul is required, not to let ourselves be discouraged in this life, which is so replete with storms! It sometimes seems to me, that I could more easily endure my own sufferings, than those of persons who are dear to me. I perhaps do not know what I am saying; my soul is like a reed

tossed by the wind. I was very happy when I was with you ; but happiness is not the object of my existence. God knows that I do not aspire beyond loving him and doing his will.

In order to fortify myself during the season of trial, I read one of your works, which did me much good ; the " Scenes in the Invisible World." If I may never see you again here below, it is there—it is in those regions which you so happily depict, that we shall again find each other. A few more years of trial, and all will be terminated with respect to us in this world. O how can we regret it.

We are still ignorant of the moment of our departure, and I think you may still give me news of you at Vienna. If my mother's health is not perfectly restored, and if she seems to desire, in the smallest degree, that I should remain with her, I have decided not to go, but to remain here. By this I shall sacrifice a certain liberty to which I am much attached, but on this very account I ought to do it, and I think that you will be of my opinion. The court, in reality, does not suit me. It is impossible for me to take any part in the dissipation that reigns there ; I should in that case, finish by making a sorry figure, cause displeasure, and be accounted as good for nothing. But all this as you think, is nothing at all, if we submit to it to fulfil the will of our heavenly Father.

My letter is becoming very long, but I am unwilling to finish it without asking your opinion upon one of the most extraordinary things of the age. I allude to magnetism, of which I have seen, with my own eyes, results which surpass, so to speak, human comprehension. Whilst admiring, I felt a powerful doubt arise in my soul, and I

conjure you to explain it. Magnetism, which seems to establish in such an evident manner the spirituality of the soul, and the power of the human will, ought to proceed from a good principle, that is from God ; but do not the abuse, which is made of it, and the power which it gives to man over his like, prove the contrary, and may it not be one of the snares of the spirit of darkness, to add to the evils, with which this generation is probably on the point of being inundated?

\* \* \* \* \*

### CIII.

My dear and respectable friend,

It is from —, that I write you. I have quitted Vienna and my family with many regrets ; but it is especially here that I feel them in all their force. The journey hither had diverted me ; but the isolated state in which I am placed in the midst of this court, has brought back upon me all my sadness. Add to this particular state of mind, the effect which the news of the day is calculated to produce. I confess to you that my heart augurs nothing good ; I am apprehensive of seeing Europe set on fire by a new war. The Emperor, whom I saw on the eve of my departure, fears the same thing ; he recalled to mind on this occasion all that you said to him at Bruchsal ; your sentiments are his. I was much affected at bidding him adieu ! and I blessed him in the name of the Lord. Yes, the Lord will not forsake him. I will not tell you more at present, in the prospect I have of soon seeing you again.

We quitted Vienna two days after the arrival of the news of Napoleon's departure. Had we re-

mained there some time longer, a decision might have been formed, and we should not have been in the uncertainty in which we now are. The festivals have been interrupted at Vienna, but here they do not favor us with a single shew. I confess to you that I am worn out with ennui, fatigue, and disgust. It is difficult not to feel repugnance at such levity. O my soul, thou hast good reason to say, that the world still stands in need of chastisement!

I already forebode that I shall not breathe freely, until I again find myself with you, in the midst of your family, in the circle where the peace of the Lord reposes, and where the soul always feels so much at its ease. How unhappy are those friends, who are ignorant of similar enjoyments! They are so easy and so real! I must finish my letter, but not without demanding your benediction. O preserve an affection for me, which is so necessary to me, and of which I so fully feel the value! Adieu, I embrace you, and yours.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### CIV.

Petersburg, 7th April, 1816.

Our dear Emperor continues to walk in the ways of the Lord. He leads a very retired, and very exemplary life, and endures with patience, the thorns with which his crown is entwined. I hope that God will bless him and enlighten him in his career, of the difficulties of which you cannot form an idea.

My brother labors much for the service of the Emperor, but he labors also for that of God. The unhappy events, which have troubled so many

souls here by means of the Jesuits, have induced him to write a book upon our eastern church, which will prove, I hope, in a triumphant manner, that we have attached, as scrupulously as possible, to the primitive church, whilst the Catholics have removed far from it. You shall have this work as soon as it is printed.

Since I last wrote you, I have made some very interesting acquaintances ; amongst others that of a nun who has returned from Jerusalem, where she has been for almost the last three years. This woman was called in a very extraordinary manner. She had been blind for a year, and a vision restored her all at once to sight. This is a certain fact, and I will give you the particulars of it when we meet. She has drawn us an admirable picture of the holy places, and of the evils endured by the christians. The Patriarch of Jerusalem, who is a holy man, besought her with tears to give information in Russia, of what she had seen. It is remarkable, that the number of pilgrims who go to visit the holy sepulchre, increases every year in that country. The Catholics have recently taken possession of the principal chapel, which rests upon the tomb of Christ, and formerly belonged to the Greeks ; and from a spirit of intolerance, which they shew on every occasion, they have sought to deprive the other chapels of the sight of this monument, which is so precious to every christian, by surrounding it with curtains in order to hide it. However, the Turks have required that the Greek Patriarch should officiate at Easter, and this is done every year.

A Russian missionary has just carried the light of the gospel to the people of Caucasus. Nine thousand souls have become christians merely since 1815, and in the month of August of the present

year, on St. Alexander's day, he baptized two hundred persons in a river. These savage mountains are about to be peopled with temples of the Lord, and the Emperor has assigned funds for the maintenance of twelve churches, and the priests commissioned to minister in them. I give you these particulars, knowing the pleasure they will cause you.

Adieu! remember me occasionally before the Lord.

\* \* \* \* \*

CV.

Sarepta, 21st December, 1814.

Very dear Sir,

I had the happiness of making your personal acquaintance in the year 1804, when I travelled from C—, to pay a visit to my father in K—. I have subsequently read, with double interest, every one of your valuable works I could obtain, and have very often thanked our Lord and Saviour with joyful heart and lips, that in these last mournful times of apostacy and infidelity, he continues to afford you by his grace, courage and liberty to testify loudly of him, and to commend his salvation to mankind. May he still long preserve you, dearest friend and brother, as a pillar in his holy temple! strengthen you in your old age with rich consolation and power from on high, and still awaken numerous hosts of his redeemed people, by your blessed ministration and labor, to devote themselves to him,—the Lamb that was slain for us,—with body and soul, as a recompence for the travail of his soul.

After long interruption, I have at length, since



the communication with the mother country is again established, received the last number of your "Grey Man," a publication, which is very much liked, even in distant Asia. We were all of us heartily glad to read in the 26th number, a call from you to all the friends of our Saviour and his children, charitably and actively to support the poor church in Sarepta, which by the dreadful conflagration in 1812, and the horrible plundering and total destruction of our Muscovite establishment, which speedily succeeded it, has suffered an almost irreparable loss. We heartily hope and wish, that your kind appeal will in due time produce the desired effect, and I present you herewith, in the name of the Elders' conference and the whole church, our warmest and most heartfelt thanks for your christian sympathy with reference to the burden which almost overwhelms us, and under which, nothing but a filial and a firm adherence to our gracious and merciful Lord is able to sustain us, and preserve us from timidity and despondency. Our outward circumstances are indeed uncommonly oppressive, since besides the above mentioned heavy losses, others also, of a not less painful nature, have been added to them, which have inflicted an almost incurable wound upon our inward prosperity. The Lord alone knows by what means we can be delivered out of this labyrinth. Though his hand smites, yet it is not shortened that it cannot save. He still graciously rules over us, and amidst every outward pressure, manifests himself kindly and benignantly to his poor church in this place; this we frequently and variously experience, nay almost daily, to our inward confusion and encouragement.

As pleasant and agreeable as it was to us, that you, dearest friend and brother, are mindful with

real brotherly love of our distressed situation, yet it was equally painful and strange to us to find in the same number, page 270, a rebuke of the Moravian church, which after the strictest and most thorough examination of ourselves, we could not regard as being well founded. In my opinion, it is a decided characteristic of the United Brethren, to promote unity of spirit amongst all religious sects and parties ; to this tend our dispersed stations, preachers'-conferences, and other institutions of the Moravian church, which are directed against a sectarian spirit. And how few efforts are made to procure publicity amongst us, merely for Moravian authors, is sufficiently proved by the single circumstance, that your writings are read almost universally, with the most decided approbation in all our churches, but especially here in Sarepta ; nay, I certainly do not assert too much, when I assure you, that your " Grey Man," your " Nostalgia," your " History of the Triumph," your biography, and many others of your instructive and awakening writings are certainly more generally and universally read, than the most of Count Zinzendorf's works. That we really do not regard ourselves as better than others, probably needs no proof ; such a one at least would unjustly assume to himself the pleasing title of brother, and by so doing make it evident, that he had not yet learnt really to know himself in the light of the Spirit of God, on the contrary, all true brothers and sisters of our church rejoice with their whole hearts, when they find one, who is established upon the same ground of hope and faith with ourselves ; we even pray every Sunday in our church Litany, that the Lord would unite all the children of God in one spirit. And you would certainly, joyfully retract your judgment, which seems to us

a little severe, were you aware of the undissembled love and cordiality in the church here, with which every preacher and other friends who visit us from the German colonies are received. You would doubtless feel yourself incited to heartfelt praise and thanksgiving, in observing this bond of unfeigned brotherly love, which firmly connects us with these dear people, without inquiring whether they think differently to us in secondary matters. The chief concern and fervent heartfelt prayer of every true member of the Moravian church is and ever continues to be, that the whole earth may be full of the knowledge of the Lord ; yea, that the whole human race may resign themselves to Jesus. He that heartily says Yea and Amen! to this, is our brother, our sister, whatever else he may be called, whether Lutheran, Reformed, Greek, Catholic, or Quaker and Mennonite. In this point, my dearest friend and brother, we are perfectly of one mind and belief with yourself.

Our church in this place, at the founding of which the plan of introducing the gospel amongst our heathen neighbours formed a principal object, has hitherto not had to rejoice at the happiness of gaining admission, with the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, amongst these people. A principal hindrance which opposes itself to the conversion of the Calmucs is, the great multitude of Lama priests, who constitute almost the third part of the people. These would naturally resist the spread of the gospel, because the knowledge of the truth would deprive them of the extensive influence, which superstition and priestcraft procure them. The prince of the Derbutian horde, which is the nearest to us, is also entirely devoted to them and a true slave of their will. Some of

the brethren resided amongst these people for several years, but saw, alas! no fruit of their labors; and as great difficulty with respect to their outward support arose, the thing was given up for the time. Some hopes seem now again to dawn, that something may be done. Since the institution of the great Petersburg Bible Society, the English Missionary Society has called upon our brethren to make another attempt to introduce the gospel amongst these benighted heathens, and offered, at the same time, efficient support. The matter has been taken into mature consideration, and several of our single brethren have testified their willingness to apply themselves first of all to the study of the Calmuc language, in which a brother who is resident here, and who formerly lived as a missionary in that nation, assists them. There is yet nothing decided respecting it; but it is to be hoped that the plan will be carried into effect. Brother J. S—, our Sarepta Commissary in St. Petersburg, who is perfectly master of the language, has been laboring at a translation of the gospel of Matthew, into the Calmuc tongue, which is now being printed at the expence of the Petersburg Bible Society. May it please the Lord soon to kindle a light in this nation, which is so deeply sunk in superstition!

The most cordial salutations from the whole of our Elders' conference, and from all your many friends, and admirers in this place.

I embrace you in spirit, with real and fervent brotherly love, as your faithful friend and brother, in the death and wounds of Jesus.

S—.

## CVI.

Sarepta, 27th May and 8th June,  
Ascension day. O. S.

Beloved brother in the Lord,

The 3rd of June, new style, was a happy day for me; since it afforded me the often longed for, and scarcely hoped for pleasure of receiving your estimable letter of the 17th February. Its instructive and awakening contents have inwardly edified me, as well as all the numerous friends of Stilling in this church, to whom I have communicated your letter, which has drawn more closely if possible, the bond of the most cordial brotherly love, by which we feel ourselves connected with you. Our hearts were excited anew to bless and praise our good Lord, for the abundant blessing, which he has bestowed upon your unremitting zeal in assisting to extend the gracious kingdom of Jesus, in every part of the earth, and to implore him to continue to afford you courage and liberty, loudly to publish his salvation in these mournful times of apostacy and infidelity. It is painful, that even members of the Moravian church have given you occasion for well-founded complaint, and that many of them do not suffer the spirit of love to rule, and commit sin by unbrotherly censures. But so much the more pleasing was it to me to see, that you draw no conclusion with respect to all, from these, as I hope, few individuals, but continue to regard the Moravian church as that which it incontestibly ought to be, according to the gracious purpose of our Saviour, who notwithstanding all the innumerable defects and deviations, which humble us in the dust before him,

has hitherto benignantly born testimony to it. I perfectly agree with you, that great ordeals await our churches. A new fire must be kindled by the Lord, to prevent us from becoming gradually lukewarm, or even entirely cold, and from sinking down to mere formality. It is certainly consolatory for every one whose heart is in the Lord's cause, that notwithstanding the hardened mind of a great part of the christian world, which will not let itself be reproved by the Spirit of God, and has not, alas! perceived the day of visitation; the hidden and scattered church of the Lord is, in most countries, on the increase. We have read with the most lively interest what you write concerning our beloved Emperor. It is certain that his example operates incomparably more advantageously here in the country upon a great part of the inhabitants, with whom religion in general is held in much higher estimation, than in countries called enlightened. We intreat the Lord with real fervency of heart, that he would further cause his grace, which has hitherto magnified itself so greatly in him, to operate powerfully upon him, be a wall of fire about him in these dangerous times, and that he would accomplish, in and through him, all his purposes of peace!

We live here, in our Asiatic desert, in undisturbed rest and peace, externally; although there is no want of a variety of anxiety and distress. In other respects, our outward distressing circumstances are entirely the same as I described to you in my last letter. There is now still less expectation than ever of assistance on the part of the government, since the war, which has again broken out, will probably cause it immense expense. But however oppressive the domestic

distress of our church may be, after so many considerable losses, yet the Lord has always hitherto graciously helped us through, and we trust filially in him, that he will likewise not forsake us for the time to come. Internally, the Saviour continues to give testimony to his poor church at Sarepta ; with all our deficiencies, and manifold shortcomings, we must still confess it to his praise, that he himself walks in our midst. The case of the mission to the Calmucs, is at present a very particular subject of our ardent supplications. Two of our unmarried brethren, who had diligently occupied themselves last winter with learning the language, have been destined by our dear Lord, to make an attempt whether that nation might perhaps not at present be accessible to the gospel. They took their departure last week, in company with a brother who understands the language, after having been set apart in a solemn assembly, and received, as acolothists, to the Torgutian horde, which is the most remote from us, and which leads a wandering life in the neighbourhood of Astrachan, and further southward. According to the advice of an old and faithful friend at Sarepta, who is well acquainted with this horde, they will reside first of all, for the more thorough and perfect learning of the language, at the residence of the prince of Tumen, who is said to be a noble and tolerably well informed man, and does not let himself be so slavishly led by the Gellungs, or clergy, as the prince of the Derbutian hordes in our vicinity. They are recommended to him by us, merely as people who wish to perfect themselves in the language, since we are under the necessity of going extremely prudently to work, on account of the great number of the priests, and on the whole, to act in the

matter with as little noise as possible. This prince is already in some degree civilized, and, contrary to the national custom, has a certain dwelling-place. When our brethren have become acquainted with the language, they will rove about with the different divisions of the horde, and see whether and where the Lord will open a door for them. It is still a mere matter of faith, and cannot yet be ascertained by human eyes, how these benighted heathens, who are so much captivated by the superiority of their religion, may be best approached. Difficulties and hindrances of every kind will infallibly place themselves in the way. But the Lord can and will, when once his hour is come, break forth with power; for that which often seems impossible to us, is the smallest of his works. It is remarkable, that the Calmucs have the tradition, that their present religion, respecting the decline of which they complain, will suffer great changes, and then every thing will improve. How gratifying it would be, if at length, after fifteen years of waiting, and a variety of fruitless attempts, we should have the pleasure of seeing a recompence for the bitter sufferings of our Lord gathered even out of this heathen nation! Our church, which celebrated its fifty-year's jubilee on the 15th September, O. S. of the present year would thereby receive, as it were, new life, if the object for which it was founded in a barren wilderness, and in the neighbourhood of benighted heathens, could now be attained. We commend this important matter to your faithful prayers and intercessions before the Lord our Saviour. In Asia, there is still a very large field, which must be cultivated before the coming of the Lord. Very peculiar feelings pervade me, when I see here people out of such different nations, who



are all still sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death ; hosts of Calmucs, Mahometan Tartars and even Persians and Turks. Some Persians have been resident here for several weeks, who are heard every evening repeating their prayers with great devotion. In fact, they put to shame many so-called christians by their piety. O that they might attain to the knowledge of the truth !

Several highly gifted and evangelical preachers, who have much at heart the extension of the kingdom of Jesus, labor amongst the six considerable German colonies, on both shores of the Wolga, in the neighbourhood of Saratoff. Amongst these, the three dear and estimable men, Graf, Huber and Kohlreiff, distinguish themselves, with whom we stand in an intimate and heartfelt fellowship. Another faithful and tried servant of the Lord, who was much blessed in a parish of a considerable extent, and was universally beloved and esteemed by his parishioners, the worthy Mr. Hiemer, has been called home by his Lord, in the beginning of the present year, after many and grievous sufferings. Kohlreiff, who was brought up from a child amongst the Moravians, and studied with me in our academy and seminary, was for several years a highly valued teacher in our academy at Barby, until he received the call as preacher to the colonies. He has here to minister to a very considerable parish of twelve colonies and as many churches, in an extent of about forty wersts on the other side of the Wolga, about five hundred wersts from Sarepta, up the river ; to which he applies himself with true cordiality and genuine apostolic fidelity and zeal. When he came thither twelve years ago, he found his extensive parish, in the most melancholy situation, and in an utterly neglected state.

It had been for a long series of years without a pastor, in consequence of the flight of his predecessor, who had been formally deposed, on account of his vicious course of life. The bad example of this reprobate individual had wrought most perniciously upon the people; young and old lived in the most appalling forgetfulness of God, and in a state of ignorance which exceeded all idea. He had to endure much distress and vexation; and because he expressed himself with seriousness and zeal against the prevailing vices, he was bitterly assailed by a great part of his parishioners, but did not suffer this to confuse him, and has now the happiness of seeing that the preaching of the gospel finds an abundant entrance, particularly amongst the numerous young people, who have enjoyed his salutary instructions preparatory to confirmation; even the majority of the elder part of his congregation has been won by his persevering patience. Hence, when some time since, he received a call to fill the place of the late Rev. Mr. Hiemer, his parishioners gave him such unequivocal proofs of their love and attachment, that, notwithstanding all the anticipated advantages and greater conveniences which the vacant situation offered him, he yet gave way to the unanimous solicitations of his congregation, and continued at the post assigned him by the Lord. A couple of years ago, the schoolmaster of this place, formerly a scholar of Kohltreiff's, a very talented young man, received a call as preacher, in the place of the late Rev. Mr. Gunther, in Wodenoy-Bujerak, who had the misfortune to be frozen to death, during a violent snow-storm. Kohltreiff was commissioned to administer the ordination. This took place before an auditory of several thousand persons, and in the presence

of many other preachers of the colonies, with such a heart-melting feeling of the immediate presence of God, that even the most unfeeling and rudest individuals were mightily affected by it ; and those that were present, still speak with emotion of the grace manifested on that occasion.

The Lord fulfil your wishes for our church in this place ! His Spirit be with you and with us, and preserve us in intimate fellowship of heart and spirit, until we appear before the throne of the Lamb ! In the conscious nearness of our unseen friend, I embrace you, dearest friend and most beloved brother, in spirit, and remain with the most cordial salutations, from the whole of our Elders' conference and all your friends and admirers here.

Your, in Jesu's blood and death,  
Faithfully obliged and humble friend and Servant,  
S—.

Superintendent of the church at Sarepta.

## CVII.

Sarepta, 1st June, 1816.

Dearest and most cordially beloved brother in the Lord !

Your views respecting the great events which are taking place in the world, in the present day, which you had the kindness to communicate to me, seem to me to agree in substance with those which I have formerly read in your edifying writings. That the Lord has great and important things in view at present, certainly every one sees,

who does not wilfully close his eyes and ears. But how and in what manner he intends to accomplish the great work of the total separation between darkness and light, and how soon this period will arrive, seems to me not exactly needful to be known. The chief thing still continues to be unwearied watchfulness and prayer, and that every one daily let his calling and election be made sure by the grace of Jesus ; then whenever it shall please the bridegroom to appear, he will find us, as wise virgins, ready to go forth to meet the beloved of our souls. And then also he will know how to conduct us uninjured through every difficulty, and through every ordeal however severe. O that he might now accustom us all, without exception, more and more, to complete dependance upon himself.

Our brethren amongst the Calmucs, hitherto see no fruit of their labors, but do not give up the hope, that the Lord will yet magnify himself amidst this benighted people. Prince A. Gallitzin has sent Prince Tumen, with whom our two brethren, Schill and Huber are residing, splendid copies of the gospel of Matthew, printed in St. Petersburg, at the expence of the Bible Society ; urgently enjoining upon him, in a long letter, the most diligent perusal of the divine word, and also recommending our missionaries to him with much warmth. Tumen naturally felt himself highly honored by this letter. He testified his joy at the present he had received, and assures us, that as soon as the weather will permit, he will collect his people together, and have the Holy Scriptures read to them. The brethren, whom he had for some time previous, treated with coldness, and whom, as a zealous idolater, he had loudly and openly declared to be deceivers, he has since again

treated, though perhaps from mere policy, with much attention and external friendship. He often reads in Matthew, not however for his own instruction, but occasionally to shew the Russians that come to him, how little they live and walk according to the precepts of their religion. A considerable number of copies of the gospel of Matthew, have also been sent to the brethren, who have distributed them to those who expressed a desire for them. Hitherto, the people read this book from curiosity, find every thing in it good and excellent, and even express their satisfaction at it that their religion and ours agree in the essential points. Their supreme *Burchan* had made his solemn entry upon an elephant, ours upon an ass; both had performed great miracles, and left behind them excellent doctrines, both had suffered for their people in order to amend them; theirs also would reward his faithful adherents after this life, and confer upon the good, for their noble actions and their unremitting presents to the priests, the divine dignity after their decease. Some traces of christian traditions seem really to exist in their system of religion, and I am almost inclined to believe, that its founders have borrowed some things from christianity, with which they have adorned their fables. This might perhaps be easily elucidated by a minute investigation; since their religion is of Indian origin. Several of them seem to fear that the doctrine of the christians may expel theirs, and therefore seek to avoid all conversation on religious subjects.

There being likewise a great many tribes of people living in Siberia, who are of Mongul extraction, Tresein, the governor of Irkutsk, a pious man, and formerly a scholar of our late brother

Wigand, has besought the Bible Society for a grant of the Calmuc gospel of Matthew, and urgently expressed the wish, that missionaries might be also sent thither. The Scottish missionaries at the Caucasus have separated from each other. Some remain there, others dwell in Astrachan, and a part of them are gone to Orenburg, where a wide field unfolds itself to them. They think that much might be done in that country for the kingdom of God. In the colonies on the Wolga, after the decease of the preacher there, a minister of the name Holtz, came last year to Russia, from the Duchy of Berg, with a number of sword-cutlers and smelters, but found nothing to do in this little colony of iron-founders, another having been already appointed as preacher at the manufactory, who was an open enemy to the cross of Christ. This Holtz, after accidentally travelling to Saratow, on the business of the manufactory, was unanimously chosen preacher to a large parish, and will probably enter upon his office in the autumn. According to the testimony of the dear senior preacher, Graff, and his two future immediate colleagues in office, the excellent ministers, Kohltreiff and Huber, he is a true evangelist and a faithful confessor of the Lord. It is certainly a matter of thankfulness, that from this time, three like-minded individuals will be occupied in the Lord's vineyard on the other side of the Wolga. May the people, who are alas, deeply sunk in earthly enjoyment and worldly care, give more heed than ever to the voice of the gospel, which is published to them, warmly and emphatically, by these three unwearied witnesses of the truth! In Saratow, the Lutheran preacher has also lately departed this life, who, however, because he was a mere dry moral preacher, gener-

ally addressed only empty walls. It is to be wished that the poor flock in that place might possess an evangelical man, who would devote himself to the duties of his office, and not, as was previously the case, make the office merely subservient to him. The prospects of this are, alas! not the most favorable, since in this part of the country, there is a total want of able individuals. There are certainly many students of divinity in Dorpat; but these all seek solely how they may most advantageously procure *uxorem et censum*, and they find both in Liefland, where the livings are very lucrative, better than in the colonies, where the preachers have much work, but very trifling incomes.

## CVIII.

Sarepta, 4th August, 1816.

I had written thus far, dearest brother, when I was commissioned by the conference in this place, in the beginning of June, to undertake an urgent journey on business, to Saratow, four hundred wersts from hence, in order to make the necessary arrangements on the spot, with respect to the affairs of our establishment there. As soon as I enjoyed a little rest from business there, I crossed the Wolga, in order to visit once more my dear Kohlreiff, who is stationed a hundred wersts northwards, on the opposite shore. I spent some happy and agreeable days with him, and with dear Mr. Huber, the uncommonly active minister of Catharinenstadt. Gladly would I have visited them earlier, if circumstances had permitted it, in order to participate in the blessing, which was abundantly poured out on the first day of Whit-

suntide, at the solemn confirmation of eighty seven children in the parish of my dear friend Kohlreiff. My friend's three sons give the fairest hopes of success; the eldest in particular, distinguishes himself by his uncommonly happy disposition of mind, by filial piety, and by an impulse, which may be already clearly perceived, to tread eventually in the steps of his pious father, who is endowed by the Lord with such distinguished talents, and also of both his worthy grandfathers. His childlike-mind, his youthful cheerfulness and vivacity, his uncommonly happy formation, and an enthusiastic love for music, in which he has already attained an admirable proficiency—both parents being extremely musical—prepossess every one that sees this amiable youth, immediately in his favor. Indescribably affecting and edifying to me were the solemn evening services, which the pious parents are wont to hold with their children, in which the peace of God might be felt in a powerful manner. The two eldest sat devoutly near their father, who accompanied the singing upon the harpsichord, and led it with his melodious voice, whilst I was ravished by their melody. My little god-son Julius, who is something above three years old, sat in my lap, devoutly folding his little hands, and joining so beautifully and clearly in all the verses which were known to him, that I imagined myself translated into this blissful children's kingdom in the church made perfect. In short, I spent some exceedingly blissful hours and days in the midst of this family, which is so beloved and blessed of the Lord, and so infinitely dear to me. Two pious and affluent parishioners of Mr. Kohlreiff's, who have a particular affection for the eldest son, have for the last two years, agreed together, to sow annually



a piece of land with wheat, for their favorite, sell the corn reaped from it and in this manner form a capital with the addition of the yearly interest upon it, in order to procure the father some means of providing for his future education. The blessing of our gracious Father in heaven, seems to rest upon this pious undertaking of the worthy agriculturists ; for this little capital already amounts to upwards of 100 roubles. This proof of disinterested love and attachment is uncommonly affecting to the good Kohlreiff, and he is highly delighted when he resigns himself to the lovely idea, that our dear Lord, who always makes use of means apparently insignificant to accomplish great and salutary ends, may place him in a situation, in this and similar ways, to have his first born educated, so as afterwards to become a blessed soldier of Jesus Christ, &c.

With a heart filled with love, I remain,

Your faithful and devoted

S.

### CIX.

From home, 23rd June, 1815.

Ardently beloved brother, in him, who is our alone most adorable God and Saviour !

By the Diligence, you will receive a written volume of my biography, which extends to the sixtieth year of my life ; in order that you may see from it, that the divine Educator of mankind has many Stillings of your sort in the world, and that his providential dealings, from the choice made of the royal prophet in the pastures of Bethlehem,

down to the charcoal-burner, Jung-Stilling, and the herdsman, B—, have remained the same from time immemorial. You will also see from it, why my spirit so inwardly sympathized with yours, from my youth up, and will continue to sympathize with it, if it please God, to all eternity, for Jesu's sake.

Tell me respecting my biography, whatever your heart dictates. Ere long we shall flow together at the throne of the Lamb, even externally ; *tunc plura de ore ad os*. I will now add only a few words, to complete my outward history from my sixteenth year to the present time.

After having had my house twice fired by incendiaries ; then twice plundered by the French, and finally, after enduring various misfortunes, which it is scarcely possible to relate, even robberies from brethren, my moveable property having been reduced almost to nothing, my Noah's family of eight souls melted down to my single self ; having last of all lost my poor wife ; a healthy woman of thirty-six years of age, who perished in a boiling vat ; I at length tore asunder the fetters of the spirit of the world, disposed of my last piece of land to my partner, a certain Count, for a very moderate annuity, which I receive quarterly ; I then retired to W—, where I am now residing in a hired house, and thus became entirely devoted to the service of the Lord. I am therefore now quite what you are, my dearest brother ; I labor, *qua civilita mortuus*, without any worldly avocations, in the great and unknown vineyard, which was ever my exclusive aim, even from my youth up, amidst all the most indescribable afflictions with which the spirit of the world almost pressed me to death ; and I imagined myself sitting in the lap of heavenly felicity ; for my

outward man felt himself all at once taken down from the cross. The Lord however knew but too well, that easy days of enjoyment were extremely dangerous for me, and was therefore kind enough to embitter my earthly heaven, which I shall probably feel till the time of my departure.

He suffered a man without the feelings of humanity, without virtue, and without God, and possessed by the demon of covetousness, to lose himself to such a degree, as to poison me at a friendly meal, by mixing *aqua tofana* with the wine. But as I drink very little wine, the wicked man only half attained his object, sufficiently so, however, to render my life most miserable, for the last two years and a half. The symptoms under which I unceasingly suffer are so strange, that I cannot describe them. Every thing in me suffers. My head and hands are alone still serviceable, and even the former not always. My trust in the universal salvation which is in Jesus Christ, has alone still preserved me in a wonderful manner.

Such, most dearly beloved, is your poor brother. Yet no! he is rich, he is happy, he is so in the Lord. My body has also its animal support, and, 1 Tim. vi. 8,\* has, besides this, been long my motto. Finally, I am for ever his, he for ever mine; what need I more!

That, my beloved friend, which you term in your writings, "your practical exercise of religion, that is, a continual inward praying course of life in the omnipresence of God in Jesus Christ;" was to me the key to your highly favored and enlightened heart. This exercise of yours is of the true kind, and you have found the great,

\* "Having food and raiment, let us therewith be content."

the infinitely easy, and so extremely hidden mystery ; " Christ in us." To me also, by the unmerited, and alas ! too long neglected grace of God, has a small part of this mystery been vouchsafed, which is only understood by experience. O let us, therefore, most carefully preserve and hold fast, what has been granted us, that none of the powers of hell, may rob us of our crown ! (Rev. iii. 11.)

Only one more proof of my still unmortified selfishness. Brother W—, would very gladly possess a temporal memento of brother Jung Stilling. Suppose you were fraternally to send him the fifth part of your biography. O how cordially would you oblige me by so doing ! But do not forget, brother, to inscribe your name in it with your own hand.

You are, and live near to the theatre of war. Gallia's doom lasts long, it is awfully severe. O that Europe, which has endured similar chastisements, would at length take a lesson from it.

Farewell, in the Lord, for ever beloved ! I hope the Lord of life will grant you to us still many years, and develope your favored heart more and more towards us, (the association of St— in L—,) your faithful fellow pilgrims. If children of God do not hold together, and do not with their prayers, in the unity of their spirit stand with the Spirit of Jesus, invisibly and yet really, in the immense breach of the church ; then alas ! there will be an end of every thing, which still binds heaven with a few silken threads to our *terra damnata*.

I embrace you most tenderly in this Spirit of Jesus, and am, with the most fraternal and affectionate sentiments, in him, through him, and for his sake, even into a near eternity, your

sincerely devoted, and ah, I write it with tears !  
most unspeakably home-sick brother.

Z. A. W.

CX.

Permit, honored Sir, one that is unknown to you, to approach you, who indeed, during his whole life was near you, and affectionately hung upon you, but who, however frequently he wished it, could never before reach you until now, by the hand of a most worthy friend ; I must still inform you, before we part, perhaps for ever as it respects this world, that you were the friend of my youth ; that I owe to your Stilling a great part of my religious improvement, my faith, and my confidence in God. I belong to you, as one who sympathizes with you the most, because he has with you the same disposition of spirit, the same faith and the same hope ; the belief in a superior and unseen world, the sun of which is Christ. This gives me the courage and the confidence to open to you my inmost soul. For with those that belong to that kingdom, there is no longer any thing secret, or rather, that which is most secret, the inmost center of the heart, is the real and peculiar life of man, and is consequently that which belongs to that kingdom. Read the annexed.

With the most fervent esteem and affection,

Your,

HUFELAND, DR.\*

\* See Note 9.

## CXI.

How much I have been gratified, that our thoughts so exactly coincide! I am also firmly convinced, that it is at present not enough to possess the Lord in our hearts, but the time is come, *when we must also openly confess him*. I will do so shortly. I only beg of him, that from these confessions and public declarations, vanity, boasting, and that mournful result—intolerance, may be far removed!

The chief thing is still this; that He seeks entire possession of our hearts, and this is also the solution of the enigma of my life, which was so entangled with respect to the heart and affections. And thanks be to him, he has it entirely! Nothing binds me any longer to the earth. I have nothing more to wish or to hope for from it. Time is already eternity with me, and has only a value in my esteem by my making it eternity. Soon, all shall be overcome, and then an eternal meeting again ensues. Then shall I also see you face to face.

Your entirely devoted,

HUFELAND, DR.

## CXII.

N—, the 21st August, 1815.

I still continue to sow, in hope, the seed of the divine word in my field of labor, which is alas! for the most part, only stony ground. In painful contrast with the fruit of my labors stands before my eyes, the scene of the carrying home the rich and ripe sheaves at the harvest-time of

the present state. Yet no good seed is lost to the spiritual sower, and the more patiently he waits, the greater will be his unmerited reward from his magnanimous Lord. In these views I seek to establish myself more and more, which however is accompanied with many an exercise and many a conflict in the natural and sensible part of our being, which is so difficult to be defined. To be entirely given up to the Lord in childlike simplicity and docility is, in the eyes of my inward man, unspeakably beautiful. It is the silent heroism of the christian, of which the world knows nothing.

In the discharge of my official duties, I am also comforted by a consideration of the variety of preparations for a blissful eternity. Who knows, whether one and another are only destined to form A. B. C. scholars!—a degree of inferior instruction which is also necessary, and must precede that which is superior.

May I but be found faithful by the Lord!

D—.

CXIII.

Sch—, 5th September, 1815.

I send you herewith, by our worthy friend, a second little work upon a great subject, which I am certain is worthy of your approbation.

The *Logos*,—in him was and is life—is the organizing principle, and this organizing principle does not continue in the formation of individual human organizing, as in that of animals, in a state of repose, but strives from thence to elevate itself into a higher sphere or dignity; since this principle seeks to unite single individuals as it were

like atoms and members of a new and superior organic edifice—the body of the Lord or of God—and this hitherto misapprehended and yet irresistible organizing effort is that which is termed the coming and manifestation of the kingdom of God. This maternal and divine principle of life and love was called the *Word* only, because this superior organizing impulse or creative power first expressed itself in language. The manifestations of this organic uniting power of individual human mind, are only very weak here below ; and even if the exaltation of life in two or three individuals—“ Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in midst of them”—infinitely outweighs the wretched, limited, captive, isolated life of individuals ; what enjoyment, what blissful moments must the life of many—of all christians in Christ afford, where every one will live from, in, and for all ; all from, for, and in each without ceasing, (*partout et toujours !*)

In the blissful presentiment of this life, the fraternal hand is offered you by,

B—.

CXIV.

Sch—, 6th February, 1816.

Perceiving with sorrow, from your esteemed letter of the 28th January, that you are troubled with spasmodic pains ; I wish to God that his health-bringing word may soon restore that health, which you require for your labors. The modern discovery, which is doubtless known to you, of the horrible poison which each of us bears about in him, in the prussic acid, only undeveloped, and whose destructive power, like the effects of lightning, even far exceeds the *Lauro Cerasus*,



gives us, in other respects, a new proof in what pretty company we are in this, and with this, earthly body; and confirms also physically that assertion of Paul, "In me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." "Interior nature," says Saint Martin, "is only a concentrated sorrow," and I add to this operation, "because it contains a concentrated passion."

Every earthly disease is, with reference to those that experience the drawing of the Father to the Son—that is, to life, an anticipation of earthly death; and every anticipation of the latter, is an anticipation of true life. The earthly declination of the magnetic needle of our hearts is rectified by every disease.

If it be horrible to fall bodily, to feel one's-self always falling; one would suppose, that the continual inward falling of the inner man (in the heart and the head,) would be at least equally as terrible to the so-called cosmopolites of the age. And which of us can stand without that corner stone, which will crush those arms when they shall fall upon it on their departure out of time, because, in time they did not lay hold of it, and would not be grounded and stand upon it?

I am entirely of your opinion with regard to striving after knowledge, in so far as it has reference here to a self-seeking striving. But when a man, by the giving and yielding up of his will to the will of God, enters upon the latter; so that God now wills in him and through him; he then, by the surrender of his own sight and knowledge, enters into the vision and knowledge of God, so that God now sees through him and in him, and he through and in God. And even as the individual, by the yielding up of his selfishness, in which by willing and possessing, he can only will

and possess a particle of the whole—instead of this part, or however much it may be—he now wills, loves, and possesses all things, in and through God; so the spirit of the individual, who is resigned in God, also re-obtains the divine eye for sight, and now sees the whole in God, whilst being in himself only a part, which, irrespective of this is only seen through a false medium, because it is seen out of God, and therefore out of unity or totality. Of this theory of the human faculty of knowledge, (see J. Böhme's *Mysterium Magnum*, cap. vi. vii. viii. xiii.) the wise of this world indeed are ignorant; they know nothing of this Socratic *voluntary renunciation of self knowledge*, and the reason is, because they do not relish our logic; *ubi crux, ibi lux*. But knowledge and nescience ought only to be judged of from this point of view. The wise man of this world, who is puffed up by the self-conceit of his own knowledge, has for a long time appeared to me, viewed from this point, equally as deserving of pity, as the canting ignoramus, who seeks to impose his ignorance upon me as something holy. See J. Böhme's preface to the "Forty Questions."

Have you been informed of the disclosures of a female somnambulist in St—? God must certainly desire our attention to be directed to such wonders, since he heeds not, so to speak, the danger of the abuse of them.

Miss St—, has also written to me, and complained of the barrenness she felt in her former society. But the Lord only sends her this barrenness, that she may cleave the more fervently to him, and feel convinced, that she is destined to refresh those barren regions with the balm of love, which she must look for from "the first hand." Her

sorrow is in other respects, as Paul says to the Corinthians, "A godly sorrow."

May the Lord, my very honored friend, let this year, which in its number, contains the seventh or number of repose, be to you a true year of rest: that is, a tranquil laboring in, through, and for, the Lord.\* Let us both zealously strive to keep ourselves, by prayer, in connection with him, which is the only saving connection.

Your most devoted servant and brother,

B—.

CXV.

W—, 20th August, 1816.

Venerable and most highly esteemed brother in the Lord!

We daily meet together before the Lord our God, and thus we are united, even though hills and vallies, floods and seas divide us, and though letters are seldom interchanged. Our faith in Jesus Christ, and the fellowship of the saints in him, suffers no interruption; on the contrary, it becomes daily more firm, the love more fervent, the hope and the longing after the complete manifestation of the Lord's kingdom in all its glory, more and more animated. You are now an old man of seventy six, and say with Barzillai, "How long have I still to live?" On the contrary, I stand, humanly speaking, on the summit of my days, from whence I shall now, in a few years, gradually descend, until at length, if it please

\* Stilling entered upon his seventy-seventh year in 1816, in which he finished his earthly course.

God, I shall all at once ascend upwards. However, "There is only a step between us and death." 1 Samuel, xx. 3. Therefore in reality, it is all the same, whether seventy-six years, or forty-three, which I shall have attained to day, or rather to-morrow. But our reconciliation with God, through Christ, elevates us above time and years; above death and the grave, and there prepares sight for faith, and a most blissful meeting again for christian friendship.

In what important times do we live, my dearest friend! Even in the very peculiar course of nature, and the seasons for several years past, there is, for every one who can elevate himself, even but a little above the common routine of life, something very solemn, and something that incites to silent and serious reflection.

If we look at the state of religion and morals in general and on the whole, we cannot think otherwise than that we are approaching more and more closely to a total separation of the good and the evil. The learned world, in particular, is very assiduous in trying of whose spirit every one is.

There has been for a season a calm, even as it is also the case in the political world; but we are never sure that the war will not break out again. The secret laboratories of both are nevertheless day and night in full activity. But you know this better than I.

May the Spirit of the Lord strengthen me, and each of my faithful brethren in office, for there are still many such; that we may faithfully endure in the great conflict, so that we may eventually be found approved.

I still stand, blessed be the Lord! on the best footing with my dear congregation, and scatter

the seed of the gospel amongst them, with joy, but likewise with the humiliating conviction how unworthy I am of being an ambassador in Christ's stead. For alas ! when I look into my own heart, what an abyss of sin, folly, vanity, and worldly love do I perceive in it ; and what profound confusion seizes me at the thought, which is certainly not untrue, of preaching to so many hundred people how they ought to live and amend themselves, whilst many of my hearers are incomparably better than myself ! I then pray heartily with David, " Create in me, O Lord, a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me ! "

The deep and lively acquaintance with our natural corruption is the first and irremissible condition of our salvation in Christ Jesus. A female friend whose intentions are kind towards me, wrote to me this very day as follows :—

" Were I to wish a person something really good, I would wish him a clear, deep, and pervading insight into his own wretchedness, and a truly believing vital confidence in the all-powerful and all-bestowing love of Jesus Christ. The Holy Spirit must first deeply degrade us in our own eyes, in order afterwards to make us rich and great through the fulness of Christ. As long as we have a farthing of our own, we stay ourselves upon it, and do not come as poor beggars to the Saviour, and, therefore, he cannot bestow upon us his riches. "

O how true is what this friend asserts ! May the Spirit of the Lord give me to see and feel more and more my poverty and wretchedness, that I may seek and obtain gold and raiment from him ! Pray for me.

How glad should I be to see you once more in this world ! This will hardly be the case here below ; but so much the more surely and joyfully at home with the Lord !

I am in Him, ever yours,

S—.

CXV.

Highly esteemed and beloved friend in our adored King, Jesus Christ.

Yes, friend, although you do not personally know me, yet you have been by your writings, the blessed instrument, by which eternal love has brought me out of darkness into its marvellous light. Tormented by doubts, and agonized by unbelief, even to the temptation of committing suicide, I received from Mr. N— your biography, and read with astonishment, that in your prayers, you always applied to Jesus, and were answered. My wish that he might be the true God, became more and more ardent, until I came to the remarkable passage, where at Strasburg, you knelt down in distress in your closed chamber, prayed to the Lord Jesus, and were heard upon the spot. You then went to the window and laughed aloud. When I read this, particularly the circumstance of your laughing, it flashed like lightning through my soul. He said, “ Let there be light, and there was light ! ” Hallelujah. From that day, the 31st January, 1800, I date my regeneration.

That hour I shall never forget ! In a moment I experienced a life never felt before, an unspeakably glowing love to that Redeemer I had not acknowledged before, and a great light, which pervaded my whole soul. It seemed to me, as if every drop

of blood in me cried aloud, love ! love ! I had found him, the unsought Beloved. In my childhood I loved him till my eighteenth year, and till I became enamoured of the world and its follies. He was afterwards completely scoffed away from my soul, and I was wretched for twelve years together, until that heavenly hour when He omnipotently seized me, and pressed me to his heart. It was the embrace of the supremely Beloved, which glowed through me with such divine delight, that my body trembled. I sprang up, ran into the room to my children, and cried aloud to them, "Jesus Christ is God, and I am for ever his ! O, I am happy, happy ; it is impossible in heaven to be more so !" My children were amazed at me, but believed me.

Soon after my awakening, God graciously made me the instrument of leading back my aged parent, in his seventy-seventh year to the path of life, which he had ten years previously forsaken. Three years afterwards, the dear old man expired, stretching out his arms towards heaven, whilst exclaiming "My friend, my beloved, into thine arms"—and thus he fell asleep. My children, my brothers and my sisters are all of them become adorers of the Redeemer, through my poor word, which the Lord blessed. Yes, even many a friend and companion regard me as the Lord's instrument. For all this, under God, I have to thank you.

Your "Nostalgia" has been a great blessing to me. From it I learnt to know theoretically the path of self-denial, which the Lord afterwards taught me practically. I find more and more blessedness in becoming a child that desires to know and understand nothing, but how to love, and let itself be guided how and whither its love pleases

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Perhaps I shall yet have the joy afforded me of embracing you personally, as soon as the Lord pleases : but should he have determined otherwise, I am sure I shall be one of the many souls that will exclaim on meeting you, in the world above,

Hail to thee ! under God thou hast  
My soul, my life, delivered from the grave.

May the blessing of the Triune God, further strengthen, and keep you unto eternal life !  
Amen.

Your devoted,

C. E. B.

## CXVII.

12th of September, 1816, birthday of  
my most cordially beloved friend.

Permit me once more to pour out my heart to you, that I may tell you once more, I bear you on my heart. Next year, this may perhaps no longer be the case here below. When upon my knees this morning, I was impelled to stretch out my hands, and, with filial urgency, to pray to the never sufficiently beloved High-Priest, the *Liturgus* on the temple, and to say.

“ O let thy blessing descend upon the man, to whom my heart feels so much attached, and bless him with that enjoyment of thy presence, which cannot be described, but may be experienced !”

Those precious words in Rom. viii. 32,\* were given to me, which, in reference to you, unfolded to me, for you and myself, a glorious prospect.

\* “ He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also, freely give us all things ?”



We are given to the Father's only Son. He is given to us to be *all* to us. How should he not, with him, grant us *all* things?

Yes, truly! all is thy present—thy gift! We know of nothing but of *giving*; we ourselves have to give. We only receive from him what he gives; we have no right to life; but now we take filially what he is to us, and what he has acquired for us. Even when tempests assail us, all we can do is to abide with him. This is divinely recommended to us by John:—"And now little children abide with him!"

Farewell, friend of my heart! It shall be as agreed upon; if you cross the flood before me, you will entreat permission to receive me on entering into *Hades*, and bring me rapidly through it to that blessed place where I shall see Jesus; Him will I adore. Amen! Amen! I will sink down at his feet, when I behold him as *my* Saviour. My time is short; gladly would I overcome, that through mercy I may also receive a white robe. Rev. iii. 4. This overcoming is a matter of great concern to me, since I still discover so much, which no one observes, but which must be overcome. But what is my defective overcoming, and how should I obtain rest and peace of soul, if I did not lay hold of the meritorious overcoming of my surety! However, I would not willingly make use of his overcoming for me, as a plaster, beneath which one and another evil thing sufficiently obvious to his eyes of flame, continued to ulcerate; therefore I pray with spiritual tears for power to overcome and effect a thorough cure.

I refreshed my soul, on my birthday, with an anonymous piece, printed in 1791, entitled, "Sure, Probable, and False Ideas of the State of Right

eous Souls after Death," the author of which is the late excellent prelate Roos.

Embracing you in spirit, and pressing you to my breast.

I remain, &c.

JACOB GYSBERT VANDERSMISSEN.

CXVIII.

Zürich 1st March, 1817.

The blessing of God be with you, my eternally beloved friend and brother Jung.

You certainly have supposed that I asked our dear Sch— after you. She told me, that you had written to her husband, requesting him to say to all your friends, that you were no longer able to write to them. This was to me, my dear friend, when I heard it, as an advice from you; and it shall also serve me as such.

In the last letter that friend Sch— wrote to me, dated the 28th December 1816, which could scarcely be deciphered, he subscribed himself, "Your friend, already longing for his heavenly journey with our dear and mutual friend Jung-Stilling." These words were also parting words, not only from Sch—, but also with reference to you.

And yet I cannot suffer you, my brother for eternity, to depart from us without a blessing. It gratifies my loving heart to approach even your sick-bed, and to thank you for all the good which he and my soul also has received through you. For many thousand enjoyments of a spiritual kind, I am indebted to you. I feel, my dear friend, a home-ache for you, and could wish to

see you once more. Cleansed, purified, and sanctified, we shall most joyfully see each other again, if it please God, in our heavenly home.

Cross the flood, my brother! this lower earth is only a morbid clog, and yields us nothing but parting and separating. Yonder is the place for being reunited and remaining together. O all ye dear forerunners, and ye who are now preceding us, God be praised, that *we* are also at home there, where ye are at home, and if God permit, shall also return thither.

One and another of those whom our soul loved, and who made life dear and pleasant to us, depart, until the world feels empty to us, and they attract us up to them.

When I reflect, my dear friend, upon your course of life to the present time, I ejaculate, O that there were many like him; for of such is the kingdom of God! Pass over then, my ever beloved! The Lord your God make the passage truly cheerful and easy to you! fetch you himself, and reach you his hand! Pass over, and reap the reward, which he has prepared for you!

Pass over, and be blest, and be evermore blessed in the contemplation of him, in whom you have believed.

Pass over to him, and beg of him to have mercy upon his christian people, and to strengthen our faith.

Pass over, and greet and salute for me my mother and Lavater, the ever beloved objects of my affections, whom I daily miss and lament with tears.

Pass over, thou faithful one! soon shall I follow thee.

Bid me no more farewell! I believe in thee and thine heart; only bless me from the regions above.

Pass over, and—I could almost say, speak to our Lord a word for me, and beg of him to strengthen me in conflict, and to have mercy upon me. He knows what my soul requires.

Even as my soul warmly and faithfully loved and blessed you whilst you were still dust and ashes amongst us; so it blesses, so it still ventures to bless you and love you, when as an angel of light, you follow the Lamb in the light, whithersoever he goeth.

Your friend for eternity.

Adieu, till we meet again!

A. M. K.

## NOTES.

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I. Every one has heard of Lavater's celebrated work on physiognomy, and yet how little more is known of him by the general reader! With the exception of a tolerably copious biographical notice, prefixed to the quarto edition of his work on Physiognomy, (which from its expensiveness is accessible to but few) and some very brief ones of him in periodical works, many years ago, little or nothing is known of his private character, or his public usefulness. Hopes are however entertained, that a more complete account of him will be ere long given to the public, by the pen of an able translator; meanwhile, the following brief memoir from a standard German work, may not be unacceptable.

He was born at Zurich in Switzerland, in the year 1740, where his father was a physician of some eminence. His mother, a lively woman of strong passions, by her tyrannizing temper, depressed the boy's mind, which was naturally more delicate than vigorous. Timid amongst his play-fellows, unteachable at school, and feeling most at his ease in silent reveries and quiet recreations, he gave proofs however of a lively imagination, and a desire for mental improvement, but in other respects, exhibited no prominent feature of character. His heart feeling at the same time, the need of support, took its direction to God. Reading the Scriptures and prayer, became indispensable to him, and even when a scholar of the lower classes of the school, he received decided answers to his prayers. His mind developed itself more obviously in the supe-

rior classes, under the tuition of Bodmer and Breitinger. His peculiar volatility did not permit him to penetrate deeply into philological studies, but his capacity to express himself in a pleasing manner upon every thing that he felt and considered in reference to the ministerial profession, of which he had made choice, soon rendered itself prominent. He cherished and exercised it in the friendly alliances which he formed about this time, with several noble-minded youths. His favorite employment was to observe mankind, to watch over the state of his own soul and that of others, and to teach and encourage his hearers to a life of piety. In his twenty-first year he gave a very striking proof of his energetic and undaunted character.

In 1762, conjointly with Henry Fuessli, afterwards so celebrated in this country, as a Painter, he, first anonymously and then openly, complained to the government, of the magistrate of the district, whose high connections had hitherto protected him, with reference to his oppression and injustice; which no one had hitherto ventured to denounce, and he succeeded in his object. Those that had been defrauded, were indemnified by Von Grebel, and the bold avengers of injustice were rewarded with distinguished esteem. In the company of Fuessli, Lavater travelled in 1763, by way of Leipzig, and Berlin, when he became acquainted with the most learned men of those times, to Spalding, who resided at Barth, in Swedish Pomerania, in order to perfect himself for the ministry, in the society of that able divine. Here he spent several months in theological and classical studies, and although Spalding could not impart his calmness and serenity to Lavater's ardent temperament; yet the latter was indebted to his abode with him for many a hint on the worthy administration of the ministerial office, and to the journey in general for a more intimate acquaintance with German literature. This evidenced itself soon after his return to his native place in 1764, when he divided his time between attention to the spiritual welfare of his friends, biblical studies, and poetical attempts.

Klopstock's and Bodmer's muse had excited his poetic talents, which were above mediocrity. These were now daily exercised, and at the very beginning, were directed to religion and patriotism, which bias they retained during the whole of his life. His universally esteemed "Swiss Songs," which first appeared in 1767, and his "Views of Eternity," the year following, gained him a number of admirers, who captivated by the charms of his richly imaginative descriptions, indulgently overlooked the circumstance of his frequently indulging in bold assumptions, the truth of which futurity must reveal. Thus he already possessed an extensive sphere of labor, when he was called upon to experience the anxieties of domestic life, and the duties of the ministerial office.

He was united in 1766, to his pious consort, who survived him, and was chosen deacon to the orphan house church, at Zürich in 1769. But the impulse and ability, to be much to many, were peculiar to him, and whilst the extraordinary effect of his discourses, which were full of spirit, life, and power, caused him to become extremely popular, by his energetic, heart winning, and affecting delicacy—the attractive power of his society, the moral purity and simplicity of his mode of life, as well as the unwearied, self-denying kindheartedness, with which he sought to be useful every where, particularly by doing rather too much than too little, in acts of beneficence towards the poor; all this rendered him the man of the people, and the favorite of his church and congregation, whilst at the same time, his active mind was filled with plans of a much more extensive sphere of operation. His sermons, which appeared in print subsequent to the year 1772, in several volumes, were well received in other countries; his "Book of Morals for Domesticity," very appropriately filled up a chasm in popular literature, and the poems, which he published from time to time, however much inferior most of them were to the pithy simplicity and energetic ardour of his "Swiss Songs," still proved a source of edification and enjoyment to many, on ac-

count of the cordial feelings and religious fervour expressed in them.

It was only in a single instance, that of the most celebrated and attractive of his works, that he deviated though unconsciously, in some measure from the path of his religious activity—we refer to his work on physiognomy. His talent for observation, which had been early exercised, and his knowledge of mankind, had placed him in a situation to deduce from persons of every kind, after some intercourse with them, a striking delineation of their disposition and character, and as this delineation of character easily amalgamated, in a mind formed for contemplation, with the impression of their features—it is no wonder that he gradually became convinced of a more general accordance of the outer with the inner man, than many are inclined to admit. Accustomed to generalize every thing that presented itself to him, as much as possible—it occurred to him to explain the lines of the human profile, as decided marks of character, and to elevate Physiognomy, which had been previously only a modest combination of suppositions founded on similar cases, into a science. The fruit of his physiognomical researches appeared in the year 1775, in four quarto volumes, and procured him a celebrity in and out of Germany, which few of the literati of that country have attained. A French translation was soon required, and several editions of the work have since been published in the English language. Traces of genius, acuteness, talent for comparison, and a deep insight into the human heart are contained in his work on physiognomy, as in general in everything which Lavater wrote. He subsequently appears to have had less attachment to this pursuit, and whilst he became more and more zealous in his efforts for the healing of the inner man, to have changed his studies of the features of the outward into an innocent amusement. His peculiar religious sentiments, meanwhile, remained unshaken, the chief of which were, his belief in the possibility of the sensible experience of the invisible powers, which religion has



awakened in the spiritual world. Hence he maintained the influence of the glorified Christ in the visible world—the fellowship of believers with him, which was to him almost a physical relationship—the universality of the gifts of the Holy Spirit—the power of faith—the privilege of believers to expect the answer of their most pointed petitions, of which he himself had experienced remarkable instances. This is strikingly evidenced in his larger epic poems, “Jesus Messiah,” and “Pontius Pilate,” and in the “Narratives of a Christian Poet.” His religious zeal induced him to attempt the conversion of the learned and those who thought for themselves; but however sincere his wishes, that every person of consideration, whom he valued, should partake of his sentiments, however patiently and unweariedly he acted in his attempts to convince others—yet he met with so little success, that his efforts only drew on him the title of an “Enthusiast, who mixed himself up in everything, and sought to press his opinions on every one.” In fact, it seemed natural to him to take part in every public matter which seemed to have reference to religion.

From his friendly intercourse with some of the Roman Catholic clergy, he was without reason accused of a secret partiality for Catholicism, which Lavater, however, only acknowledged from its laudable side, without suffering himself to be induced to the least approximation towards it, notwithstanding the expectations of popish zealots, who sought to gain him, as they did Sulzer in Constance. Many even regarded him as being secretly the head of the order of Jesuits. And when, from Mesmer’s discovery of magnetism, he expected new developments respecting the nature of man and the miracles which Christ performed, he became the object of the bitterest reproaches on account of the part he took in that affair. The decided manner in which he defended the truths of religion, in diametrical opposition to the scepticism, towards which the divinity of those times was rapidly hastening, was naturally regarded as folly by the falsely enlightened; whilst at

the same time, he became an offence to those that strictly adhered to the ancient formulas and dogmas, by the freedom of sentiment which he displayed with reference to biblical truth.

A mighty host of uncriticising, well-meaning laymen, however, found in the religion he taught, which was so applicable to the wants and feelings of the human heart, the most perfect defence against increasing infidelity. Hence a vast number of partially learned, help-seeking people, who did not belong to his own church, and tender-hearted females, who, perhaps, best understood him, committed themselves to his guidance with an almost unlimited confidence. An animated correspondence in matters of conscience made him the spiritual director of pious families in every part of Germany, and his journeys were the triumphant processions of a prophet to whom the people everywhere ran in crowds, in order that they might hear the word of life from his lips, for he easily let himself be induced to hold religious meetings and to preach in foreign towns and at the courts of Princes. No Protestant divine of the eighteenth century ever enjoyed more respect than was shewn to Lavater on his journey to Bremen, in 1786. An honourable call to the deaconry of one of the reformed churches in Bremen, which he had refused from love to his native town, gave particular significance to this journey. In fact, his presence had something attractive, which was not easily resisted; and he that was displeased with him at a distance, became fond of him when near. The nobleness and native cordiality of his deportment, the silent animation and profound meekness of his countenance, the distinguished charm of his lips, his tall and well formed frame, which inclined a little forwards, the expression of philanthropy and kindness, which softened without neutralizing the superiority of his spirit, the virgin purity, and gentleness of his whole being—all this gave something so solem and pleasing to his personal appearance, that every one involuntarily felt himself filled with veneration.

tion and love in his presence. To this was added a singular perspicuity and intelligibility in conversation, and a spiritual sublimity and unction, which gave weight to every word in his sermons, which covered the hastiness of his warmth in the flow of his language, and which unconstrainedly manifesting itself even in social intercourse, stopped the mouth of the scorner—a moral grace, which ennobled his witticisms, and kept every circle into which he entered, in order—and, lastly, a plenitude and originality of ideas, which frequently surprised, and always excited and animated those that were about him.

His “Views of Eternity” had long before procured him the reputation of a superior insight into spiritual things, whilst beside the profound knowledge of mankind, and an uncommon moral power, that divine life which convinces, refreshes and consoles the mind, prevails in all his religious writings. His “Sermons on the Book of Jonah,” and “on Love,” his “Hand-bible,” “Hymns for the afflicted,” and his reflections on the most important passages in the gospels, are amongst the most edifying works in the German language. His “Journal of a secret observer of himself,” has undoubtedly been productive of much good, and the candour with which he made it public, would never have been prejudicial to him, if he had not included in it too many particular circumstances of his own life, which necessarily exposed him to mistake and calumny.

The pleasure of enjoying so high degree of celebrity was often embittered by vexatious backbitings and consequent differences; for he took too little care to avoid every occasion of publicity with respect to his private life. At the invitation of Von Bernstorff, the prime minister of the King of Denmark, he travelled to Copenhagen, and began to publish an account of his journey, which gave immediate occasion for ridicule to his literary enemies. The times had advanced beyond the artlessness of his faith, and the diffuse communications of his ideas, thoughts, and suggestions

which appeared in his "Hand Library," "Anacharsis," "Legacy to his Friends," and other writings of a similar nature, which though primarily intended for his friends, he nevertheless sent to the press, ceased to be any longer attractive. The world was soon occupied with things more generally interesting. Even Lavater felt at first the republican joy caused by the French Revolution, which inflamed every one; but at the death of the king, he was filled with a religious abhorrence, which, the more cause was afforded for it by fresh acts of atrocity and horror, set his whole being in an increased activity, and developed that greatness of soul, which he had manifested in a high degree at the entrance of the Revolution in Switzerland. He gave his sentiments upon every public movement, both in the pulpit and amongst the people, with a boldness, which only genuine patriotism can impart; and with that prudence, presence of mind, and originality of thought, of which only great souls are capable, he was able, in decisive moments, to point out the best means of deliverance, and when practicable to render assistance himself. Nor did he cease, in the midst of the enormities practised upon his country, to speak out in behalf of justice and order, and openly to censure the arbitrariness of the authorities; and when he was at length exiled to Bâle, during a painful illness, in the year 1786, on the ridiculous suspicion of a traitorous communication with Russia and Austria—people wondered, that it had not been done before.

The Directory of Switzerland had never the truth told them more plainly and pointedly than in the "Vindication" he sent them from thence. In a few months, he was set at liberty, and having happily passed the French outposts, he returned to Zurich, and prosecuted his official duties with the same zeal as before, until they were at length terminated in a very painful manner; for on the 26th September, 1796, when Massena retook Zurich, and Lavater, who was occupied in the streets with affording spiritual and bodily refreshment to the soldiers, was shot in the side by a gren-

dier. He suffered from this wound for upwards of a year, during which he wrote "the history of his exile, an impressive address to the revolutionary government," "Saul and Paul," a religious poem, a number of letters, &c. &c.

Towards the end of the year 1800, his sufferings became very great, but he bore them with a patience, resignation, and cheerfulness of spirit, which excited the admiration of every one, so that even his enemies must have felt convinced of the sincerity of his piety. He died on the 2nd of January, 1801, in his 60th year, lamented by a family to whom he had acted the part of a wise and loving father, and by all good people.

In earlier and more pious ages than that in the dawn of which his sun went down, he would have been regarded as a saint, for all the qualities which the Romish church requires of those whom it canonizes, not excepting a martyr's fate, and the most of those which it venerates, were far exceeded by him in point of nobleness of mind, and undissembled piety. To be a christian was his science, and his boast; and no one ought to be offended at his striving so earnestly to be so. He was little indebted to the treasures of learning; what he was, proceeded from within. Hence there is so much of what is ingenious and edifying in his writings, that even posterity will avail itself of them. His moral character was perfectly noble and sincere; and it was only the superabundance of applause, which occasionally demeaned him; yet his intentions were always pure, and he willingly forgave his enemies. Faith and love were the principles of his nature; the celebrated Johannes Müller, who calls him the primitive father of modern divines, could say with truth, that he scarcely knew any one, who believed more really and firmly, or felt more deeply and intensely than Lavater. His weakness resulted more from the strength of imagination and the extensiveness of the plans which filled his head, than from anything which proceeded from his heart.

II. Gottlieb Conrad Pfeffel, a celebrated German Poet, was born at Colmar, in Alsace, in 1736. In his fifteenth year he entered the University of Halle, with the intention of devoting himself to the study of Jurisprudence. The change of air, and mode of living, had however, such an injurious effect upon his sight, which was naturally weak, that after having suffered long from a disease in his eyes, he totally lost his sight in the year 1757. The worthy man lived for more than half a century in blindness, and bore his hard fate with exemplary resignation. He married in the year 1759, and the happy choice he made of a companion for life, together with his natural cheerfulness and his active mind, not only supported him in his melancholy situation, but also gave him courage and strength to form a distinguished sphere of operation for himself. Having in his youthful days made some attempts at poetry, he returned to them in his solitary hours. In 1773, with the King of France's permission, he established an academical seminary for protestant youths, in Colmar, under the name of a military school. To this institution, which produced many excellent characters, he devoted all his powers, in conjunction with Aulic Counsellor Lersé, until the French Revolution caused it to be broken up. He subsequently devoted his leisure time to literary employments. In 1803, he was chosen president of the recently established Evangelical Consistory at Colmar, and died on the 1st of May, 1809. Pfeffel's poesy distinguishes itself by real feeling, original wit, cheerful humour, genuine wisdom, and fluent versification. He succeeded the best in fable, in little versified narrations, in epistolary composition, and in epigrams. His prosaic writings are also of a superior kind. His benevolent heart, his integrity, his profound piety, and the equanimity with which he sustained all the vicissitudes of life, rendered his character truly estimable.

III. Johann Michael Sailer, D. D. Bavarian Eccle-

siastical Counsellor, and Professor of Divinity at Landshut, at present suffragan Bishop of Ravenna, and Vicar General, was born in 1751, at Aresing, near Schrobenhausen, in Bavaria. His parents being poor, he was enabled to commence and continue his studies, solely by the support he obtained in Munich. In 1770, he entered into the order of the Jesuits, at Landsberg, in Upper Bavaria, and continued in it, until its dissolution in 1773. He then finished his philosophical and theological studies, and for three years together, filled the office of public repeater, after which, in 1780, he became academical Professor of Dogmatical Divinity, in conjunction with Benedict Stattler, his preceptor and friend. But as the monasteries in Bavaria, received orders in 1781, to occupy all the Professorships in the country from their own midst, Sailer, amongst others, was deprived of his place, and received only a small annual income, in compensation for it. He spent the three following years in retirement, and devoted himself to those studies and literary occupations, which had already gained him celebrity. In 1784, he accepted the call to a professorship in the episcopal university of Dillingen, where he taught moral philosophy and pastoral divinity; and where he also read religious lectures to all academicians, and published many popular religious works. In this sphere of operation he continued actively occupied for the space of ten years, when he suddenly received his dismissal. He now lived again, on a very moderate income, partly at Munich, and the rest of the time at Ebersberg, devoting himself to science and offices of friendship. On the change of government in Bavaria, in the year 1799, Sailer was appointed as teacher in the Bavarian national university, and subsequently filled the place of ordinary Professor of Divinity at the university, formerly subsisting at Ingolstadt, but which was transferred, in the year 1800, to Landshut. By his numerous writings, he has rendered great and essential service in awakening true piety amongst the Catholics of Bavaria. His episcopal circular, dated

Ravenna, 7th December, 1824, announcing the celebration of the jubilee at Rome in 1825, distinguished itself by the spirit, which it breathes, as well as by the wise consideration it expresses for other confessions.

IV. Frederick Charles Von Moser, who was born in Stuttgard, in 1723, was many years Imperial Counsellor in Vienna, and subsequently Minister of State to the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, through whose caprice, he was dismissed from his office, and his property confiscated. He lived afterwards in privacy, on very slender means, until the death of the Grand Duke, when he was restored to the possession of his estates by his successor, and died at Ludwigsberg in 1798. His most distinguished literary works, are his "Collection of Moral and Political Treatises;" "Patriotic Reflections upon Political Libertinism;" "The Master and the Servant;" "Relics;" and his "Patriotic Archives, in 14 volumes.

The father of this eminent individual, John James Moser, was no less remarkable for the extent of his learning, and the unprecedented number of his scientific and religious works, which are stated on good authority to have amounted to no less than *four hundred and four* volumes, than for the following well attested circumstances, which occurred to him during his five years' imprisonment in the fortress of Hohentwiel, upon a groundless suspicion of being the author of something of a treasonable nature. During his imprisonment, Moser had suffered from the most violent pains in his limbs and loins, to such a degree, that he could neither stand nor move without crutches. One morning he sat down at his table, laid his crutches near him, and read in his bible, the account of "Jesus healing the sick of the palsy." Matt. ix. 2—8, Mark ii. 3—12. Luke v. 18—26. "I then gave him;—he relates—in my heart, the glory, that he was still able to do the same thing, now upon his throne, wherever he found faith; but offered up no petition with respect to my-



self. Towards noon, General Roman, the governor of the fortress, and Doctor Aepli visited him, to whom he made apologies for his inability to receive them at the door, or even to rise up. When they had taken their departure, and whilst Moser was not thinking of any thing particular, he rose up, and found all at once, that he could stand without assistance; he went a step forwards, and found he was able to walk; he paced the whole length of the room, up and down, as often as he pleased, and was able to do so without any pain or difficulty. At supper, Moser received the governor at the door, and walked about with him. All who were acquainted with Moser, and his unremitting bodily sufferings, were almost as much astonished, as the Jews at the miracle of Jesus, who "were all amazed, and glorified God, and were filled with fear, saying, We have seen strange things to day!" Moser in concluding his narrative of this memorable circumstance, observes, "It is now twelve years, since this event took place; and even as hundreds and thousands of individuals are able to testify, that until the day that I was healed, I suffered acutely from pains in the limbs; so many hundreds and thousands are able to testify, that since then, thank God! I have no more pain in those parts. Lieutenant General Von Roman is also still living, who is best able to certify the truth of it."

V. For those few of my readers, who are unacquainted with Oberlin, I beg leave to add the following brief memoir. J. F. Oberlin was born on the 31st of August, 1740, at Strassburg; removed on the 30th of March, 1767, to Waldbach in Steinthal, as the Pastor of that place. Steinthal, only a few ages previous, had been an unfruitful, uncultivated district, inhabited by people who were neglected as it respects their moral and intellectual instruction.

The Rev. Mr. Stuber, had laid there a good foundation for improvement, on which Oberlin, fitted for the work, and supported in it by divine grace, continued to build with unwearied zeal and industry. According

to a document found amongst his papers, dated 1st January, 1760, he had dedicated his whole being, and all his vital powers to the Lord. This singular man's whole endeavour, longing, and labors, were directed to gain the souls that were committed to him, both young and old, for the Saviour, to preserve them in fidelity to him, and to extend their sphere of knowledge by instructing them in Natural Philosophy, Botany, Agriculture, Domestic Economy, &c.

But Oberlin had also an attentive and understanding heart for the external distress and necessities of the poor inhabitants of Steinthal. He did not rest till he had elevated them to that state of comfortable prosperity in which they are at the present time. He improved their agriculture, introduced the use of winter provender, the culture of fruit trees, and several new sources of emolument, such as cotton-spinning, &c. promoted the making of roads, encouraged manual labour and useful activity in a variety of ways, in which he himself served as an example. He founded a lending and re-paying fund, for his poor parishioners, and each of Father Oberlin's own acquirements became common property.

By continual application and prudent economy much was obtained for noble purposes. Beggary disappeared; hospitality, and liberality reigned throughout the whole of Steinthal. Like Oberlin himself, most of the members of his congregation became fathers to the orphan, promoters and supporters of the Bible, and Missionary Societies, &c. Oberlin always sought to induce the members of his congregation to devote the tenth part of their income to the Lord, for benevolent purposes. Love was the soil in which these and other christian virtues flourished exceedingly, and Oberlin's name was mentioned with affectionate ardour, in all Steinthal and its vicinity, both by Catholics and Protestants.

Oberlin had renounced temporal recompense; he rejected the most advantageous offers of other livings. He would not suffer himself to be called away from

his beloved people, by any but God himself. He died on the 1st of June, 1826. An immense multitude of people from far and near accompanied, with holy veneration, his earthly tenement, to its resting place.

N. B. The Sixth Edition of his life in English, has recently appeared ; Sold by Robert Ball.—*Note of the German Editor.*

VI. Juliana, Baroness Von Krüdener. This celebrated lady was born in Riga, about the year 1766. She received a careful education in the house of her father, Baron Von Vietinghaff, one of the richest landed proprietors in Courland, and of an ancient German noble family. Whilst still a child, she accompanied her parents to Paris, where her father's house became the rendezvous of the choice spirits of France. The wit and accomplishments of the youthful Juliana, became the objects of admiration, but she was less admired for her beauty than for her fine form, delicate features, and artless hilarity. She possessed all the charms, which natural grace and education afford, and at the same time, a feeling heart, and an imagination which was open to heavenly innocence and faith, but likewise an irresistible inclination to enthusiastic notions. She was married, at the early age of fourteen, to Baron Von Krüdener, who was eminent for his noble sentiments and extensive knowledge, and was at that time, thirty-six years of age. She accompanied him to Copenhagen and Venice, where he spent several years in the capacity of Ambassador from the Russian Court. Madame Von Krüdener shone there, as well as at St. Petersburg, in the most brilliant circles, to which she belonged both by rank and property. Her amiability, and her talents collected around her a host of admirers; but still she was not happy, in consequence of becoming the sport of feelings, and disappointed imaginary hopes.

She bore her husband a son and a daughter, the latter of whom was afterwards married to the Chamberlain, Von Berckheim. But a separation took place, in consequence, as she intimates to her son-in-law, of her natural levity, and the allurements of the great

world, which drew her into many errors, and dissolved her domestic connexions. In 1791, she returned to her paternal home in Riga. There she was universally regarded as one of the most amiable of women, who united with a liberal education, and a pleasing form, all the charms of a susceptible heart and a lively imagination. Dissatisfied with the society in Riga, she spent part of her time in Russia, and the remainder at Paris. Her fondness for dissipation entangled her here, as well as at St. Petersburg, in a thousand embarrassments. Up to this time, worldly greatness, and the pleasures of pomp and splendour, constituted the element in which she lived. Around her assembled a circle of poets and learned men, and the wild and thoughtless Garat is said, at that time, to have possessed her heart. But amidst the tinsel glory of worldly greatness, she wrote a Romance, the plan of which had for some time been formed, entitled "Valeria, or the Letters of Gustavus de Linar, to Ernestus de G." in which she described a connection, which had previously been dear to herself. Her ambition was to give classic perfection to this romance, which expresses the enthusiasm of a profound mind, in order by this means to establish her reputation as an authoress.

The overthrow of the Prussian monarchy, soon after this, excited anew that northern gravity, which southern frivolity had hitherto repressed by the illusions of which she had been infatuated. She was at that time with the Queen of Prussia, and the clear and pure mind of this royal individual produced, perhaps a deeper effect upon the susceptible disposition of Madame Von Krüdener, than the authoress of Valeria, by her able discourse on the consolations of religion, on that angel amongst mortals. Madame Von K—, felt herself, at that time, strongly attracted by the piety of the Moravians. She again removed to Paris, where many who were possessed of similar sentiments, joined themselves to her. Afterwards, when the Northern war broke out, she retired to Geneva, and 1813, to Germany. Wherever she went, she was occupied with

the developement of the invisible world within her, feeling herself cast out by the visible. In Carlsruhe, she associated much with Jung Stilling, She now believed herself called to preach the gospel to the poor; on which accounts he visited the dungeon at Heidelberg, in order to bring the consolations of the divine word to the criminals condemned to death. On returning afterwards to Paris in 1814, she held religious meetings in her house, which were attended by persons of the first consideration, and where she was perceived on her knees praying, in the background of a suite of sombre apartments, arrayed in the dress of a priestess.

It was in these prayer meetings that the idea of the Holy Alliance is said to have been conceived, and afterwards developed in conversations with the monarchs whose religiousness, in other respects, was devoid of enthusiasm. She published a description, entitled "The Camp of the Virtues," of the festival which the Russian army celebrated in the plains of Chalon, in which she unfolds her views of the history of the times.

In 1815, Madame Von Krudener removed to Bâsle, where pietism had already assembled a peaceful congregation. A young clergyman from Geneva, of the name of Empeytaz here connected himself with her, and spoke upon religious subjects in the meetings which she held every evening at her hotel. Females in particular, listened with believing attention, and were seized with a more ardent desire to give what they possessed to the poor, and expended larger sums than their domestic arrangements justified. Hence disorder and differences soon arose in their families. On this, the matter was taken up by the Rev. Mr. Fasch, who preached against her as a self-appointed teacher. She was now compelled to leave Bâsle, by order of the magistrates, and the same thing befel her at Lörrach, Aaran, and other places. Yet the number of her followers increased everywhere, particularly amongst the young. She carried on at the same time an extensive correspondence. Messengers were con-

tinually arriving with letters and money from distant places.

In 1816, she took up her residence with her daughter, not far from Bâsle, at a village called Horn, which constitutes the boundary of the Duchy of Baden. Besides Empeytaz, she was accompanied by Professor Lachenal, of Bâsle, and a Mr. Kellner, who having been imprisoned on suspicion of treason, had been converted from the system of materialism to christian sentiments by the reading of the bible, the only book which was allowed him.

Many poor and miserable people, assembled about Madame Von Krüdener at Horn, but a still greater number of vagrants, who were provided with food and lodging. The poor man thrust forth his hand with thoughtless avidity—without being first converted to industry, economy, piety, patience, and courageous endurance—to receive the aid proposed in the doctrine of the kind and noble lady, who censured hard-hearted riches as the cause of all the misery in the world. Thus the enthusiastic undertaking of Madame Von Krüdener disturbed, although unintentionally, the order of civil society. Hence the magistrates caused Horn to be surrounded by police officers, and transported the mendicants to Lörrach. Madame Von Krüdener wrote a remarkable letter on the subject to the Prime Minister, Von Berckheim, in which she opposed the command of God to help the needy, to the orders of the magistracy, for which, whilst “wandering through the wastes of civilization she must be ready to sacrifice her life.” On afterwards leaving the village of Horn, she distributed an address to the poor, and a newspaper for the poor—of which, however, only one number appeared, in which she said many good things in general, but little that was to the purpose, or well matured, and instead of the simple admonition, “Labour and pray, and dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed,” she rather presented the hand to error and improper exposition.

As Madame Von Krüdener possessed the talent of exciting the feelings of the multitude in a high degree

wherever she went; she had frequently an auditory of upwards of three thousand people, and as she excited more attention than effected any good by the liberal donations which she distributed, the magistrates would not suffer her to remain long in any place. She was, therefore, soon placed under the inspection of the police, was banished from one place to another, and, as entrance was not permitted her, either into Austria or Alsace, she was at length taken from Switzerland to Germany, where Lachenal and Empeytaz were obliged to leave her, through Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria, to Leipzig, where she was treated with respect, and where a longer residence was granted to her, that she might recover from her fatigues. At first every individual of respectable appearance had admission to her, but the police soon found it necessary to place a guard at her door, and to set limits to the number of her visitors. Her wish to go to Dessau or Berlin, was not granted. The police conducted her over the Russian frontiers, where it was intimated to her, that she would not be permitted to repair either to Moscow or St. Petersburg. Her secretary Kellner, was also removed from her, together with nine persons of her retinue. Her daughter continued with her. Madame Von Krüdener closed her public ministry in Mittau, and it was said, that she was willing to return from her irregular publicity into a more definite and limited sphere of pious activity. After the year 1818, Madame Krüdener resided in Russia, but was banished from St. Petersburg because of expressing herself in an animated manner in favour of the Greeks. She went to Liefland, and from thence to the Crimea, in June, 1824, with her daughter, her son-in-law, Mr. Von Berckheim, Councillor of State, and others; and died there on the 13th December, same year, after a painful illness.

Madame Von Krüdener, confirms the truth that a good will alone does not preserve its possessor from mistakes, and that, on the contrary, the more susceptible and lively are the feelings and imagination, the sooner do they lead astray, if they are not placed

under the dominion of reason and understanding, which are confessedly excellent gifts of God.

Such is the judgment of the learned of this world respecting this extraordinary individual, which is, on the whole, as tolerant as could reasonably be expected. But the enlightened christian, after perusing the letters written by her contained in this volume, will not fail to remark a real and total conversion to God, such as is very rarely met with in any rank or station in life, and a degree of love to God and man, which evidently took possession of her whole soul, and was the ruling motive of all her actions. There are in reality few persons who are able to form a correct estimate of such a character; because there are so few that possess an equal measure of love and devotedness. The worthy compiler of these letters in a recent communication to the translator of them, justly observes, that "she was highly favoured of God, and that in the latter years of her earthly existence, she endured scorn, contempt, and persecution, for the sake of that faith and love, which were the basis from whence her works proceeded; which latter were however abused by the most of those whom she was desirous of benefiting." Be it that the natural ardour of her disposition mingled itself in her labours for the good of mankind—how much more acceptable must these be in the sight of God, than the cold-heartedness and slothfulness manifested by most professing Christians! The trials she latterly endured will have purged away the remains of "strange fire," and she now undoubtedly shines, as a brilliant star, in the kingdom of her Heavenly Father.

VII. John James Hess, Antistes\* in Zürich, was born in 1741, studied in Zürich, his native town, under Breitenger, Bodmer, Lavater, and Zimmerman, and was the first divine, who ventured to go beyond the Swiss Formula Consensus. He was made deacon in

\* A title equivalent to that of prelate or bishop.



1777, then president of the Ascetic Society, and preacher and Antistes in 1795. He commenced his literary course with "the History of Jesus," (6 vols. 1772). Bishop Münter made use of this work as the basis of his attempts which resulted in the conversion of Struensee, who declared that no other book had produced such an effect upon him as this had done. Scarcely was this known, than a whole edition of it was sold at one Fair,† On this, Hess wrote "The History of the Apostles." (3 vols, 4to. ed. 1822,) "On the doctrine, actions, and sufferings of our Lord," (2 vol. 4to. ed.) "The History of the Israelites," (12 vols. 1776, 1778), and several others. All these works, which are, in some respects, the first of their kind, point out in the progress of the divine revelations, the divine method of instructing the human race, and the plan of the kingdom of God, in a very perspicuous manner to every unprejudiced mind. Hess recognized by the light of reason, the necessity of a revelation, and considered the latter in the former. After an examination of half a century of all the results of theological research up to that period, he was the more established in his own conviction: and whether we feel the same persuasion ourselves, or take different views of the subject—still there is always something venerable in a man who continued true to his convictions in an age, which witnessed so many changes of systems—not because he ceased his investigations, nor because self-opinion blinded him—but because he constantly sought the truth in love. Hence his works upon the New Testament continue to be read by christians of all denominations, and those upon the Old Testament, even by the Jews. The approbation which Hess met with as a preacher, was equally durable though never so extensive as that of Lavater. The latter, who was a candidate with him for the dignity of Antistes, exceeded him in genius, and fiery eloquence; but Hess was

† Every one knows that at the great fairs in Germany, particularly Leipzig, the most extensive transactions in books take place.

undoubtedly more scientific and reflecting. It would have been at all times a hazardous step to elevate the chief of a religious party, which was the case with Lavater, whether intentionally or not, to be the head of the church. Hess managed the affairs of his two-fold office with distinguished ability. At the festival of the Reformation, in 1819, when he received the diploma of Doctor of Divinity, from three theological faculties, he entered the pulpit for the last time, and subsequently continued only to conduct the affairs of the church, with the aid of some of the junior clergy; except that in his eighty-second year, he completed his eighth edition of the History of Jesus.

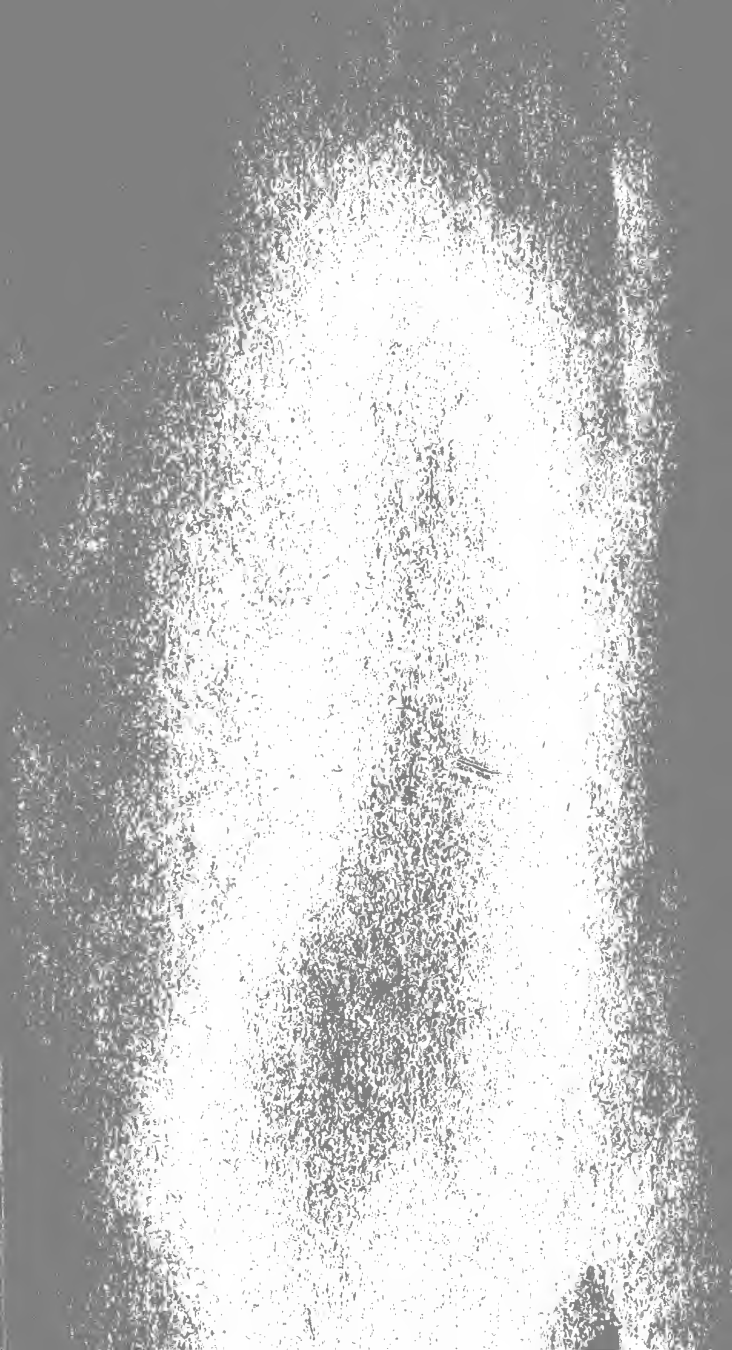
The prominent feature in his character was mildness and cool reflection, of which he gave proof in his younger years, by interfering, in a conciliatory manner, in Lavater's disputes with Steinkeutel and Hottinger. Strict regularity and moderation preserved him in health of body and mind, much beyond the common limits of human life. The chief blessings of his life were knowledge and religion.

VIII. John Frederick Von Meyer, burgomaster of the city of Frankfort on the Mayne, well known from his various intellectual and religious works. He was born in that city, on the 12th of September, 1772, and was the son of a merchant, whose family had been elevated to the rank of nobility by the Emperor Joseph II. He commenced his studies at a preparatory school at Frankfort, and prosecuted them at the University of Göttingen, where he studied jurisprudence, philology, and history, and gained by an essay, the chief prize, in the class of law students. He afterwards visited Leipzig, and proceeded in 1794 to Wetzlar, to study the Imperial code. In 1795, he was made chief chamberlain to the Prince of Salms; but the political changes in Germany, induced him, in 1802, to return to Frankfort, where he was actively employed in diplomatic and other affairs, and where in 1807, he was nominated Counsellor and Assessor of Justice. In 1816, he was chosen Senator, and in

1821, Syndic and Councillor of Appeal, and fills at present the honourable office of Chief Magistrate. Whilst attending to the duties of his calling, he did not neglect the arts and sciences; but since the year 1801, he has turned his attention more exclusively to theological studies. He translated some of Cicero's philosophico-religious works, as also Xenophon's "Wars of Cyrus," wrote the "Messenger of Light—"Hades," (in defence of Jung Stilling's Theory,) "Biblical Interpretations," &c. The work last mentioned occasioned him to study Hebrew, and to read the Old and New Testament in the original languages. As President of the Bible Society, he was active in promoting the knowledge of the christian faith, In 1819, he published his corrected version of the Scriptures, and since that time, a work entitled "Pages devoted to Superior Truth." In 1821, the theological faculty at Erlangen honoured him with the diploma of Doctor of Divinity, and in 1824, he became President of the Legislative Assembly.

IX. Christian William Hufeland, an eminent and distinguished German physician. He was born at Langensalza, on the 12th August, 1762. His father was Aulic Counsellor and physician to the Duke of Weimar, where his son began his medical career, and in 1793, was made Counsellor and professor in Jena. In 1801, he was appointed physician to the king of Prussia, Director of the College of Surgeons, and chief physician of the hospitals, with the title of Royal Prussian Privy Counsellor. He distinguished himself by the depth and extent of his knowledge, by originality of thought, and acute and able application of science to practice. He was intimately acquainted with the spirit of the old and new systems, and made use of that which was good and practically useful, wherever he found it. He wrote a prize essay on the scrofula, improved the treatment of that disease, and introduced a new and operative remedy for it into practice. Inoculation for the small pox, as well as

the treatment of the small pox itself, gained much by his observations upon them in the year 1789. He has also drawn attention to the uncertain nature of the signs of death, and to the danger of burying alive those, who are apparently dead. As Professor of Medicine, he instructed many young physicians, who were attached to him from his pleasing and instructive lectures, but still more so by his truly philanthropic treatment. By the commencement and publication of the "Journal of Practical Medicine," he rendered himself truly meritorious in the department of Physic; since it not only imparted a more intimate knowledge of many diseases, but also furnished information respecting the application of various remedies. The spread of Brown's Theory, entangled him in literary disputes, because he thought for himself too much to accept, with the multitude, an impartial and imperfect system, and was too sincere a friend of truth, to refrain from giving his opinion, and shewing the defects of that system and its unsuitableness with respect to practice. He did this, however, with his wonted kindness and moderation, not rejecting that which was correct in Brown's doctrine, from which he himself derived many new ideas. He contributed much to the establishment of the philosophy of Medicine by pathological researches, and by his "System of Practical Medicine," the publication of which he commenced in the year 1800. His deserts with regard to the preservation of health, are also great, from the lectures he gave in his capacity as professor, upon diet, from whence in the sequel arose the celebrated "Art of Prolonging Human Life." In 1822, Darwin's "Introduction to the Physical and Moral Education of the Female Sex," appeared in Leipzig, with additions and observations by him.





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